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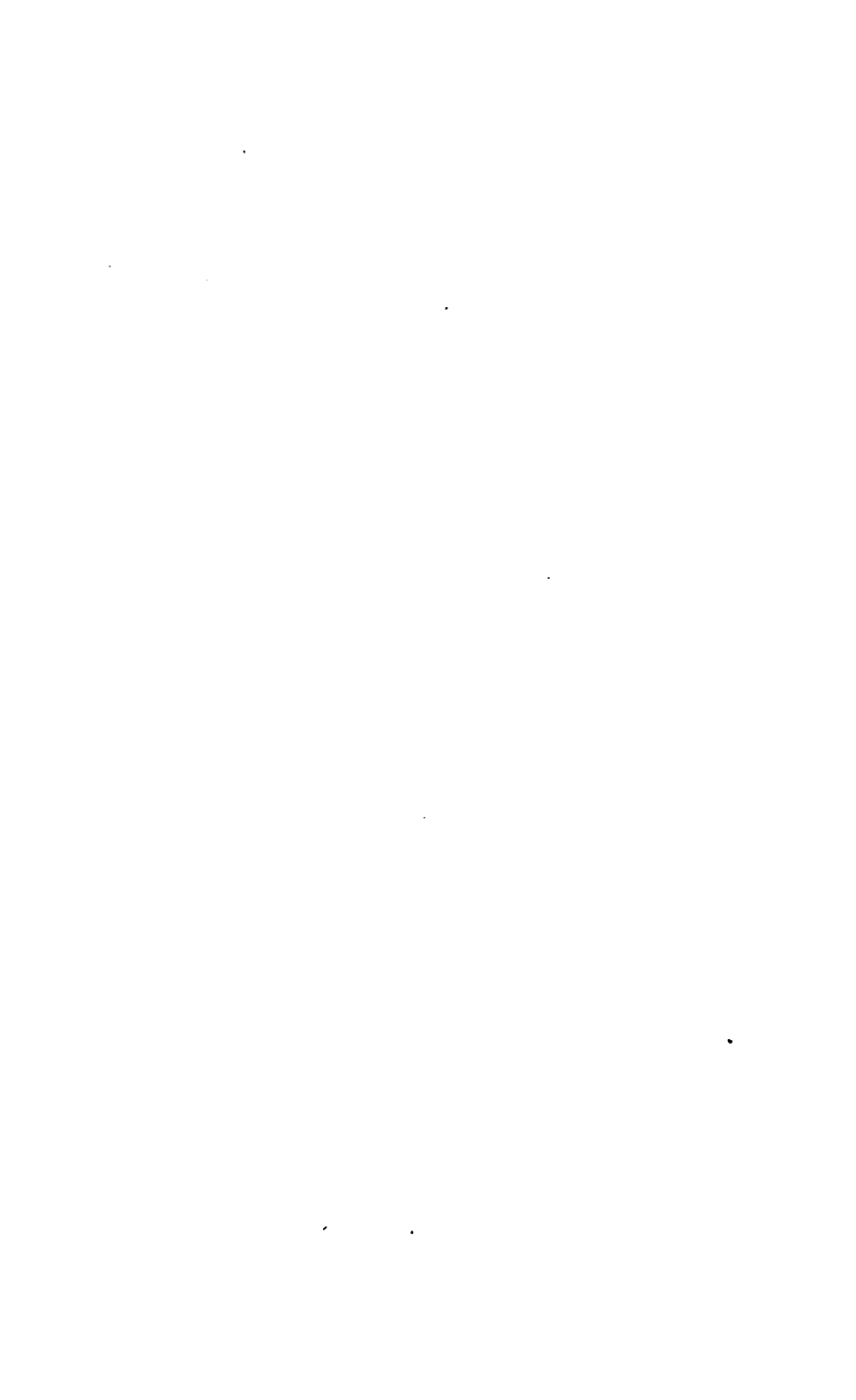
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THE CURATES OF RIVERSDALE:

RECOLLECTIONS

IN

THE LIFE OF A CLERGYMAN.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"I should like to tell the truth, but if I did, I should be torn to pieces, here or abroad."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

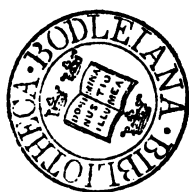
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1860.

The right of translation reserved.

249. W. 500.



TO HIS GRACE
WILLIAM-DROGO MONTAGU,
Seventh Duke of Manchester,
THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,
WITH HIS GRACE'S PERMISSION,
IN TOKEN OF PROFOUND ESTEEM,
BY THE AUTHOR.

THE
CURATES OF RIVERSDALE.

BOOK I.

THE EDITOR'S CHAPTER.

THE why and the wherefore WE—the only individual entitled to be a pluralist is an editor, by reason of the many parts which he is called upon to enact—should have taken upon ourselves to bring the following volumes before the public, whilst their author is still in the land of the living, and doing well, will be told in this our own chapter.

We have so often listened with rapt mind and ravished heart to the following narratives, that we were induced to suggest to the narrator—who himself saw, heard, and described the things recorded in this work—that it was unjust, on his part, to keep his valuable information hid, as it were, under a bushel ; but that it was his duty to let it shine *pro bono publico*.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you consider me your enemy, or am I to consider you mine, that you wish me to write a book? Shall I not be greeted with the derisive admiration, 'Is G. H. also amongst authors?'"

"None of your mock modesty," we replied, "I know"—*the tête-à-tête* was a singular one, and we of course spoke in that number—"I know that you had once some ambition to shine as an author. I am moreover aware that ere you started on your late travels, you made up your mind to publish the result of your observations, *ab initio*, that is ever since you entered the Church. Furthermore, I have been informed by one of your most intimate friends, as well as by one of your fellow-travellers, that you had taken considerable pains to arrange your notes and thoughts, of the LAST QUARTER OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, in a very orderly manner, and that they were game for the printer's manipulation forthwith. Out with your manuscript then, and take it to a publisher!"

"But, my dear Doctor Senex, do you really imagine that after the many, very many, books which have been published, on every available theme, in this and other lands, that another book is required? I have been surprised and entertained, in many ways, on perusing the legions of volumes and lectures with which authors, of all sorts of lights and shades, have recently pelted the mind of the public. I have changed my mind and made it up anew.

It shall not be said that G. H. is amongst those authors. My manuscript shall remain sheltered and guarded where it is."

"My dear friend, you must excuse me when I candidly tell you that I am a little sceptical respecting your profession of diffidence. I know you too well to believe that such a consideration as you have just stated could affect your plans, which are always independently formed, and independently carried out. It is needless for me to tell you, that which you yourself must know so well, that your work would be perfectly original; that there would be scarcely anything in common in the contents of your volumes with that of those volumes which you allude to. You observed men and things from a different point of view. You noticed men and things in a way in which no one noticed them before. You described men and things in a manner in which no one described them before. I am an old traveller myself, and an old reader in the bargain; and I must tell you that your experience at home and abroad, if published, would be a novelty in that department of literature."

"Thank you, Doctor, your compliment is a very problematical one; I own I cannot solve it. Be candid—tell me, do you intend it as a right-handed or left-handed compliment?"

"Right-handed, I assure you. I can endure neither flattery nor irony in others; and I should

be very sorry to be betrayed myself in either. I am too old for both. I repeat that the information which you have collected (in matters ecclesiastical, civil, political, and literary) is both interesting and instructive. It is unjust to keep it from the public; and I say once more, out with your manuscript, and take it to a publisher."

"Nay, nay, I am not going to do so foolish a thing as to expose myself, not only to the execration, but also to the excruciation of the world. I adopt the Duke of Wellington's sentiment, when his Grace said—'I should like much to tell the truth, but, if I did, I should be torn to pieces, here or abroad.'"

"To the execration! to the excruciation of the world! What a cosmopolitan you are aiming to be! Pray, sir, what do you mean by the 'execration' and 'excruciation' of the world?"

"Why—I mean that Prussia will find, if I am weak enough to turn author, something in my book for which she would hold me up to scorn and contempt, if not hold me down, in case I go there again, somewhere where I would rather not be. Russia may discover something for which she may think me worthy—should I revisit the land of the Czar—of the knout, or Siberia. I can stand neither. I am too thin-skinned for the former, and too susceptible of cold for the latter. Turkey will no doubt detect much in it for which she might feel

herself justified—should I be foolish enough to fly again to Istamboul—to warm my understanding with the agreeable bastinado, or give me the sack and a dip in the Bosphorus; neither of which would be so pleasant. As for the first, I am ticklish to hysterics, besides being left without a sole to stand upon; as for the second, I cannot swim, besides making it very difficult for me to hold my head above water. Austria may read something in my volumes which might dispose her—should I be tempted to go again to that beautiful country—to permit me to try the atmosphere of her manifold dungeons and black holes. France may extract something from my innocent performance, which, she may think, leaves her no alternative but to break the link of alliance between upright self and perfidious Albion; and moreover, think that she had at last obtained a pretext for invading England. Now, my dear Doctor Senex, you understand what I mean by the ‘execration’ and ‘excruciation’ of the world. You know that I am no respecter of persons; I say what I think, and what I say—pardon the slang—I sticks to.”

“But seriously speaking, do you think that your book would prove of such celebrity as to turn out a European book? It is most probable that it will never find its way either into Prussia, Russia, Austria, France, or Turkey.”

“Ah! but if I publish, I intend to translate the book into all those languages. You know

that I am *au fait* in them. On my manuscript title-page is already inscribed—‘The author reserves to *himself* the right of translation!’”

“But I do not believe,” we rejoined, “that a translation in any foreign language will ever be called for. I do not believe that any of the five great powers you dread will ever know you, or your book.”

“Then what is the use of publishing a book if no one will read it?”

“Publish it for the especial behoof of your own countrymen.”

Our author pretended to be influenced by this remark of ours. He paused for some time, and then deliberately said—

“Even so, I am as badly off as ever; I shall expose myself to the execration and excruciation of all England. Protestants and Papists, High Churchmen and Low Churchmen, Baptists and Anabaptists, Independents and Wesleyans, Tories and Whigs, Conservatives and Radicals, smokers and anti-tobacconists, moderate men and total abstainers—in short, every light dissenter and shady politician, however widely they might differ in other things, would all combine, conspire, and unite, to rise up in judgment against me, and pour contempt upon my diminished little head. No, no, dear Doctor Senex, I will rather hide that head, and not expose it to the venomous shafts and cutting lashes of those individuals”

"My dear fellow, a truce to these inflated and affected absurdities. Even if it be true that your papers contain gauntlets for all the parties you have named, and which you are too cowardly to throw down, you can easily withdraw them by modifying your narratives; and you would thus disarm the forces, and disperse the clouds which you so much dread. You may thus continue hand and glove with every one of your visionary foes."

"But I take back nothing; I modify for none; nay, not even for her Majesty Queen Victoria!"

"Pray have done, and tell me the real objection you have to appear in print before the public. That you intended to publish is too well known to many of your friends, who are constantly inquiring for the advent of the work."

"My friends will soon arrive at the natural and charitable conclusion that I have changed my mind; and they will learn practically the orthodoxy of the Irish proverb, 'Blessed are they who do not expect, for they shall not be disappointed.'"

"'But why?' they will ask, with surprise."

"To be candid with you, Doctor Senex, I would rather not give my real reason; as it is, you and my other friends can only express surprise at my unaccountable conduct; but if I give my real reasons for my procedure, you and my other friends will only laugh me to scorn. I prefer

being deemed unreasonable to being held up as ridiculous. I shall therefore beg to be excused giving an answer to my friends' 'Why.'"

"Oh, oh, you have real reasons! You must pardon me if I am so importunate as to crave your confidence."

"I would most gladly make you my confidant if I could be sure that you would refrain from laughing me in the face; I care not at your doing so in your sleeve, or behind my back."

"I promise to look as grave as an undertaker."

"You promise and vow not to laugh me in the face?"

"Most solemnly!"

"You must know, then, that I have indeed written out a full and particular account of all my experience and observations ever since I left Oxford. Having come into contact with many men of high and low standing, in Church and State, I have endeavoured to glean as much as I could respecting the different questions which frequently engage the attention of the public in Church and State; respecting the clergy, and the people committed to their charge. I have also chronicled the results of my travels in Germany, Russia, Turkey, Greece, &c. I have endeavoured to sketch, as graphically as my puny powers enabled me, the magnificent, and almost sublime coronation of Alexander the Second of Russia. I have described the farcical, and almost ridiculous investiture of

Abdul Medjid with the Order of a Christian 'Knight of the Garter.' Add to this, I have recorded all the observations and impressions which I have made, and which have been made upon me, during my rambles in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and many countries besides, in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

"Well, when I finished my records, revised and corrected them, I looked at my manuscript with a light heart and proud satisfaction, notwithstanding the bulk and weight of the papers before me. A small still vain voice said within me, 'Take it to a publisher immediately; it will take immensely.' I adjusted my ponderous records; I dressed myself in my very best, and left Green Lane, where I then resided, with the precious burden under my *arms*—for I was obliged to make two packets—and I set forward towards the nearest station in order to go up to London, and submit the result of my experience, and the records of my pen, to the tender mercies of a publisher. I did not walk far before I was assailed by a flock of geese, who set up such a hissing at me! They actually attempted to pick holes in my coat; and some of them, would you believe it, assayed to nibble at my paper parcels, which I carried with so much difficulty under my arms. All at once those geese spread out their wings to their utmost stretch, and displayed every quill they contained. I began to ponder what all that might mean. A loud derisive voice seemed to shriek within my

ears, 'Go back! all these birds represent so many writers, lecturers, and spouters. All these quills will be made into pens, which will hiss at you, which will try to pick holes in your coat, which will endeavour to tear into shreds your much cherished work. If you value your peace of mind, go back; hide your heavy load; keep it as it is. Let it encounter no one's eyes, tongue, or pen!' A heavy vapour damped my face and eyes; I felt that I was in a misty maze. I awoke, and found that I had been suffering from the effects of a horrid dream, caused, doubtless, by much nervous anxiety and thought about the fate of my brain's and pen's offspring. However, being of a superstitious turn of mind, I put by my papers—which were lying before me on the table, in two packages—for a more convenient opportunity, and they have remained in their hiding-place ever since."

Of course we were in a disagreeable dilemma; we own we did not know whether our tormentor was in earnest or otherwise. We paused a little, and quietly asked,

"Have you done?"

"I have; and now you will begin to make merry at my expense."

"I will do no such thing; I am determined to keep my promise, though I may reasonably enough feel risibly disposed at the counterfeit gravity which you assumed whilst giving your

anserine answer to my importunity for confidence. You afraid of writers, lecturers, spouters! You! you! deterred from appearing before the public, with a work which cost you so much time, study, research, labour, and money, for fear of being criticised by some trashy writers, lecturers, empty-headed spouters, and half-witted travellers! You to be apprehensive of having your peace of mind ruffled by the judgment of some half-dozen tyros!!! Surely, if I may not laugh at you, I may express my astonishment at your inconsistency!!!” We spoke very deliberately, in the hope of making some slight impression upon our friend’s mind, but he very unyieldingly answered—

“Dear Doctor Senex, you mistake me utterly. I am neither apprehensive of, nor awed by, the abuse or ill-natured remarks of half-a-dozen would-be wise individuals. I have met with several of the lecturers, spouters, and scribblers—who have recently astonished the natives—during my travels, and they have given me sufficient cause to be perfectly satisfied with the opinion which I have long since formed of those worthy public instructors. Besides, those very birds, which caused me to change my mind, I am aware, do not symbolize either over sage, or over formidable literary adversaries. Since you are my *bonâ fide* confidant, I will tell you all. The fact is, I have observed of late a tendency on the part of a certain class of clerics, politicians, orators, and critics to fall into alarming

fits of passion at authors from whom they happen to differ. I cannot help picturing those persons to myself—by their incoherent snatches of unfinished little sentences, by their inelegant style, by their unchaste diction, by their lack of argument, by their random assertions, and by their ultimate deluge of coarse abuse—I say that I cannot help picturing to myself that I behold before me individuals blue in their noses, and purple in their faces, foaming biliously from the mouth, and on the verge of an epileptic fit. I am sometimes induced to regret that so clever a work had been written, since it inflicted so much detrimental wrath on ill-conditioned theologians and literary *charlatans*. I am often led to express a hope that no harm may befall the poor victims of literary indignation. I am sometimes disposed to ascribe the great number of sudden deaths from congestion of the brain, which have of late years occurred, to the overwrought ire of the small divines, orators, and scantily-furnished lecturers. Whenever I hear of a catastrophe of the kind, I invariably ask the physician who happened to be called in to see the deceased, whether the disease had anything to do with literary criticism, and, in nine cases out of ten, I am correct in my surmise. Now, sir! just imagine my feelings at the consciousness of my having been accessory to the untimely death of so many human beings as there were geese which hissed at me, picked holes in

my coat, and nibbled at my manuscript. Just imagine the poor fellows leaving widows and young families behind them, defenceless and unprovided. Just imagine the medical man whispering ominously, 'G. H.'s book has done all this mischief!' I declare again that the very thought of appearing before the public as an author puts me into fearful trembling and a vapouring heat."

"My dear friend, how have you spent your time whilst in Egypt?"

"Why, Doctor Senex, what a *malapropos* question from you!"

"Not at all, not at all; my question is *apropos*. Answer it."

"Of course I will answer it. I endeavoured to see all that could be seen by daylight and by candlelight. I scaled the summits of the highest pyramids, and descended the pits of the lowest catacombs. I went up the Nile, and on its banks examined the ruins of Thebes, Luxor, Karnak, and those of many other ancient Temples. I made a short tour into Nubia, and then returned to Cairo. I went across the long desert to Palestine, and finished up, to gratify the frequent wishes of a whimsical friend 'to see me at Jericho,' by spending some time on the site of the invincible city where the amiable and faithful Rahab resided. Poor thing! she was sadly defamed by the translators of the original Scriptures! but that has as much to do with my visit to Egypt as your ques-

tion has to do with the subject-matter of our conversation."

"Tell me how much time did you spend before the Sphinx, when you were in Egypt?"

"Not much; two or three times is all that I can remember having made journeys on purpose to see it."

"How long did you remain each time? and what did you do during such times?"

"I admired in mute silence, as is my wont, the stupendousness of the incomprehensible piece of sculpture."

"I confess that I was wrong in my surmises; I was disposed to think that you spent the whole of that half-year before the monster monument, trying to puzzle it with your enigmatical self. I wonder whether THE SPHINX himself could unriddle you!"

"Well done, Doctor! A capital idea! Suppose you suggest it to Dr. Hume, that marvel of an archæologist; he would write a lucid paper on the subject, and prove, most satisfactorily, the cause of the poor Sphinx's nose being broken. What could be plainer than the circumstantial evidence that I have put it out of joint by means of my nose-breaking enigmas, ha, ha, ha!"

"You have put my nose out of joint. I cannot possibly understand you. I know not when you are serious, and when you are comic. Your face invariably betrayeth one thing, and your speech bewrayeth another."

"Nevertheless, I can assure you that it is my object and constant aim, whether I appear serious or comic, to convey truth—genuine, sterling truth."

"My dear fellow, let me prevail on you to be *sober* serious for a little while, and let me beg of you not to withhold from the public such an amount of information as you have in your strong-box. Pray, reconsider."

"I have considered and reconsidered a hundred times, and my mind is made up, NOT to appear as an author before the public."

"Then publish your work anonymously. Such things are common. You will then escape the misery which your eccentric imagination has conjured up for yourself."

"The publisher might tell it to some one 'in confidence;' the some one might tell it to his wife as 'a particular secret;' the lady might tell it to a whole 'small tea party,' invited on purpose, as 'a thing never to pass the lips of any one.' You know the rest. Neither the Monthlies, Weeklies, or Dailies could publish it more effectually than the simple fact that it is 'a profound secret.' 'The cat would get out of the bag,' as the saying is; the critics would be in greater rage than ever; they would try to scratch out my eyes with the claws of that very cat, and find themselves in a violent fit in consequence. But I will tell you something—I know I can trust you! If *you* are willing to become editor, you are welcome to my

manuscripts, to my secrets, and all other things belonging to them. What say you?"

"I hardly know what to say. Shall I be allowed to add a foot-note, now and then, when I differ from you?"

"By all means. You are welcome to put the text at the foot, and your notes at the head, if it should thus please you!"

"Just like you. Always laughing to scorn those who differ from you!"

"Wrong again! There is not a more liberal opinionist in the United Kingdom than is your humble servant. It is only the professional liberals that are so uncharitable as not to allow difference of opinion to co-exist with friendship and goodwill."

"Hand out your manuscripts, then."

"Here they are. I must bargain to be permitted to see the proof-sheets, in order to add a note to your note, in case it be necessary, either in vindication or explanation, as the case may be."

"Granted."

"Mind! dates, names of friends and fellow-travellers, must be changed or omitted. They would furnish clues, and I should be found out. You may indulge in as many anachronisms as you can possibly devise. The accuracy and exactitude I particularly care for is as regards the narration of facts as they occurred, it matters not when, and who were the actors. I have no objection to

a few names remaining in *statu quo*, such as Whately, Gobat, Neander, Mezzofanti, Pusey, and such like."

"Agreed, agreed. I will try and set the chronology of the nineteenth century at defiance, and take upon myself the task of inventing suitable names to please my author, and to puzzle his readers. Now for the title! What is it to be?"

"Since you have consented to be sponsor to my first-born, you shall have the christening of the little thing."

"No, no; you must have some consideration. You know the contents of your work much better than I can possibly know. You are the proper person to fix upon the name."

"I thought of naming it 'THE CURATES OF RIVERSDALE; OR, PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A PRESBYTER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.' My narrative embraces the partial experience of four of us."

"That is a very comprehensive title, and will do admirably. The public will be glad to read clerical experience, written with the beam of a clerical star."

"Remember, my name is not to appear under any circumstances—nay, not even by way of allusion. I have no objection to my initials being used now and then. Being unknown to fame, no one will venture a guess as to who this G. H. might be. Stop! I think you had better make

some name of the initials. Suppose you call me George Holdsworth."

"Very well. You may rest assured that your whim, arbitrary though it be, shall be gratified."

CHAPTER II.

OXFORD.—WHATELY AND PUSEY.

I AM the fourth of six sons of a Devonshire family ; a descendant, both paternally and maternally, from two very old families in the kingdom. My father was a Holdsworth, and my mother a Vidal. I consider it necessary to state, at the outset, that a cousin of my mother's was the honoured spouse of the venerable Bishop of Kilcurragh. This item of information will be found relevant in the sequel of this work.

My tastes, ever since I have been able to read, differed materially from those of my brothers. Solid literature had the greatest attraction for me. When I began Greek, it was the New Testament which took the firmest hold of my attention. Not, however, to the exclusion of other works in that language. When I was about sixteen years of age, I was able to quote the original of the Gospels and Epistles with as much accuracy as our learned Rector himself, who had been a very superior classical scholar in his day ; and who never lost an

opportunity of evincing his appreciation of the ancient lore of Greece and Rome.

The idiosyncrasy of my tastes—as my friends and relatives termed my literary bent—induced my mother to use all her influence with my father in order to persuade him to send me to the University, with a view to my taking Holy Orders. My father at last decided to do so, and the decision commended itself most gratefully to me. My studies were therefore henceforth directed accordingly. I began to pay greater attention than ever to the acquirement of a critical knowledge of the sacred volume; not only of the New Testament portion, but also of the Old. The Hebrew language began therefore to form a *sine quâ non* element in my reading. I worked very hard in the several necessary departments of learning, so as to fit myself creditably for my University career, upon which I entered in the year eighteen hundred and twenty—.

My *Alma Mater*—my Clerical nursing mother—was Jesus College, in the University of Oxford. It would not be to the interest of my narrative were I to indulge in a description of the College, or of my fellow-students. The ungenerous remarks made concerning that College (by the students of other Colleges, in consequence of the great number of Cambrians within the precincts of Jesus) are well known, and need not be recorded by me. There were, however, two individuals in the same

College with me, who became, in after years, linked with the chain of my recollections. I deem it therefore *apropos* to say a few words about them preliminarily.

One of my contemporaries at Jesus College was Frederick Verity. I respected him sincerely and cordially, but I also feared him; and almost mistrusted him in consequence. I had great sympathy with him in all his studies; his tastes and mine accorded marvellously. He, however, was greatly my superior in proficiency in sacred and secular Classics. He was unmistakably my master in Hebrew and Greek, and he was withal a most polished and accomplished gentleman. I had good reason, therefore, to fear that there was nothing for me to expect, in the shape of scholarship prizes, with Verity for my rival.

Another of my fellow-students at the same College was a certain Blenheim Bulcan Birchmore; he inspired me with an unconquerable antipathy to the society of a certain class of students which he represented. He was the son of a Clerical schoolmaster, and acted as his father's usher. It appears that, during his pedagogueship, he acquired a habit of bullying the small boys, and of cringing before the big ones. Such are the general characteristics of schoolmasters' sons, as I can testify from personal observation. Blenheim Bulcan Birchmore brought with him that unenviable acquisition to college. His deportment was

insolent and pugnacious towards his poorer fellow students—poorer in purse, in intellect and standing he had no inferiors ;—but his demeanour towards his richer contemporaries was mean and servile to a degree. His double name, and surname, furnished a good deal of ammunition for the discharge of much questionable witticism during his College and after life.

Feeling strongly the solemnity of my future calling, I endeavoured to eschew such associations as would probably have interrupted my work of preparation for the responsible office which I was destined to bear. I devoted all my energies and thoughts to the prescribed curriculum, as well as to the voluntary departments of learning, necessary for entering the lists for honours and scholarships. I aimed at nothing greater than to be second to Verity in all things. To prove myself his superior, or even his equal, never entered my most sanguine thoughts. I considered, however, that it would have been a great honour to be named as one who dared to enter the lists with the acknowledged chieftain of the undergraduates of that time. Strange and unaccountable as it may appear, it is nevertheless true—I not only got the highest degree, and thus reached a touch above my powerful rival Verity, but I have been fortunate enough to be declared the successful competitor for Kennicott's Hebrew Scholarship. I

could scarcely believe that it was true, until Verity came up to me, held out his chivalrous hand, and congratulated me on my success, in the kindest terms imaginable. It was then that I felt proud and humiliated at the same time.

Blenheim Bulcan Birchmore, after a hard struggle, strong crying and tears, was permitted to flourish as "the wooden spoon." But he boldly stated to the outsiders that it was "more by good luck than by good management" that his and my position on the list was not *vice versâ*. "The fact is," he said, "the examiners had some spite and malice against me, because I dared to correct them in several wrong quantities at 'the little go.'"

One particular I must not omit to mention in these my early recollections of Oxford. Soon after my entering College, I was privileged to be introduced to the Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Dr. Whately—since created Archbishop of Dublin—I found him exceedingly affable, kind, and communicative. I happened to call one morning at his rooms, when I found Dr. Pusey on the point of taking leave of the Principal of St. Alban's; I was therefore an unexpected, and, on my part, an unintentional listener to the fag end of both Doctors' conversation, which ran thus:—

"Admit, Pusey, that I did not misjudge you."

"Whately, you are most incorrigible, in not

admitting the effect of impartial, searching investigation. Good morning to you."

"Good morning."

When Dr. Pusey was gone, the Principal of St. Alban's addressed me, saying :—

"Holdsworth, that is a curious man who has just left me; a most uncertain man. He returned from Germany about three months ago. Whilst on the Continent, he adopted the newfangled theories of German ultra-Neologians and Rationalists. Immediately on his coming back to Oxford, he called upon me, and propounded his 'enlightened views,' as he called his German-plated theology, which bordered on utter scepticism. I listened to him till he made a clean breast of all he had to say.

"When he had done, he expected that I would indulge him by combating his arguments. I did nothing of the kind. I simply remarked—

"Have you done, Pusey?"

"'I have, Whately,' was the reply.

"Newman is now propounding his *new-mania* here, the other way; it is destined to become a sort of Brummagem Popery, or Romanism, in this country.* I am of opinion, judging from the ease with which your mind is swayed, that before six months pass away you will be as absurdly credulous, as you are now unaccountably sceptical. You

* This proved prophetic in more ways than one.—EDITOR.

will resemble the pendulum. You will as easily move one way as the other. A few interviews with friend Newman will make you an ultra-believer."

"Doctor Pusey was vexed, of course, called me some hard names, and left me in high dudgeon. But scarcely have three months gone by—I gave him six—when he called with an explanation of the new views of his adoption, which I had anticipated for him. He is now incensed against me, because I proved an accurate analyser of his mind."

CHAPTER III

A THREEFOLD CORD

HAVING spent a few months at home, by way of relaxation, I set about, in the course of eighteen hundred and thirty-five, to look out for a Curacy and title for Holy Orders. Through the kind recommendation of a friend, I was promised the Curacy of the Parish of Christchurch, Riversdale; a considerable town in the north of England.

As the Bishop of Deebury, in whose diocese Riversdale is, was not going to hold an ordination for three months to come, I bethought myself of spending the *interim* in a little excursion; with a view to gain by it some more experience and strength. My college labour told prejudicially upon the latter for my life-long enterprise. A thought occurred to me, "Why not visit Ireland? Why not make the personal acquaintance of my mother's cousin and her husband—the Bishop of Kilcurragh and his spouse?" I induced my mother to begin afresh the correspondence with her

episcopal relative, which was allowed to remain in abeyance for many years. I wished her to introduce my name, in the course of her communication, touching those things which appertained to my plans and prospects. Also that—as my ordination was not to take place before Christmas, which circumstance gave me a few months of idle time—I was minded to make a little tour in Ireland.

My angling proved successful. My mother received an answer by return of post, which contained an enclosure from the Bishop himself, in the shape of a note to me. His lordship sent me a very polite invitation to spend some time at his episcopal palace; he added, by way of incentive to my accepting the invitation, that he was going to hold an ordination shortly, and I should thus have an opportunity of coming into contact with his Examining Chaplain, and one of the candidates for Holy Orders, from whom I might be able to pick up a few hints, which may stand me in good stead at my own examination, when it shall take place. I fastened on the fish I had thus caught, there and then. I despatched forthwith an epistle to the Bishop, in which I stated that I was very thankful—for I was so most sincerely—for his kind invitation, and that I would start for Ireland the following morning. And the following morning start I did.

On landing at Dublin I had no need to go far, for the Bishop resided on an estate of his own, in

the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. I arrived at Glaston Park about half-past nine o'clock in the morning, just as the members of the family were leaving the Library, after prayers. I was in time to join them at breakfast. Being an early riser, I took the precaution to make my toilet on board, so as to cause no unnecessary derangement on my arrival at the Bishop's mansion, at Ballytolka.

My aged cousins—for so they wished to be considered by me—received me most cordially. I wish that I possessed such powers of description as to enable me to give a correct pen-and-ink portrait of that most pious couple. The Bishop's countenance beamed with heavenly benevolence; though an aristocrat, for he was the Honourable Bruce Montrose before he was Bruce Kilcurragh, there was not a vestige of pride discernible in his bearing—scan you it ever so searchingly. His long flowing silvery hair gave him the appearance of a glorified body made perfect, if one could picture to himself such a being. I used to speculate, when I gazed on his loving and beloved face, whether St. John the Evangelist, when Bishop of Ephesus, could have looked more celestial. But I must forbear. I can only say that his, as well as that of Mrs. Montrose, first hearty shake of the hand, and unmistakably genuine “We are very glad to see you,” made me perfectly at home.

My venerable host then introduced me to his

daughter-in-law, Lady Marian Montrose ; to the Reverend Antrobus Macworthy, Rector of Westfield ; and Mr. Benedict Monteleone, one of the candidates for Holy Orders mentioned in the Bishop's note, both of whom were visitors, at that time, at Glaston Park. I was seated at the breakfast-table between the Honourable Mrs. Montrose and Lady Marian. They made me perfectly at ease, on their part, by commencing a little chat, and carrying it on alternately, about Devonshire, Oxford, my voyage, and such like topics. In short, they chose such subjects as were sure to make me speak readily, without casting about for a suitable reply.

I observed that, whilst the ladies were engaging me in conversation after their kind, the Bishop was conversing on abstruse theological themes with his two other visitors, Messrs. Macworthy and Monteleone. My ear was struck, not unpleasantly, with a very slight dash of foreign accentuation in the latter's manner of speech. I was also struck with the evident deference and attention which his Lordship and Mr. Macworthy paid to his remarks on theological subjects generally, and on Biblical criticism particularly ; his *ipse dixit* seemed an *ultimatum*. I could not help feeling surprised at this, since Monteleone was only about my own age. I was determined, therefore, to divide my ears, and give one to the ladies, and yield the other to the gentlemen. I found, however, that it was no easy

matter to carry my determination into effect, since, as I have already observed, I sat between the ladies, and my ears were therefore nailed at each side. Nevertheless, I was enabled to snatch a few sentences across the table, which resolved me to cultivate the acquaintance of my fellow-visitors. The Bishop, as will be seen presently, was evidently framing a resolution to the same effect.

Breakfast over, his Lordship proposed that Messrs. Macworthy and Monteleone should take a stroll in the Park, whilst he would indulge in a little private conversation with his young relative. The two friends, for they seemed friends indeed, at once acceded to the arrangement, and left the house.

My kind host asked me to follow him into the Library, a fine, spacious, and lofty room, every wall of which was lined from top to bottom with the productions of the most eminent authors, ancient and modern, clad in becoming uniform. Having placed a chair for me, he took one for himself, and both of us being seated, he began a little conversation about my college career, congratulated me on my degree and scholarship, from which he naturally diverged to his other visitors in the following manner:—

“By the bye, you will have an opportunity of displaying your Hebrew laurels before a clever connoisseur in such matters. Monteleone is supposed to be one of the best Oriental scholars in Europe. He is of Spanish-Hebrew extraction, a

graduate of several Foreign Universities, as well as of Trinity College, Dublin. He is about to be ordained to the curacy of St. Peter's, Riversdale. I have taken a great liking to him. I have asked, and obtained permission from the Bishop of Down to ordain him, at my coming ordination, which will take place next Sunday week."

I could not help interrupting the Bishop by exclaiming,—

"Riversdale, my Lord!—it is the place I am going to. I have obtained a title from Dr. Radcliffe, the Rector of Christchurch, there."

"Indeed? then your visit here is quite providential. You will be able to secure two staunch friends at once. Westfield, of which my friend Antrobus Macworthy is Rector, is not many miles from Riversdale. Though an Irishman, he is a very sound scholar and theologian. I believe that he is also a proficient Hebrew scholar, but in such scholarship Monteleone has no rival in the United Kingdom. Cultivate them both, my dear cousin. Let us go to them."

We proceeded on our search. We had not to go far; the Bishop knew their favourite retreats. We soon discovered the objects of our conversation in one of the charming little bowers which adorn the shady walks in the picturesque Glaston Park. They were discussing some unmeaning passage in the Septuagint, and we heard Monteleone explaining the cause of the blunder committed by

the Seventy, and hence their misapprehension of the original.

The moment they saw the Bishop approaching, they rose up with that reverence which is due to a "Father in God," and remained standing. His lordship asked for licence, in his young friend's name and on his own behalf, to join them in a short ramble; in the course of which he commended me to their intimate acquaintance, not only as a cousin of his own, but also as one of their future neighbours. He then left us three to ourselves.

We soon fell into conversation on various topics; my new acquaintances furnished me with a good deal of information about the Clergy of Riversdale in general, and about Dr. Radcliffe in particular. They spoke of my future rector in the most favourable terms; he was a great friend of Monteleone, and almost like a brother of his own future Rector, Archdeacon Theodore Godfrey. After a couple of hours' intercourse, we felt a mutual attachment to each other. Time has only tended to twist us more closely together, and verified in us the maxim of the royal sage, "A three-fold cord is not quickly broken." Much, very much, of my personal recollections since that time is wound up with the memories of those two friends.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT IRISH MIRACLE — THE IRISH SCHEME
FOR PURCHASING IDUMEA.

IT was on a Wednesday that I arrived at Glaston Park, and almost the whole of that day, with the exception of the few hours I spent with my new friends, was given to the ladies; answering desultory questions about my home, my father, mother, and brothers. There was a large party in the evening, consisting chiefly of members of the family. I was startled at the freedom with which the ladies broached, and discussed, and disputed difficult points in theology. A certain Lady Emily Crawford, a niece of the Bishop's, was great on Calvinism. The Bishop took no active part in the combat, but now and then made a sly remark, which left many of the fair polemics in the dark, as to whether they ought to wince or to smile; so withering and so good-humoured was the dry satire which underlay his remarks. Mr. Macworthy joined heart and soul in all the questions raised by the ladies; and in the most simple manner led on

the feminine theologians to make the most untenable statements, to advance the most illogical arguments, and to commit themselves so hopelessly to all sorts of heterodoxy, that the majority of "the better-half" divines were fain to acknowledge that religious controversy was neither their calling nor their forte. The Bishop rubbed his hands, in token of inward satisfaction, but no external change marked Mr. Macworthy's inward thoughts.

Nothing, however, daunted Lady Emily : she addressed her uncle across the whole length of the table,—in a voice so musical in its sweetness that it made me regret, in my innermost soul, that it should have been attuned to such inharmonious themes, but so it was.

"Uncle, dear, do you think that an idiot is in a state of grace?" It was Macworthy's manœuvring which prompted the question.

"Yes, my lovely niece," was the *ex-cathedra* reply.

"But why, my dear uncle?"

"Because, my sweet Emily, he, or she, according to idiot's sex, is just like yourself—an unaccountable."

There was of course an ebullition of merriment at the lady's expense, and she was content to dismiss the subject; not without the last word, however, which was a triple one—

"You provoking man!"

I spent a good deal of Thursday and Friday in

the exclusive company of Macworthy and Monteleone. I had reason to congratulate myself that my visit to Ireland was so timed as to bring me into contact with those two men. On Friday afternoon Macworthy had to return to England, to be ready for his duties on the coming Sunday. As the Bishop's carriage was to drive him to the Kingstown pier, Monteleone and myself accompanied him to the steamer, in order to have another chat with that singular genius. Both of us were very sorry to part with the Rector of Westfield. I must confess that I showed my regret more than Monteleone did, but I am convinced that he felt more than he said. Macworthy and Monteleone were friends of some years' standing ; they knew and understood each other. I was their acquaintance but of yesterday. During the short time that I had been with Macworthy, he indulged me with a variety of features in his character. He now and then launched forth into the most lashing, but at the same time good-natured, sarcasm against his countrymen and countrywomen : he analysed their breeding and education, and held them up to reprobation. Sentimentality in man or woman incurred his severest remarks ; he pronounced persons affected by such feelings as arrant noodles, boobies, and weaklings. He regaled me with several absurd anecdotes about his countrymen's high-flown love passages, touching their "dear and ever endeared country," whilst those affectionately

patriotic creatures were scheming all manner of plans how to run away from that "first gem of the sea, first flower of the earth." I could not help looking upon him as a man thoroughly innocent of the virtue of patriotism; but I could not help admiring him for all that. He was truly pious—not the less truly because not ostentatious and demonstrative in his piety—he was straightforward and matter-of-fact in all serious matters. He loved argument dearly, and was impartial enough to enjoy the good hits which his antagonists now and then made at him. He would often exclaim to an opponent's ingenious repartee, "Capital! Grand!" In fact, I felt, during that first acquaintance with him, a real pleasure in involving myself in a controversy with him. I managed to enjoy that pleasure several times during the couple of days we were together, to Monteleone's infinite amusement. That gentleman would not condescend to participate in our differences, either one way or the other, but now and then treated himself to a hearty laugh at my warmth. However, the frequent disputes between Macworthy and myself had the effect of strengthening and cementing our friendship, and right glad was I that I was privileged to meet him, and heartily sorry at being doomed to part with him so soon.

We had half an hour together on board the steamer, for we were loth to quit the vessel before its anchor began to show signs that the hope for

enjoying our friend's society must now be deferred for a little time ; we—that is, Macworthy and myself—then shook hands heartily, and wished each other “farewell.” With Monteleone, the leaving-taking was somewhat different. The Rector of Westfield and Monteleone did not part so soon : the former laid his hand on the shoulder of the latter, and said—

“Now, dear fellow, do not stop long in this wretched country after your ordination. Come back soon ; I shall be miserably fidgety till you return.”

“You may depend upon it that I will not stop away from my post and my home longer than I can help. Good-bye ; remember me to Janet and Mary.”

“I will. Good-bye,” and something like a deep-drawn sigh escaped the breast of Macworthy.

We jumped ashore, watched the steamer on her onward course for a little while, then made our way back again to the carriage, in which we took refuge rather precipitately. “Back to Glaston Park,” was the word of command to the coachman, and back rolled the carriage. There was silence inside for about a quarter of an hour, after which Monteleone gave vent to a quiet ejaculation.

“Dear fellow, he is indeed the flower and gem of Ireland ! Bless him ! ”

“Of whom are you talking, Monteleone ? ”

“Of Macworthy.”

"I shall miss him very much myself, though I have only known him a couple of days."

"The more you know him, the more you will appreciate the value of his society."

"He seems to me an extraordinary compound ; so unfeeling, and yet so warm-hearted ; so sarcastic, and yet

'So gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind.'"

"Unfeeling ! why, he is the most tender-hearted fellow you have ever met with. As for his tirades against sentimentality, why, he is affected by it sometimes to that degree as to make a perfect goose of himself. I could not help laughing when I heard you bickering about things on which you are both agreed. He likes the banter of argument. Agree with him, and he will argue against himself, for the want of an antagonist."

"By the bye, who are Janet and Mary ?"

"His two little girls."

"Oh, he is a married man, then."

"He was ; he is a widower."

And now we were once more at the gates of Glaston Park.

There was not much time to be lost in dressing for dinner. The conversation during that repast turned upon a certain Miss Neville, of Dublin, who, under some strange hallucination, chose to be bedridden for many months. The Bishop had received a communication from her, that afternoon, asking him to come and pray for her on the fol-

lowing day, Saturday. He sent for answer that he would do so ; he asked us—Monteleone and myself—to accompany him, as she was a character well worth seeing and hearing ; being a singular individual, labouring under the wildest mental delusions. Of course we closed with the invitation at once.

About two o'clock, therefore, of the afternoon of the following day, we found ourselves seated in a comfortable carriage, which was making its way rapidly towards the residence of the invalid. We found Miss Neville, who possessed a fine commanding figure, lying stretched on a sofa. Close by the sofa stood a small table, on which lay a couple of books, and heaps of square pieces of paper of divers colours. Miss Neville professed to have lost the use of her legs, which rendered her unable to walk. She was favoured, however, with a vision, to the following effect, that if her friend, the Bishop of Kilcurragh, would pray for her, she should recover.

The Bishop did not much like the visions of which the poor lady's disordered brain was susceptible, and told the would-be cripple as much. But he knew the uselessness of reasoning with a person thus afflicted. He indeed tried to coax her to make an attempt to walk at once, but she persisted in protesting her inability to move her feet even. His Lordship then very reluctantly read "The Order for the Visitation of the Sick." Hardly had he finished the last sentence, when the supposed

cripple started up to her feet, and strode majestically about the room, vociferating grateful ejaculations for the stupendous miracle wrought in her behalf. The good Bishop tried hard to make her understand that he was not deceived ; but she was impervious to all sorts of intimations which militated against her delusion.

After pacing up and down the room for some time, she began to elaborate upon her views on prophecy, respecting the restoration of the Jews to their long-lost home, the rebuilding of the Temple, the destruction of Rome, the battle of Armageddon. She, moreover, affirmed that she was ordained by the God of Israel to be the Deborah, the "Mother in Israel" of the present generation. She was going to purchase Idumea, by means of bank-notes of her own issue. The heaps of the many-coloured square pieces of paper, on the small table already mentioned, were notes for different sums, already printed for the carrying out of her disordered conception, which—it need hardly be added—proved miserably abortive. She presented each of us with a two-penny note, of which a *fac simile* will be found on the opposite page.

The only explanation which the note requires is the meaning of the two Hebrew words, one of which is placed under the starry crown, in the centre, and the other in the circle to the left. The former means ISRAEL, and the latter SELAH.

 18	<i>I Guarantee the payment of this Note.</i>	 ישראל	19
<i>Government of Eziyon Geber.</i>		<i>Promise to pay to Mr. Fisher on Demand the above Sum of TWO PENCE in Cash when the Mins of Salem are dug and Coinage struck.</i>	
18		18	
EZION GEBER NOTE VALUE TWO PENCE.		EZION GEBER NOTE VALUE TWO PENCE.	

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18  <i>I Guarantee the payment of this Note.</i>	5721 	No. _____	EZION GEBER NOTE VALUE TWO PENCE
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Governor of Ezion Geber. No. _____		18 _____	
EZION GEBER NOTE VALUE TWO PENCE.			

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18 <i>I Guarantee the payment of this Note.</i> <i>720</i> <i>Guarantee</i>	<i>5N7W</i> <i>I promise to pay to Mr. Asher or Bearer the above Sum of TWO PENCE in Cash when the Mines of Salmea are dug and Coinage struck.</i> <i>18</i>	<i>18</i> <i>18</i> <i>18</i>
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conversation one after the other, and thus engaged Monteleone on a variety of the most learned and important themes. Biblical criticism of the Old and New Testament ; polemical theology, bearing on Judaism ; Mohammedanism and schism ; ecclesiastical history, the Liturgy, and other topics were successively brought on the *tapis*. I must have looked very foolish, for after an hour and a half—which time the versatile conversation lasted between the two—I found myself sitting almost stiff, open-mouthed, and gazing fixedly at Monteleone. Never have I met with a man so ready, so full, so clear, on every subject which concerned his chosen profession. During his observations, Mr. Goodwin frequently exclaimed—

“This is new to me ; I have never seen it in that light ; let me make a note of it.” Many were the notes which he made in the course of the hour and a half.

The examining chaplain then turned to me, and said,—

“Bear me witness, Mr. Holdsworth, that I am perfectly justified in holding to my original intention in not including Mr. Monteleone amongst the candidates for examination.” Then, addressing the unhappy victim of adulation, said,—

“I shall be able to respond to the Bishop’s exhortation, as far as you are concerned at least, with a clear conscience. Now, gentlemen, the other candidates will be here soon—Messrs. Ferdinand

Marblepate, Patrick Slowgo, Fitz Greatdash, Didymus O'Nihil, and Jaundice O'Bray—I would rather that they did not find you here; your meeting before Sunday next might prove embarrassing to all of us.”

“Does that mean that I must return to Glaston Park without any further ado?” asked Monteleone.

“Even so. Mr. Holdsworth, I hope you will pardon my freedom in suggesting that you do not avail yourself of the Bishop's permission. It will not repay you for the loss of the time which your presence here will entail upon you. You will not hear anything like what you have already heard. It would not be fair to my country that you should be present at the examination of such candidates as have presented themselves this time. I wish you had been here at the last ordination. I should have been ambitious of your presence, and of your testimony to the general efficiency of the divinity students of Trinity College, Dublin. This time, I have nothing to be proud of. Now, do not say another word. Good-bye.”

He shook us both by the hand, and almost pushed us out of the house, saying, whilst he attempted to do so—

“I shall meet you at Glaston Park this evening, and every evening till Sunday next, when the ordination will take place. Good-bye to you.”

Just on our leaving the house we met the five gentlemen. Monteleone knew them by sight;

there seemed nothing common between them ; he passed them, and they him, with the simple recognition common to chance acquaintances.

The Bishop indulged in a hearty laugh at our untimely return ; he said he knew that it would be so ; he would have a hit at Goodwin that evening ; he would make him confess that there was a candidate who gave him no opportunity for grumbling, by reason of his—the candidate's—shortcomings.

As Mr. Goodwin said, so it came to pass. We met at the palace every evening till Sunday. It was the Bishop's arrangement, that his examining Chaplain should spend the nights of the examination days with his lordship, so that he might hear, day by day, something of the proficiency of the aspirants for the ministry of the Church.

Before dinner and after dinner the Bishop, the Chaplain, Monteleone, and myself spent some time in the Library. The Bishop made many inquiries after the mental condition of the candidates. Mr. Goodwin's answers were equivocal ; just such answers as good-natured people, who eschew speaking to the prejudice of any one, coin occasionally. His lordship's cross-questioning, however, elicited specimens of certain answers to certain questions, which made the Library ring with laughter. I shall never forget the good Bishop's hearty merriment, and generous expressions in behalf of the embryo divines.

"They remind us of our unfledged state, Goodwin; they remind you of yourself, and me of myself. Do they not?"

The Examining Chaplain did not feel flattered by the Bishop's estimate of his powers, for he said, with a certain degree of touchiness,—

"I wish your Lordship would examine those men. An hour with them would convince you that you have been libelling yourself, when you said they reminded you of yourself; nor would your Lordship do me the injustice to say that they remind me of myself."

This was part of the postprandial conversation of the first examination day. The Bishop appeared entertained at his Chaplain's little huff, for he ingenuously exclaimed,—

"Well done, Goodwin! I like you the better after dinner, when you unbend, and indulge one with a little of your happy humour."

The next two hours, that evening, were spent in unmitigated fun. It was not the less fun because it was chaste and elegant, as far as words and repartee went. We laughed till we cried again. The puns were so *apropos*, the equivoques so readily turned to the best advantage, the satire so innocent, and the chaffing so harmless, that we could not but feel all the better for the little mental dissipation. The good Bishop felt something more; he felt that even such enjoyment as I have just

described, was a gift that came from above. Strange as it may appear to my readers' eyes, and uncommon as it may sound in their ears, it is nevertheless true—the venerable Christian patriarch, before we adjourned to the drawing-room for “a dish of tea,” as he called that cup, concluded our jolly meeting—I have no other term for it—with solemn earnestness, saying, “For this and all other mercies, God’s holy name be praised.”

The two following evenings were spent almost in the same manner. On Friday evening, however, there was a slight shade of sadness over us, for Mr. Goodwin stated that he could not possibly recommend either Didymus O’Nihil or Jaundice O’Bray for Holy Orders. They were both deplorably ignorant of everything appertaining to the knowledge necessary for the sacred office of the Christian minister. The former had a quaint dash of “the gift of the gab.” “He almost upset my gravity,” he said, “when he expostulated with me on my telling him that it was impossible for me to present him to the Bishop for Deacon’s Orders.”

“‘Ah, sure, Sir, you don’t mane it; sure, you know love is the fulfilment of the law, and you know, Sir, who it was——’

“I was obliged to stop him rather peremptorily. Jaundice O’Bray is absolutely ignorant of EVERYTHING; he says, however,—

“‘Shooooor, I am related to the Baron Silligo. Faith, I will have no difficulty to get ordained in

England, where people know better than to be so mighty particular."

"I am surprised," the Bishop rejoined, "at what you tell me about Didymus O'Nihil. He called upon me one day last week, to tell me that he intended to offer himself as a candidate for my coming Ordination; as he had got a title to some chaplaincy for His Majesty's forces. I ventured to mention a few books in which he would probably have to be examined, but he cut me short by saying, 'Faith, and I know every one of them by my fingers' ends.'"

"They seemed to have remained, my Lord, at his fingers' ends, and never attempted to make any way towards his head."

"Jaundice O'Bray, Jaundice O'Bray," repeated the Bishop; "was not that the name of the poor natural who offered himself, a couple of years ago, as Member for the county of Connaught, in the interest of the Roman Catholics, and promised, if he were returned, to secure Popish ascendancy throughout the length and breadth of the land?"

"Yes, my Lord, the same name and the same person," replied the Chaplain. "The poor fellow seems as great a natural as ever. The students at College were delighted with the poor fellow's folly, and concocted speeches for him, and addresses; they induced him to give expensive entertainments: as a natural consequence, ruined several tradespeople."

“God grant that he may not get into the Church before he is wiser and better ! What are his doctrinal views ?”

“I can only answer your Lordship’s inquiry in Mr. O’Bray’s own words. ‘Throth, I am not particular ; I am no narrow-minded bigot ; I will subscribe any time to your views. Shooooor, I have none.’”

I was almost sorry that the ordination Sunday arrived, as it was the last prelude for Monteleone’s return to Riversdale. The sacred ordinance took place in the small venerable church of the parish of Ballytolka, in which Glaston Park was situated, and which the Bishop habitually attended as a worshipper. It was a solemn day, never to be forgotten. I saw little of Monteleone that day ; he kept a good deal to his room. He shrank from the sound of congratulation ; he said to me, that the tone and manner of several of the persons who were good enough to congratulate him, betrayed their real view of the sacred ministry : they looked upon it merely as a worldly profession, which made gratulation anything but agreeable to his feelings.

He could not be prevailed upon to stop the week over, but persisted in leaving for his post on the following Monday.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. WHATELY AS ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

MONDAY evening and Tuesday morning seemed dismal at Glaston Park. Everyone appeared to miss Monteleone. The Bishop, Mrs. Montrose, Lady Marian, all agreed that the departure of the newly ordained Curate of Riversdale created a perceptible void in the house. His lively wit, his telling anecdotes, his pointed illustrations, and withal his participation in Lady Marian's children's gambols, made his society a source of perpetual sunshine. And now the lack of all this produced a corresponding gloom. It was a great relief, therefore, that it was necessary to prepare for a grand dinner-party at the Castle—to dine with the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. As the Bishop gave out that he had a cousin staying with him, I was also included in the invitation.

The party consisted of a most brilliant galaxy of the élite of Dublin and its vicinity. The very best specimens of the Nobility, Clergy and Gentry—with their better halves—adorned that vice-regal

banquet. It is not my speciality to describe gilded halls, or to portray the beauty and graces of "lovely women." In fact, I am of opinion that the former are not worth description, and the latter beggar description. My most vivid recollection of that august reunion centres upon a small group of three or four personages; and more especially upon one in that group—no less a personage than his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin.

None of my readers need be told of the greatness of that man. His name is perfectly well known to, and his character deservedly appreciated by, every well-informed person on the Continent; and much more so in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing that I could say respecting him could either add aught to, or diminish aught from, the lustre of his name and fame. The foibles which now and then betray themselves in his intercourse with his fellow-men, only enhance the real brilliancy of that illustrious Prelate of the Church of England.

No one could possibly have overlooked the presence of his Grace; nay, rather his presence, whether in the salon or in the banquet-hall, made everyone else overlook everyone else—his presence made almost the presence of all others unperceived. He talked incessantly, and was impatient of the conversation of everyone else. When it happened that a few men and women betrayed some unconsciousness of the

importance of the speaker, and selfishly gave themselves up to the enjoyment of a quiet *tête-à-tête* amongst themselves, the Archbishop's eagle eye and keen ear soon detected the unappreciating egotists. He lost no time in bringing them back to his audience. This he did in a most dexterous manner. He introduced the Zoological Gardens—never mind whether opportunely or not—as a topic of conversation; he began to descant upon the last importation,—he is one of the cleverest naturalists in the kingdom—and to give specimens of the different sounds and noises of the various animals; he is an inimitable imitator: he roared, he neighed, he brayed, he crowed, he screeched, he chirped. Could there remain a man or a woman unattracted by the discourse of such a genius? I trow not. The device was employed several times in the course of that evening, both in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table, with entire success. The moment his Grace felt that he obtained undivided possession of every ear, he dropped the zoological dodge, and began to discuss subjects which belong to humanity.

My readers will perceive how the Archbishop is the observed of all observers, wherever he may happen to be. His discourse that evening was peculiarly versatile, and as interesting as it was versatile. The Countess of Mulgrave happened to name the favourite Chaplain of the Lord Lieutenant, whom her ladyship so much admired: his

Grace took the opportunity to deliver a theological essay, and whispered into the ear of the Countess, at whose right hand he was sitting—in so thrilling a manner, that the communication reached every other ear—that the most learned and the soundest Divine in Ireland was the venerable Bishop of Kilcurragh.

The noble host, wishing to make the conversation a little more general, took advantage of the whisper, and spoke out, addressing the Archbishop,

“My Lord, could you solve a problem for me? Desiring to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the country, since my appointment, I commissioned two gentlemen of the highest respectability to traverse the whole of Ireland, and to bring me back faithful accounts of their observations. They were both—unknown to each other—to travel over the same ground, at the same time. They both sent in their reports to me yesterday; since when I have been engaged perusing them. I never read anything so long-winded before. The dates of visiting the different places tally most minutely; but as for the accounts—they are most contradictory. The circumstance deprived me of sleep last night, and I find myself frequently, even now, in a brown study, trying to account for the extraordinary discrepancy. Can your Grace help me?”

“The jaunting car, my Lord, will carry your Excellency through the difficulty.”

"How so?"

"One of your Excellency's Commissioners happened to sit either eastward or northward, and therefore could only look at the aspect of one side of things; and your other Commissioner must have taken up his position either westward or southward, and therefore noticed different phases altogether. They might both have occupied the same jaunting locomotive, but—by reason of its truly Irish structure—have seen and recorded differently. I make no doubt that both your Commissioners, as far as they could respectively see, were conscientious in their statements; but no more have I any hesitation in affirming that both statements were decidedly one-sided; and therefore neither complete, but both partial. I say then again, the jaunting car will carry your Excellency through the difficulty."

"Oh, I see now. As I am the driver, I can therefore command a complete view of things, right and left."

"That depends on circumstances. What sort of driver are you? Have you not already made up your mind as to what side you would lean more favourably to, and look on more admiringly? I do not scruple in asserting that such was the case with your Commissioners, notwithstanding their highest respectability; hence their choice of seats on the jaunting car. The Irish jaunting car, my Lord, is the truest index of the Irish mind—a deter-

mination to look on one side of things, whether the things be theological or political. There is the Reverend Tresham Gregg sitting on one side of the Irish car, and seeing no religion in anyone else, but in a sturdy agitator and protestor against the Seven Sacraments which the Church of Rome holds and teaches. There is Father Tom Maguire, sitting on the other side of the Irish car, and considering everyone beyond the pale of salvation who does not subscribe to the Seven Sacraments, five of which his mother Church has conjured up. *Par nobile fratrum!* An impartial driver, such as I am, sees religion neither in Protestantism *per se*, nor in Romanism, but in Christianity alone. Christianity is the true religion, and naught else."

The Archbishop then entered into a long and elaborate theological disquisition, in the course of which several couples fell into *tête-à-têtes* of their own. Such inattention irritated his Grace—he proceeded therefore to illustrate his views by a reference to the peculiarities of the eagle and the lark. The reason why those winged creatures soared high above all other birds was because they looked straight heavenward; though there was a great difference in the voices by which they made themselves heard. This mode of illustration gave the Archbishop an opportunity of giving a few staves of the eagle's hideous noise, which put an immediate stop to the truants' private conversations, and brought them back to his Grace's

auditory. He then gave a specimen of the lark's singing powers. The musical shrillness of that songster produced the stillness of profoundest attention.

"Now," continued his Grace, "I am going to ask you a riddle. 'When may a man be said to have attained his highest eminence?'"

As the assembly consisted of a variety of characters, representatives of almost every class of religionists and opinionists, the solutions were guessed at variously. A Roman Catholic gentleman suggested,—

"When a man is made the sovereign Pontiff of Rome."

"You are out. The puniest sovereign is above the Pope in degree of sovereignty."

A junior Fellow of the Dublin University, supposed to be witty and waggish, suggested,—

"When a man is made Archbishop of Dublin."

"You are out. The Archbishop of Armagh caps him in that description of eminence."

An Irish civilian thought that

"When a man is made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland."

He was out too, and so were some naval and military officers who looked upon the culminating pinnacle of eminence from their point of view.

"Do you give it up?"

"I give it up;" "I give it up;" "I give it up," every voice rejoined.

"Then I will tell you. When a man is out on a lark."

Who would ever have thought that an Archbishop's head—and such a head of such an Archbishop!—could conceive, and his mouth propagate, even a single slang word? The solution of the enigma by the "most reverend" sphinx was received, apparently, almost with unanimous mirthful approbation. The laughter-stirring cause may have been different in the mixed multitude, but that does not signify to a professional punster. Applause swells his jocular vein, and makes it overflow with gushing jests.

When the loud laughter subsided, and the voices of approbation hushed again, his Grace simply observed that the illustration of the lark's flight and song suggested the riddle, which, in his opinion, was not a bad one. On the subject to which the eagle and the lark officiated merely as illustrations, he said to the company,—

"I recommend to you an attentive perusal of my several works, my Political Economy, my Logic, and my Rhetoric not excluded. My several publications are the cleverest books that were written for a long time."

And so they are, though it is the author himself who says so. I do not see why he should not be as good a judge of his own works as he is of those of others. The Archbishop of Granada overrated his own composition, but he was verging on imbecility. Not so the Archbishop of Dublin.

Having elicited so much applause from one riddle, Dr. Whately indulged in a legion more ; some of them were particularly trite ones. Lest any of his hearers should guess the answers, he no sooner proposed his enigma than he gave the solution himself ; so that, one way or another, the Archbishop was the only man who succeeded in obtaining the attention of the company, in spite of his Excellency's endeavours to bring forward a couple of other Noblemen and Bishops as spokesmen, with a view to make the conversation a little more general. It must be confessed that but few either grudged or envied the monopoly. There was a tacit resignation on the part of the majority, to listen ; it was a miserably small minority who wished to be listened to.

There was one gentleman whose position and standing made him adventurous enough to narrate a very striking and extraordinary occurrence, of which he was himself an eye-witness. He was the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin ; he was listened to with great deference and interest, and stood a good chance of becoming a participator in the attention of the company. He would have succeeded had it not been for the luckless last sentence in his narrative, which brought about his complete overthrow by the lion of the evening. Dr. Sadleir, by way of rider to his episode, concluded, " I would not have believed it, if I had not seen it with my own eyes."

It was an unfortunate termination to his tale.

Dr. Whately turned round, and remarked, with that expressive and penetrating irony of which he is so efficient a master,—

“And every sensible man and woman, here and elsewhere, will rejoin, ‘No more will I believe it, until I see it with my own eyes.’”

This ready morsel of criticism upon the aged Provost's little tale—I forget what it was about—sealed, for the evening, not only the lips of the head of the Dublin University, but also served as a warning to smaller fry, not to adventure their small talk where so tremendous a talker as Dr. Whately is present. To my mind, his transition—from the Professor's Chair of Political Economy, at the University of Oxford, to the Archbishopial seat of the Irish metropolis—wrought a most extraordinary transmutation in “the manner of man and his conversation.”

The time arrived when the ladies could with propriety adjourn to the drawing-room. I have no doubt that several of them felt the imposed and involuntary silence which the Archbishop's presence entailed, most intolerable. There seemed an unmistakable look of anxious solicitude from every fair one's sparkling eye towards the Lady of the Ceremonies; and when the Countess of Mulgrave rose, there was an evident glow of pleasure and delight on every fair countenance.

The ladies withdrew, and the gentlemen, after a little change of locality usual on such occasions,

were reseated. The vice-regal host began to cherish a hope that now at least he might succeed to annul the monopoly of the conversation. Alas! hope told his Excellency a treacherous and flattering tale. The Lord Lieutenant started a theme about the extraordinary muscular vigour which some men possessed. But his Grace was personally a match for any such man as the host named. In token of his immense physical power, he placed himself bolt upright—with his back to the wall—stretched out his right arm horizontally, and made a very stout man-servant of the house stand upon the palm of his capacious hand. Then it was the Archbishop's turn to relate feats of gymnastics and valour; and again, no chance was gained by any one to get a word in. Dr. Whately was matchless in word and deed.

On our return to Glaston Park, the ladies gave utterance to their pent-up wrath against the Archbishop's rude monopoly of conversation. The good Bishop of Kilcurragh assured his fair companions that his Grace had wonderfully improved in his manners since his appointment to the See of Dublin.

"What must he have been then, before any improvement had taken place in him?" was the simultaneous rejoinder of the fair malcontents.

"For my part," replied the aged Prelate, "I look upon such traits as Dr. Whately betrays now

and then, as spots on the sun, which are never perceptible, if one looks for the effulgent light which that luminary diffuses."

The ladies could not, or would not, admit the philosophical consolation, and pronounced the illustration inapt.

The following morning, a relative of the family—an aide-de-camp to the ex-Lord Lieutenant—called at Glaston Park. The ladies were engrossed with the preceding night's banquet at the Castle, and recounted minutely the Archbishop's proceedings.

"Why, that is nothing to be compared with his antics when he first came to Dublin. I remember his Grace, after a grand dinner at the Castle—when the ladies retired to the drawing-room—pushing back his chair and putting his feet on the table. The Lord Lieutenant felt very much disconcerted at the exhibition. He told me that he 'thpent a rethleth night'—you know he lisped—'in conthequenthe of his Grathe's ungratheful conduct.' But his Excellency devised a plan of curing 'the wild Ecclethiathtic' of his uncouth vagaries.

"He gave strict orders that when the Archbishop called at the Castle he should be received with all ceremony, and even pomp, appertaining to state etiquette. And it came to pass on a certain day, that his Grace's carriage was announced. The announcement was immediately communicated to his Excellency, and

he forthwith retired to array himself in his vice-regal state-robcs. The Archbishop was, in the meantime, conducted with all majestic restraint to the grand waiting apartment—the ante-room to the state reception saloon.—I was one of the aides-de-camp on duty then, and waited in reverent silence upon the spiritual peer. The Archbishop did not relish the ceremoniousness, and he exclaimed several times, ‘I do not like this mock, absurd, stiff-starched grandeur!’ ‘I say, Montrose, go tell his Excellency that I want to see him immediately!’

“‘My Lord Archbishop,’ I replied, ‘His Majesty’s representative in this realm, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has given orders that your Grace be received with all the honours due to your high station. His Excellency himself was not in uniform when your Grace’s arrival was announced, and he has retired, therefore, to robe in due form.’ I made my little speech in orthodox military attitude.”

“‘Have you all gone stark mad?’” roared that lion-divine; when a door opened, and another aide-de-camp entered, who, with a highly polished military salute, addressed Dr. Whately thus:—

“‘Most Reverend Father in God, my Lord Archbishop; His Majesty’s Representative in this Realm, His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is ready to grant your Grace, Primate of Ireland, the audience your Grace requests.’”

"The Archbishop rose, and was obliged—*volens volens*—to proceed in state to the grand reception saloon, where he found the Lord Lieutenant, standing arrayed in all his vice-regal glory, ready to receive the chief Shepherd of the Diocese of Dublin.

" 'What does all this atrocious nonsense mean? What is all this mountebanking for? I came to see *you*, to talk over with *you* some important subject, and not to look upon this tinselled toggerly!'

" 'My Lord Archbishop, we practithe what we preach; 'honour to whom honour.' We retheive your Grathe with that rethpect and reverenthe which your thacred offithe entitleth your Grathe to. We should not like to be thuppothed, even, to be deficient in rethpect to the powerth that be in the thlightetht particular.'

" 'Enough!' replied the Archbishop; 'I understand your Excellency. Now, to business; dismiss these gentlemen.' We, the aides-de-camp, left. The Archbishop had his interview, but he never indulged again in the eccentric postprandial luxury, of putting his feet on the Lord Lieutenant's table.'

"How we laughed when the little performance was over, and the ghostly visitor was gone!"

We could not help laughing even at the narrative, for it was told in so droll a manner. Our risible enjoyment came to an untimely end, for the ruling Lord Lieutenant himself was announced,

and ushered in. His Excellency was also full of plaintive remarks touching the Archbishop's conduct on the preceding evening. He thought of a plan which might cure the great rhetorician of the mere paltry *cacoethes loquendi*. Next time he should ask his Grace to dine at the Castle, he would accompany the invitation with a request that the Archbishop would be so good as to bring a good stock of anecdotes, et cætera, as he—his Excellency—expected some guests whose mental calibre would not be able to apprehend solid rational conversation. I know not whether that extreme expedient and process was resorted to ; but I know that very few vestiges indeed of the Archbishop's primitive manners are now perceptible about his Grace.

CHAPTER VII.

A RUN THROUGH IRELAND.

ON the commencement of the week following the vice-regal banquet, I started on a tour through Ireland. I directed my steps first due north, through the eastern counties; then back again through the western and southern counties; and finished up my rambles by a run, up and down, through the mid-land counties. The whole I accomplished in a month's time. My chief object was to see the panorama of the Emerald Isle, and not the inhabitants thereof. I was charmed with the natural beauties of that very exquisitely beautiful portion of creation, and I could cordially sympathize with the patriotic application of a celebrated Hibernian, when he termed his native isle "first gem of the sea, first flower of the earth." The encomium, though hyperbolic, is nevertheless, to a certain extent, applicable. No one would thank me either for delineations or descriptions of the various landscapes and beauty-spots in that land. As far as graphic portraying is concerned, that has been

done by abler pens and pencils than my puny hand can wield.

Of the people at large I could then form no opinion, having seen but little of the masses. I felt, however, impressed with the truth of the saying—I forget who said it—that God made the land fair and beautiful, but man marred and disfigured it. The towns and villages generally were the filthiest and most repulsive places that I have ever yet visited, and I have since traversed a good deal of the habitable globe.

I met, however, in that month's run through Ireland, with several gentlemen amongst the clergy and laity, who impressed me most favourably as to their learning, ability, and activity. A few circumstances are so indelibly inscribed on the tablet of my memory that I cannot help transcribing them here. I happened to have taken with me a few letters of introduction from the Bishop of Kilcurragh. The first one I delivered on my journey northward; it was addressed to the "Rev. Elias Thackeray, Rectory, Dundalk." I was received in the most hospitable manner imaginable. Mr. Thackeray has long since gone to his rest; but nothing will set at rest, as long as I have any being, the grateful remembrance of that visit, and subsequent ones, in my personal recollection. The remembrance of that worthy man ever lives and moves in my breast. No one could have been in his company long without feeling a strong

attachment to that man : he was so cheerful, yet so pious ; so jocose, and yet so chaste ; so clever, and yet so deferential ; so well-informed, and yet so unobtrusive. He was already aged when I first knew him, yet his delight was to mingle his person and voice amongst the youngest, and to participate in their frolics. His parishes—for, alas ! he had the misfortune to be a pluralist,—Dundalk and Louth, were among the best regulated and conducted in the kingdom.

He took a fancy to me, and volunteered some private information about his career. He was an Englishman, as his name imports, a member of the talented and accomplished Thackeray family : he got his Fellowship in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1797. Soon after the Irish Rebellion broke out, both the English Universities furnished regiments of volunteers to fight the King's battles in that rebellious country. Mr. Thackeray was captain of his company ; his soldiers fought under his command as Britons always do under the direction of an intrepid and skilful leader. When peace was restored, he began to look out for some civil appointment in Ireland, having the advantage of strong recommendations to the Lord Lieutenant. But there were too many candidates for such appointments, and he would therefore have to wait for some time. His Excellency suggested to him the Church as a profession, and promised him the first desirable appointment. Mr. Thackeray

acted upon the suggestion, and took Holy Orders. Soon after, the living of Louth fell vacant, value twelve hundred pounds per annum, and the just-fledged cleric was forthwith promoted to the rectorship of that parish. Never did so much good emanate from so unprincipled a system. Mr. Thackeray was rightly considered a godsend to that parish.

In the course of a few years the living of Dundalk, in the immediate vicinity of Louth, fell also vacant, and the Earl of Roden, the patron, nominated the same active, indefatigable Elias Thackeray to the vacant post, and the new Rector made it a most honourable post. He restored the dilapidated church; he established good schools; he organized several charitable associations for the benefit of the poor; he made the parishioners of Dundalk, rich and poor, Protestants and Roman Catholics, Churchmen and Dissenters, revere the name of Thackeray, which name will be honoured as long as the Irish Church exists. I remember being very much touched when he said to me, with an enthusiasm as genuine as it was fervent,—

“My young friend, my hoary head is English, but my young heart is Irish. There is not a chord, there is not a pulse, there is not a fibre that beats here”—he suited his action to his words—“which does not vibrate and thrill for Ireland’s weal.”

Surely, thought I, the experience of such a man is worth more to Ireland than all the finest speeches effused by its professional and well-paid

patriots. I am of the same opinion still, though subsequent personal experience did much towards setting me against Ireland and the Irish. My motto is, and always will be—

“Ireland and Irishmen, with all your faults, there is much good in you.”

No less interesting and valuable a man was the Curate of Dundalk, and master of its grammar school, the Rev. John H. Stubbs, since then Rector of Dromiskin. I found in him a superior scholar, an unaffected good man, of the deepest piety and most affable deportment, born and bred an Irishman, and one who loved his country well. I was rather amused when I found his love venting itself in wails and complaints over the blemishes of his countrymen; whilst his Rector, with characteristic championship of a well-contented and satisfied settler, tried to console the mourner in a peculiar manner. Mr. Thackeray assured Mr. Stubbs that such faults as his Curate complained of were common to all high-spirited nations; and he instanced the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards. Upon which Mr. Stubbs rose playfully to the highest pitch of indignation, and with mock-injured dignity exclaimed—

“Sir, none but an Anglo-Saxon would dare to insult a Milesian, in such a manner as you have done, to his face. Why, if I thought the jewels and honeys of my countrymen had the remotest similitude to any of those vile wretches you have just named, I would cut them off with a shilling,

and remove all my worldly goods and chattels to some other land, were it even so bad a one as perfidious Albion."

"Sir,"—Mr. Thackeray said to me, after the first encounter of the kind which I witnessed—"this is the only method I have for eliminating his vicious propensity of traducing his countrymen, and for drawing out the virtue and fire of his patriotism."

The second letter I delivered on my journey backwards, along the western counties. It was addressed to the "Rev. Phelim O'Toole, Raketon, County Mayo." It was evident to me, after the first interview with that gentleman, that the introduction was more for the purpose of making Mr. O'Toole the means of bringing me into contact with other people in that neighbourhood, than for making me acquainted with himself. There was nothing very attractive in him; his mind was not richly cultivated, nor were his manners particularly polished. He was, however, of use in bringing me into contact with several characters, during the two days I spent in that neighbourhood, exploring the sites of its decayed lions.

I arrived at Raketon very early on a Wednesday morning, and took up my abode, for forty-eight hours, in the Shamrock Hotel. I called on the Rector on the very morning of my arrival in his parish. Finding the peculiar condition of the

inmates of the Rectory uninviting, be the invitation ever so pressing, I thought proper to anticipate Mr. O'Toole, and to ask him to dine with me at the "Shamrock" on that evening. Contrary to my expectation, but not in opposition to my wishes, my invitation was readily accepted. I felt rather hurt at its being done so servilely.

Being armed with guide-books, I thanked Mr. O'Toole for his proffered company, and resolutely resisted his accompanying me, as his proposition was coupled with a problem how to get over a previous engagement. I set out for a few hours by myself, and saw as much as I could see during that time. I returned to the Shamrock about half-past four in the afternoon, when I found a messenger from the Rectory, strangely attired, and evidently unwashed and unshaven since the preceding Sunday, awaiting me with a note from the Rector, to the effect that if it would not be inconveniencing me too much, Mr. O'Toole would be glad to bring five of his Clerical brethren to dine with me that evening. The missive said, "My Clerical brethren have a power of information in them, and will serve you well." It was rather short notice; nevertheless, I gave orders immediately that dinner should be prepared for seven, and wrote a note to the Rector that I should be glad to see him and his friends to dinner at six o'clock.

About half-past five the six clergymen arrived, and were unavoidably left to themselves for about

twenty-five minutes. Having had several letters to write, I could not leave my room much before the time I named to Mr. O'Toole, by word of mouth as well as in black and white. When I came down to welcome my guests, I must say that I was very much startled at their appearance, but the effect was soon neutralized by the sound of their names and voices. Mr. O'Toole commenced the process of introduction in the following manner. How well I remember the ceremony, as if it had taken place but yesterday.

"Misther Holdsworth, allow me to present to you my dear friend and brother, Mr. Finnerthy Kilbrogan, a most eminent antiquary, and a great divine. Misther Kilbrogan, I have much pleasure in conferring upon you the honour of introducing you to a very dear friend of mine, a distinguished scholar of the University of Oxford, recommended to my notice by my valued friend and patron, the Right Reverend Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Kilcurragh."

The same ceremony was repeated respectively for Messrs. "Pether Drumkin," "Pathrick Sallagh," "Finney Haddock," and "Hugh Mockler." All those gentlemen were either Incumbents or Curates in adjoining small parishes; but as their congregations were very small, the souls of the few were of no consequence, during the week; those pastors took up their abode at Raketon, and on Sundays sallied forth, by hook or by crook,

to visit their few sheep, which they left during six days in the wilderness. Hence the unexpected pleasure of such an array of reverend guests.

I found it rather difficult to know what to do, as host, with such a host of visitors. However, I contrived to dissect the aged and tough chickens; the Rector dispensed a dish of eggs and bacon, which was placed opposite to him. The corned beef was carved by Mr. Kilbrogan, and the ham by Mr. Drumkin. The jacketed potatoes and cabbages were taken by us as we wanted them, of which my guests partook in a Benjamite proportion. The only drink for dinner which I could get at the Shamrock was beer or porter. We had both; and my guests said there was virtue in mixing them, and mixed accordingly.

During the repast there was little conversation besides the panegyrics which my visitors lavished upon the viands placed before them, and the encomiums were of a most exaggerated nature. When the fragments which remained, after the banquet, were gathered together and removed, I apologized for my not being able to procure at Raketon anything worth offering them in the shape of dessert, and expressed my regret at not being able to procure even a couple of bottles of wine. Upon which Mr. O'Toole intimated to me that the brethren would prefer whisky punch to wine. Upon which I went out to the landlord, ordered a pint of whisky, a jug of hot water, and

a good supply of sugar. The landlord grinned, and said,—

“Faix, an’ is it a pint for seven that ye’s ordherin?”

Not paying much attention to the landlord’s remarks, I returned to my guests, and was soon followed by the things ordered. But when I saw the exhausting effects, upon the bottle, after three of my visitors had mixed their first instalments, the landlord’s exclamation came forcibly before me. I therefore slipped out again to the bar, and inquired how much whisky I was likely to require in the course of the evening. The major domo replied,—

“An’ sure, it was meeself that axed yees, whether it was a pint for seven that yees was ordherin’. I am thinkin’ that instead of a pint yees would have ordhered a gallon. The laste yees will be able to do with, whils them rivirind parsons bees with yees, is half a gallon more.”

“Half a gallon more!”

“Yis, and that is thrue for yees. Yees must be a furriner, not to know the likes of that.”

“Very well, send in half a gallon more.”

On my return to Mr. O’Toole and company, I found the flow of spirits, in the pint bottle, at the lowest possible ebb; the head of the conclave informed me that he was “tarrying to propose a toast.” I bowed; alas! I knew not what was coming. Mr. O’Toole rose, and his friends clapped

their hands, stamped on the floor, and kicked the table. When the last touches of the overture died away, the Rector stood up, and talked as follows :—

“ Dear and beloved brethren,—I rise to propose the health of a dear brother, for whom I, as well as ye all, I hesitate not in saying, entertain the most highest love and affection. I am proud to count him amongst my most cherished friends. I shall never cease to be grateful to that pious, and—and beloved, and—and—and most Christian, and—and—and—and most benevolent Right Reverend Father in God, the Honourable Bruce Montrose, the Lord Bishop of Kilcurragh. [Tremendous applause with hand, foot, and voice.] I tell ye that its sweet savour will endure in the nostrils of my memory to the latest hour of my existence. Need I mention the name of my noble and affectionate Brother [renewed applause], the Reverend George Holdsworth? [‘Not reverend, my good Sir,’ I interpolated.] Reverend, I say. [Deafening demonstration of approbation.] I might have said Right Reverend. I seem carried in the spirit [whisky, I thought the proper word] in a swift chariot, and behold my dear and beloved brother sitting on the bench of Bishops, as Right Reverend, if not Most Reverend. [Loud and protracted cheering.] My noble and Right Reverend friend the Lord Bishop of Kilcurragh informs me that my beloved brother George took the most highest imaginable degree at Oxford, and that he is the

finest Hebrew scholar in Europe. ["No, no," I exclaimed,—I was thoroughly disgusted. "Yes! yes! yes! yes!" vociferated my guests.] George Holdsworth is a minister of good things to come, from whom the Church has a right to look, with the most sanguine expectation, for good things. [Hear! hear! hear!] And I have no hesitation in saying, from what I know of my affectionate brother George, that in him, at last, the Church will not be disappointed. [High sounding cheers, which lasted for a whole minute.] I propose, therefore, the health of the Right Reverend George Holdsworth." [Hear! hear! hear!]

They all stood up and shouted frantically at me, "Your good health, George, Right Reverend! Long life to you, George!" After which the whole contents of each tumbler disappeared, and the following remarks were made almost simultaneously and unanimously. "Capital whisky! Brave punch! Hot, strong, and sweet!" Such was the end of the first pint. Luckily, the fresh supply arrived, and I mixed for myself a glass of very weak punch: it was the first time that I was going to taste of the favourite beverage, and that I stood up to respond to the proposal of my health, which was made in such sickening language. I did so in the following words:—

"Gentlemen, I feel conscious that my age and inexperience make me a legitimate animal for game. [Tremendous cheers, and one emphatic "No!"] I am too green, I confess, to have ad-

ventured myself in a strange country. [Hear, hear. No, no.] But as the good Bishop of Kilcurragh has been kind enough to give me a note of introduction to Mr. O'Toole, I have ventured to hope for an immunity from the severe lessons which young men generally require, in order to allay their vain ambitious thoughts. However, I have no reason to complain [Hear, hear,], and I do not complain. I may have betrayed some foolish pride. I am willing to believe, therefore, that I am a fit subject for the castigation which has just been administered to me, and, though humiliating, was probably well meant, and done in a good-humoured manner. [Cheers.] I thank you all, therefore, for drinking my health, notwithstanding the unhealthy tone in which it was done."

The applause which followed my feeble remarks was overpowering; the first tumblers seemed to have fallen upon brains susceptible of strong affections, and my guests' heads were therefore already slightly turned. Before I sat down I proposed, in a few words, the health of my visitors.

To prevent any more absurd speech-making, I at once started a topic on an archæological subject; hoping at the same time to bring up some carping remarks on the latest works published on the round towers of Ireland from the antiquarian of the company. Mr. Kilbrogan. I asked, therefore, some questions about those mysterious structures,

but I found that our antiquarian despised the several writers I had mentioned, and would not be prevailed upon to touch, much less to read their effusions. I then asked for some information about the ruinous Castle of Rake, the grounds of which I had that day walked over. But I was doomed to disappointment in that particular also. The antiquary of Raketon could rake up nothing new for my inquisitive curiosity which my guide-books did not possess; and that which was new in his information, was evidently untrue. The latter induced me to ask several questions about the improbabilities of the archæologist's statements; but Mr Kilbrogan put an abrupt stop to my inquisitiveness, by starting up to propose a toast. The glasses were immediately replenished, properly mixed, brimful—mine was still almost in its original fulness, in which state it remained to the last—and Mr. Kilbrogan began thus—

“ My dear friend and brother George, I cannot allow this opportunity to depart intirely without expressing me intire gratijude for your honouring Raketon and the neighbourhood with your dignified presence. The djuration of your visit will be registered in me history of Raketon, which I am composing. You have enriched me mind with new ideas, which will be djulee introdjuced into me work. Me dear, beloved, and learned brethren—I mane Phelim, Pether, Pathric, Finney, and Hugh—will agree with me that this is an occasion not

to be lightly esteemed, or easily overlooked." [Vociferous applause.] "I propose the health of our noble guest, reverend, or right-reverend" [Clamorous right-reverend], "the right-reverend George Holdsworth, and long life to his pious, venerable cousin, the flower of the episcopal bench, the brightest jewel of all the Bishops, the most Reverend Father in God, by the Grace of God, Lord Bishop of Kilcurragh." [The distracting shouts and thundering claps which followed the harangue lasted a full minute and a half.]

After which the six again stood up, and, with almost crazy voices, shouted at me,

"Your good health, right-reverend George! long life to you, George!"

The glasses were again emptied, and I began to feel brimful with indignation. But what was I to do? I did not admire the custom of drinking the same person's health twice at the same table, on the same occasion; but who dare oppose an established custom, for such I thought to be the custom in that part of Ireland. After severely biting my lower and upper lips for a few moments, I resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and submit with as good a grace as I could possibly show at that time to the trying mannerism of those men. I merely rose up and thanked them for their flattering attention. Of course I did not call them my guests any more, since they considered me in the light of an entertained one instead of an entertainer. I

added that I regretted being at a loss for adequate words, which was true, to describe the nature of their welcome.

The "hear, hears" having subsided, Mr. Drumkin took the lead in the conversation; he thus commenced—

"It is a mighty pithy that dear Brother Finnerth, when spaking of Castle Rake, did not give our dear brother George some particulars about the proprietor djuring the present time. I must say that I like an Englishman to know that there is a wide separation between the Irish Clargee in England, and them that remain here——"

"Thrue for you," interrupted Mr. Sallaghy; "the whole say partitions them."

"None of your tongue of a shovel, Pathrick, there is no dirt here; spare your breath to cool your porridge. Them Clargy that go over to your country, George, are mere spalpeens, the dirt and scum of this country——"

"I must not allow this statement to be made without expressing my utter difference of opinion on the subject," I observed. "I know several Irish Clergymen in England who are highly and justly esteemed, and valued by the dignitaries of the Church of England. I protest, Mr. Drumkin, against your indiscriminate charge."

"For all that, I tell ye that nothing but the scum and dirt of the Irish Clargee go over to England; and if there be a respectable man here

or there, there are everywhere dirty spalpeens. Now, ye must not put me out, I am going to give you an illustration from rale life. Here is the Earl of Cobnet, the proprietor of Castle Rake ; for many a year he is an absentee, is away in England ; he leaves his house to the care of his butler, Appleson by name. Appleson falls in love with a pretty gurl, and the gurl falls in love with him, and they marry. For years Misthress Appleson is barren, and therefore childless. Lord Cobnet happens to come over, after ten years' absence, to Castle Rake, in consequence of some shindy between the collecthor and the tenants. All of a sudden his lordship falls in love with his place, which he had so long held in oblivion. He laves his lady in England, where she was a nathive of, and applies himself to the fertility of his Irish estate. Everything assumed a new aspect ; the ruinous castle was patched up, a good dale of company came to and went from it. Isay everything became changed, for even Misthress Butler Appleson began to give tokens of fruitfulness. She amazed even her husband with the birth of son after son, year after year. The Earl took a fancy to those boys, he traited them just as if they had been his own. He provided them with masthers and tjutors, and had them edjucated in a good school. He then sent them to college, and djuring the vacation they ate at his lordship's table, whilst their father, the butler, stood humiliated behind their chairs, waiting upon them as if they

were his masther's sons. Well, the two young Applesons get their degrees, and then get ordination. Then Lord Cobnet gives aich of them considerable property, and having three good livings in England, he gives them also to his butler's sons, to the great deprivation of his rightful heirs. Now, both the Applesons are in England, and the Earl spends a good dale of his time first with one and then with the other. Don't you call them the scum and dirt of the Irish Clargee? I can name scores of others, sons of blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, et cetera, et cetera, all humbugging the English with their noble descent. I tell ye again, that only the scum and dirt of the Irish Clargee go over to England."

"It is too bad," was the *pentavox* exclamation.

"It is too thrue," Mr. Drumkin laconically rejoined. "But, my beloved brethren, I have not done yet. I now rise to ask you to join me in drinking the health of a brother, who has honoured us with a visit; he has witnessed our hospitality, and will go back to his counthry with a different notion of the Irish Clargee than he must necessarily have formed of us from the questionable samples he must hitherto have seen. He will tell the English that the best and the wisest are left behind in their nathive counthry. I need hardly mention the name which is so dear to us, and which will have a delectable flavour afther he will have left us.

Our reverend and right-reverend brother George.”
[Great applause once more.]

This time the contents of the glasses were not summarily dispatched. I took no more notice of the absurd ceremony, but resigned myself to the persecution, without a murmur. During the sipping of the third tumbler, Mr. Sallaghy observed :

“ I hope, an’ sure it is the same that almost all of us hope, that brother George will not go away with the wrong notion which our dear and zealous brother Pether endeavoured to graft upon his mind. We Irish are gifted above all people ; and whether we be in the nathive counthry, or any other, we have no equals. We were, and are, an isle of saints. It is the Papists alone that were and are the scum and dirt of the land, whether they abide here or go anywhere else. Pether, I say unto thee, as Agrippa said to thy namesake, ‘ Much learning maketh thee mad. Go behind me, Pether.’ ”

The quotation and application were received with enthusiastic approbation. Even Mr. Drumkin did not withhold his “ hear, hear,” inasmuch as his name was coupled with much learning. Whether he, or any of his compatriots, perceived at the time the inapplicability of the allusion, and the inaccuracy of the quotation, I am not able even now, after the lapse of many years, to decide.

Mr. Sallaghy then proposed my health, in a

characteristic speech ; and so did Mr. Finney Haddock, and Mr. Hugh Mockler. I could not help remarking that when either of the two latter opened his mouth to speak, the evil spirit—I had my suspicions about the goodness of the Shamrock whisky—put his cloven foot into it, so that the tongue of the would-be-speaker seemed to be wedged in the cleft thereof, for it could hardly wag. ~~He~~ was not sorry, being heartily sick of the mention of my health. The five pints of whisky having been drained to the last drop, and I manifesting no disposition to order any more, my visitors, after a while, began to think that they might as well return to their respective homes. I own that I was truly glad when I heard my hosts stammer out, “It musht be very late ; high time to lave off.” “Good night, me dear brother,” was the sixfold hiccup.

“Good night to you, gentlemen ; very much obliged to you for your society,” was my reply. “Don’t mention it. I for one will be very happy to give you the benefit of me company to-morrow also,” was the simultaneous, though sluggish reply.

I was glad to be left alone ; and after thinking over the eccentricities of my new acquaintances, I began to feel amused, for the first time, since I came to Raketon, and even glad of having had the opportunity of meeting such specimens, in the Clerical profession. “We do not know the value

of a thing till we lose it," is an old saying. I began to feel the truth of that saying, after I was left to my own thoughts for half-an-hour. I began even to hope that the half-dozen gentlemen might prove as good as their word, and accord me the benefit of their company on the following day. In the mean time, to indemnify myself for the loss there and then sustained, I sat down, and committed to paper there and then the burden of ~~that~~ day's experience, from which record I have copied the above narrative.

The six men were as good as their word. About eleven o'clock the following morning, when I was about making another solitary sally into the neighbourhood, they arrived, and looked thoroughly sobered. And they proved to me, by the nature of their subsequent conversation, that a good night's rest with them exorcises the evil spirit of wine, and restores the good spirit divine, which will presently be made manifest. Most amiably and affably did each and every one of them offer respectively his company at dinner with me, for each individual knew that I should feel low and lonely by myself. There was nothing left for me but to order dinner again for seven, as well as five pints of mountain dew. It struck me, when I returned from my interview with the landlord, to my dinner friends, that a sort of displeasure shaded their brows, and seemed to me to indicate that none of them particularly relished the com-

pany of his Raketon Clerical brethren on that day. I may have been mistaken. My readers shall have the same means of judging as myself, by the black and white of what took place afterwards.

My dinner friends did not leave me the whole of that day ; they accompanied me in my pedestrian excursions, and vied with each other in pointing out to me the different spots of interest, legendary and otherwise. The conversation, however, was of a manifold nature, diversified by theology, doctrinal and polemical ; by history, sacred, secular, ecclesiastical, civil, and political. The second advent was also brought to close quarters, warmly disputed whether it is to be pre-millennial, or post-millennial, or "at all, at all." Rome, and her doom, was discussed and variously decided. Some maintained that she was the Babylon of the Revelation, and others that she was not ; some affirmed most positively that the Pope was the Antichrist, and others insisted that there was no shadow of authority for such a theory. All those subjects were argued with energetic zeal. Every one of my companions talked learnedly, employed the longest possible words, with the oddest possible terminations ; but with all those advantages, the words did not seem to me always the most applicable ones. Sometimes their discourse approached as near as possible to rodomontade. In treating historical subjects, they seemed to me to discard altogether the written

and published chronicles and annals. They baffled each other with assertions, for which I thought then, and think so still, they had no historical data. I could not help fancying then, and I still fancy the same, that their prolific minds gave miraculous birth to many events which were never conceived; to many sayings which were never propagated before; to many deeds which were never performed, notwithstanding that my companions brought them forth with a pregnancy of words, and labour of arguments, truly surprising; their fluency and readiness of delivery astonished me. I was careful to take no part in the discussion, lest I should be put down with a "sledge-hammer" assertion.

I admired most sincerely the deferential and charitable manner with which they treated each other's arguments. The most fraternal feeling seemed to pervade each breast towards the others. I could not help thinking that they acted most religiously on the Apostle's precept, "Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another." I must own that I was sorely puzzled now and then; their agreement in terms of severe disparagement against absent ones, clerical and lay, startled me. However, they were all united in their lavish praise of the Bishop of Kilcurragh; each had some interesting act of benevolence, performed stealthily by his Lordship, to relate. This feature in their conver-

sation, of course, gratified me very much. Thus were five or six hours beguiled and whiled away.

The Shamrock landlord, having had a little longer notice, was able to prepare a dinner on a more respectable scale than on the previous day ; to which we returned about six o'clock in the afternoon. I was struck at the sobered tone which seemed to distinguish my entertainers, compared with their conversation of the preceding evening. There was a solemn, sanctimonious, staid air about every word every one uttered. Scripture texts were frequently mal-quoted in illustration of various rules for the Christian's life and conduct, and of the responsibilities entailed upon the Christian minister. Furthermore, the whisky was almost left alone. No one took more than one tumbler, and one pint only was consumed. The conversation was therefore rational and befitting the character of Christian ministers. I was beginning to warm towards my new acquaintances with feelings of friendship and pleasure at their company, when each made a move to go home. Their proposed departure was very early compared with that on the preceding evening ; and I said so ; but each insisted that Sunday was nigh at hand, and that they had to prepare for the services of that day. I tried to persuade them to stay half-an-hour longer, but they were inexorable.

Of course I thought that it was a preconcerted

arrangement between themselves, touching the regulation of their conduct and conversation on that day. But I am not so certain about it now. Indeed my doubts began the very next morning, occasioned by the receipt of the following epistles, just before leaving Raketon :—

“ Raketon, September, 1835.

“ DEAR BROTHER,—It would be a wrong that I would never make right, was I to allow you to separate yourself from this place without venting my sense of great obligation for the honour and privilege of your visit. May I take the liberty of putting you on your guard against certain parties. I have in my mind’s eye, when I say this, Kilbrogan, Drumkin, Sallaghy, Haddock, and Mockler. They are sincereless ; they speak one thing to your face, and quite the reverse when you turn your back. I was imminently aggrieved when we left you this evening, to hear them deride and mock the good Bishop of Kilcurragh, and call him even names. I am confounded to say that they did not even spare you ; they made low jests of your accent, and tried even to mimic your manner of speaking, which I think very unbecoming. They had the audacity to say that you are not the scholar ‘the old Bishop’ represented you to be, as you have not much to say for yourself, on any subject spoken of by us. I told them that there were many cases of more wool than cry, as well as more

cry than wool; this put a spoke in their rattling tongues.

"I hope that you will not forget me, when you have an opportunity of serving me. What I would like very much is a nice living in the neighbourhood of Dublin, or a canonry. The Bishop of Kilcurragh has it in his power to help a poor clergyman. Just help a lame dog over the stile, and bear in mind, yours affectionately, in Gospel bonds,

"PHELM O'TOOLE,"

"Thursday night.

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE FAITH,—I am afraid that you mistake the cause of my leaving you so early this evening. I assure you that it was from no disregard to yourself. I could have sat and listened to your sparkling wit and luminous conversation the whole of this blessed night. But I could not endure to sit and listen to the mock adulation with which my companions bespattered you and the most Reverend Bishop of Kilcurragh, when I heard them make powerfully disparaging remarks about ye both. Verily, such as they were meant by the saying, 'Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.'

"But your intellect is too keen to be deceived by them; the fire of your eye must have scorched all the dross of their tinselled speeches. You must

have penetrated the impotent observations of the weak-minded and mean-spirited O'Toole, the bombasting egotism of the bragging Drumkin, the shameless flattery of the lick-spittle Sallaghy, the oddity and fulsome adulation of that strange fish Haddock (excuse the pun; the suggestion is too good not to be taken advantage of), and the miserable attempt at waggery and flattery on the part of the poor and feeble Mockler.

"What disgusted me beyond endurance was their mixing up their nauseous hypocrisy with sacred texts. I hate humbug, and was determined to leave early, in order to communicate to you my observations, and put you on your guard, that you may not be misled to think of that glorious company otherwise than they merit. But *basta*, as the Italians say, of the depravity of human nature.

"A thought has just knocked at the door of my brain, and I opened the latter for the admission of the former. It is this—Why not ask dear brother Holdsworth to use his mighty influence with his dear relative for a little bit of preferment? I am convinced that the thought proceeds from Him whose thoughts are not like our thoughts. My soul longeth for such an appointment in the Church as to make my considerable antiquarian knowledge useful to the Church at large. Ecclesiastical architecture, you know, is my stronghold. I have often thought that, if I could get the office of an Arch-deacon, I might turn my stronghold into a tower

of strength. Now, I know that the Lord Bishop of Kilcurragh likes to promote clever and learned men; be pleased, therefore, to speak a word in my behalf, which I am certified will avail abundantly. You may tell, what is rigidly true, that I have few equals, and you will eternally serve, your affectionate Brother in the Lord,

“FINNERTHY KILBROGAN.”

“Thursday night.

“HONOURED AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN THE GOSPEL,—I make no apology for troubling you with this communication, which I sat down to write the moment I returned home this evening. You must have observed the irritation and impatience which gloomed my countenance whilst with you, and the five unworthy worthies, who spoke smooth things to your face, and ploughed long furrows on your back. I abominate perfidy and treachery. What I am to a man’s face, that I am to his back. Imagine my feelings, therefore, when I heard O’Toole’s put-on deference towards you, whilst within the hearing of my own ears he spoke most odiously in your disfavour. Judge of the state of my mind, when I was forced to witness Kilbrogan’s abject attention in your presence, whilst in your absence he facetiously played upon your name, and said that the great Irish national bard-poet was right when he said there was nothing in a name. Can you fancy my vexation when I had no alternative but to witness Sallaghy’s twistings of body, and

mincing of words, in token of reverence for you, whilst I was before a constrained hearer of his imbecile satire against you? Could I have listened unprovoked to Haddock's scaly rattle (I am fond of a pun now and then) in your laudation, when I remembered his outrageous prattle in your dispraise but a short time before? Could I preserve equanimity when I felt condemned to hearken to Mockler's servile ingratiation of himself with you, whilst I heard him roaring with laughter at his own ribald and contemptible epithets he palmed upon you? I say again, I hate perfidy and treachery; far be it from me to repay kindness with ingratitude. I have eaten your bread and salt, and drank your water, and feel therefore bound to act your friend. This is the cause of my leaving so early this evening, in order to apprise you of the snakes in the grass.

"I own with sorrow of heart and soul that I have no pleasure in the society of my countrymen. A true man in Ireland is a *rara avis*. My soul panteth for something in England; that is the country to get on in. Will you think of the only sincere Irishman you met with in this unhappy country, when you hear of a good curacy or incumbency in your happy one. You may safely say that I am the most eloquent preacher you have ever heard. By your bearing me in remembrance, and securing me an appointment, you will do much towards the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom

in the British portion of His vineyard. Farewell, dear, dear Brother in Christian fellowship.

“PETER DRUMKIN.”

“Raketon, Thursday night.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—What a world we live in! The longer I live in it, the more I detest it. I grow daily more and more cynical and Diogenes-like. I am afraid that sooner or later I will be compelled to walk through the streets of the towns and cities of Ireland with a lantern in broad daylight, searching for an honest man. I returned home early this evening on purpose to pen these few lines of caution to you.”

“Do not confide in the veraciousness of those men who partook so lavishly of your lavish hospitality to-day and yesterday. There is no choosing amongst them; they are six of one, and half a dozen of the other; that is, they are all alike. They are abject sycophants to your face, and base traducers behind your back. I may say, with entire truth, that I am the only person who was the same to you face to face and back to back.

“Dejection frequently lays hold upon my very vitals, and casts me down entirely about the incorrigible failings of my country and countrymen—so much so, that I often adopt the words of the preacher [?] ‘Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the daughter of my people.’

"I have long contemplated, therefore, to look out for a sphere of usefulness in England, but I had no opportunity heretofore. I now avail myself of your sterling friendship, and ask you to be on the alert on my behalf. I know that I can trust you. You need feel no compunction in affirming that I have very few compeers in the Church. It is simply the truth that you will state. I will say no more; I know I am in safe hands. Your ever grateful and devoted Brother, in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel,

"PATRICK SALLAGHY."

"September, 1835.

"MY DEAREST BROTHER,—It is a jewel of a proverb, 'Forewarned forearmed.' It is not at all unlikely that those persons who have just quitted your bountiful board may tease you with petitions of every species to use your powerful influence for them. They do not merit anything of the kind. One and all, with one exception, and that is your humble servant, have abused your liberal hospitality and benign favour. One and all, with one exception, and that is your humble servant, are double-tongued and double-faced. When I muse over the luckless and unprincipled condition of my native countrymen, I warble to myself in the words of the royal king, 'Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me. Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away.'

"I will not disguise my feeling to you. I want to fly away from this truthless country. My soul craveth to settle in England, where the banner of the leaven of sincerity is raised aloft on a high pinnacle. You will confer a boundless obligation upon me by looking out for me a nook in the Shepherd's fold scattered over the vineyard of Great Britain. For your information, I assure you that I am considered, I flatter myself justly so, a first-rate preacher. I would scorn to be compared to any of those men with whom vicissitudes have connected me, and you may confidently aver that. I shall constantly pray for you, and will I not ask the same from you on my part? Your ever loving Brother,

"F. HADDOCK."

"Thursday night.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I know your tender heart and enlightened soul. I am sure that you will be abundantly pardonable, as regards the contents of this missive. In truth, I cannot lay down this evening without doing my duty in respect to you. I never felt so grieved in my life before, as I was yesterday and to-day. Will I tell you why? I could not imagine that any heart could be so deceitful and desperately wicked. You were humbugged to your very face, and slandered behind your back by the whole of the precious quintet who shared your benefits. It would sicken you,

as it sickens me, was you to know all, as I do. I will simply say, be not deceived.

“From what you have seen and heard of the deceitfulness of the inhabitants of this land, you will doubtless reason that it is not a fit country to live in for a right-minded man, and such I am. It remains for me therefore to seek a patch of ground to work upon in the Master’s field in England. You might be inclined, in your kindness of heart, to speak a favourable word in my favour. As an expositor of the Bible, and a preacher of the word, I consider myself second to none, and you may unreluctantly say so. Yours in the truth, as it is in—

“HUGH MOCKLER.”

Having read through the epistles with mingled feelings of fun and fancy, I felt amused, instructed, and humbled, all at the same time. The six letters proved most valuable to me. I have treasured them and perused them scores of times. But they had the immediate effect of making me doubt whether there was a preconcerted plan between the Raketon clergy on the last evening they dined with me. I am inclined to the belief that they respectively left, each on his own individual and secret account.

BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

MR. JAUNDICE O'BRAY.

HAVING carried out my planned tour, hither and thither, I resumed my rooms for two or three days at Glaston Park, prior to my return to my native country. I gave my kind friends there a more extensive account of my experience than I thought necessary to give to my readers. The ladies were pleased to say that they were highly entertained with my descriptions of the scenery, and of my adventures. I gave them a full and particular account of my acquaintances at Dundalk. They were delighted with the playfulness of the two old men, Messrs. Thackery and Stubbs; they were shocked and amused at my Mayo hosts. I read to them the six epistles.

To the Bishop's own ear I confided Mr. Drumkin's tale about the Earl of Cobnet. The venerable Prelate surprised me by not only corroborating the story, but also by justifying the inference

which Mr. Drumkin evidently insinuated. My kind host, however, could not suppress a momentary feeling of indignation, which made him exclaim rather deprecatingly—

“Peter Drumkin is the last man to mount such a hobby as he has done; he himself is a bar sinister; he is not his supposed father’s son. In fact his mother was never at the altar with any man; his father is no less a person than Lord Smirkingal, though his mother is no more than his Lordship’s lady’s maid.”

The Bishop also enlightened me touching the history of the Rector of Raketon. That clergyman was the son of his Lordship’s late coachman. It was the Bishop’s opinion that it would be wiser for Mr. O’Toole to remain at a respectful distance from the place in the neighbourhood of which he was born and bred.

The greater part of the second day, after my return to Glaston Park, I devoted to letter writing. I found my small table, on revisiting my small sitting-room, covered with friendly missives. My new friends—Macworthy and Monteleone—had not forgotten me either. My pen almost monopolized the whole of my attention on that day. I had to tell every one of my correspondents something of my Irish excursion, and my letters were necessarily rather lengthy.

On the afternoon of the third day I took leave of my kind relatives and friends at Glaston Park.

The parting was a keen trial. I became very much attached to the Bishop and his family, and, I flatter myself, the attachment was reciprocal. However, after warm shaking of hands, kind words and pleasant messages home, as well as a pressing invitation to come again, the final farewell was given and received; after which, Mr. O'Toole's successor made short work of the journey to the pier.

I embarked in a steamer bound for Bristol, which was advertised to start at three o'clock, *post meridiem*. I came on board exactly at half-past two; but it was about five before the anchor began to be weighed. I found an interest in watching the different passengers as they arrived, hearing their remarks as well as their jokes. One young man attracted my attention particularly, not only on account of his uncommon physiognomy, which I was sure I had seen somewhere before, but also on account of his loud voice, curious behaviour, evident littleness of the needful in the upper story. I said his physiognomy was uncommon, and my readers may perhaps agree with me, when I tell them that that physiognomy was made up of a face quaint in its roundness; of eyes which might have been blue once, but seemed as if that colour had long since been washed out by a variety of alcoholic liquids; of a pair of the most massive eyebrows I have ever seen. They must have been very heavy to their possessor, for the moment he began to speak, especially loudly, they dropped down and

closed his eyes. I never saw that physiognomy speak with open eyes. Altogether, it gave me the idea of that of an incipient auctioneer. But I was sure that I had met it somewhere before ! Where could it have been ? I looked long and hard at that fellow-passenger, but could not recall to mind the time and place of our meeting.

When the excitement of starting subsided, the ship fairly afloat, and the passengers pacing up and down the deck, by way of giving sea-sickness the "go-by," I stopped the physiognomy, and abruptly addressed it—

"Have we ever met before ?"

Down went the eyebrows, not a vestige of blue was discernible, wide opened the mouth, and loud noised the tongue.

"Shooooore, I can't tell entirely. I am seen everywhere. I generally drive about in my chaariot in Phainix Park. I did so for the last two months. I am cousin to Baron Silligo. My name is Mr. Jaundice O'Bray. Shooooore, I am at all the great parties at the Castle, at all the grand balls. Shooooore, I am thought the best dancer in Dublin. Shooooore, ye come from England. Have ye been long in Dublin ? What brought ye here ?"

All this was said in so loud a tone, that I felt heartily sorry for my rashness. I felt that I shared the attention which our fellow-passengers grinningly bestowed upon the speaker. I also recollected at once that he was one of the candidates

whom I saw when Monteleone and I left Mr. Goodwin, about whom the latter, with all his gravity, could not help indulging in laughter; sad though the mirth had been. My answer was therefore brief, and to the point:—

“I have been on a visit to a friend’s house in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and I have made a little tour through the country.”

Resolving not to carry our acquaintance any further, I made up my mind to become studious all of a sudden, and therefore added to the above—

“I am going for a book, which I should like to finish reading before I return to England.”

I had thus left Mr. Jaundice O’Bray to himself, rather abruptly, and I almost hoped that he would have taken umbrage at my unceremoniousness, and have resented the affront by giving me the back of his hand, as the Irish have it.

When I returned on deck, I took up my seat in a corner somewhat remote from Mr. O’Bray. As the uncommon physiognomy was already engaged with several interlocutors, it did not observe me, inasmuch as its eyes were closed. Mr. Jaundice O’Bray was obviously undergoing the process of being drawn out. His countrymen—who, by the way, re-christened him “Natural”—got him into a circle, and made him narrate the most marvellously apocryphal tales. Holding his eyes closed, he enabled his listeners to indulge in the most grotesque and fantastic grimaces with impunity. He

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described his great feats in racing, hunting, steeple-chasing, and coursing; his astonishing achievements amongst the fair sex were of a most miraculous nature. His dancing was *ne plus ultra*. He was induced to perform the sailor's hornpipe, and as he made the attempt to do it with closed eyes, he was soon tripped up by an obnoxious impediment which his merry audience placed in his way, and the poor fellow lost a tooth. The result might have been serious—I never witnessed a physiognomy so maniacally frenzied with dread vengeance as was that of the fallen O'Bray—had not the mischievous causes of the accident surrounded him, and partly by restraint, and partly by flatteries and apologies, pacified him. There was a dentist amongst his tormentors, who assured the uncommon physiognomy that it might get a tooth in place of the lost one, for a couple of guineas.

“Shooooore, and who ith to pay the two guineath?” was the natural query. The answer was speedily given, in the shape of a subscription. I contributed two shillings towards the tooth, though I had no hand in bringing about the disaster. Jaundice O'Bray counted over the subscription, and finding that one sixpence looked rather suspicious, he got it changed, and then pocketed the forty-two shillings, when the uncommon physiognomy was decidedly brightened up. The “Natural” was actually persuaded to perform the sailor's hornpipe after that; he did it without any further mishap,

to his own satisfaction, and to the almost splitting laughter of his audience.

In the course of the voyage, he described a long course of dinners which he had recently eaten in Castles, Palaces, Halls, et cetera ; amongst which he mentioned the identical dinner in the Dublin Castle at which I was present. According to Mr. Jaundice O'Bray, an ideal set of guests were there. Neither the Archbishop of Dublin, nor the Bishop of Kilcurragh, nor indeed any of the magnates who attracted attention at, and graced the banquet, was there. If it were not for the provoking weight of his eyebrows, Mr. Jaundice O'Bray might have seen the list of the real guests at the Lord Lieutenant's in *Saunders' News-Letter*, and he would thus have escaped being led by his own blind tale.

He also dined at Glaston Park ; on that very evening, too, when Lady Emily asked that luckless question about the graceless idiot. But he neither saw her ladyship, nor any other of the notabilities there present. By some eccentric transition he came to his examination for Holy Orders. The Bishop's Examining Chaplain, according to Mr. Jaundice O'Bray, was ignorant of the first rudiments of his calling ; Mr. O'Bray could not forego the temptation to twit and chaff that ignoramus—a quarrel was the result, and the upshot was that he scorned being ordained after the examination of such a man, and he told the Bishop of Kilcúrragh

so. His lordship said that he, Mr. O'Bray, was a thorough Irishman, and had a good deal of Irish blood in him. He of the uncommon physiognomy was quite right not to submit to the questions of an ill-conditioned Cleric; and he of the heavy brows, a cousin of Baron Silligo!—he, Mr. Jaundice O'Bray, was now going over to England, where his friends resided. The English Bishops would “jump at him,” and the English ladies were already dying for him. He had an education which few of his compeers enjoyed; he was sent to a school at Brussels, where he did what he liked. He never had any idea of going into that milksop shop, the Church, but a young lady in England would insist upon falling in love with him, and would not marry any one but a Clergyman. To please her, he went to College with a view to ordination; but he broke off the engagement, which very much interfered with his studies, and got him plucked three times. He did not mind telling his audience the real reason of the dissolution of the engagement. He had sent her a pair of g-rt-rs as a present, and expected an acknowledgment by return of post; but his expectation was not realized. He wrote for the “leg ties” to be forthwith returned, as they would do for him. How should he know that she was from home precisely on that day? But he was going to England once more, where there was as good fish as was ever caught.

Several of the passengers took it into their heads

to involve the uncommon physiognomy in contradictory agreements. One gentleman said—

“Mr. Jaundice O’Bray, don’t you agree with me that the Earl of Mulgrave is not so able a Viceroy as the Marquis of Wellesley was?” Down went the heavy lids and brows, and the interrogated one replied—

“I agree with you intirely.”

Upon which another gentleman would appeal to Mr. O’Bray, whether the cousin of Baron Silligo—whose judgment in such questions must be sound—was not of opinion that, though Lord Wellesley was a good general—it did not matter to either party whether the Lord Lieutenant was rightly described—he was yet far from being an efficient ruler. The young man of the closed eyes rejoined,

“I have no hesitation in saying that I agree with you intirely.” The amiable expression of concord was hailed with a joyous shout. A third gentleman was of opinion that both those noblemen were exactly alike in every respect, and asked Mr. Jaundice whether such were not his sentiments. They were, exactly.

A fourth gentleman never heard of two characters so utterly unlike one another as were the ex-viceroy and the reigning one. That gentleman was sure that a scholar of such close-eyed observation as Mr. Jaundice O’Bray was, and a cousin of Baron Silligo, too, must have noticed the great contrast.

Every contradictory statement that could be conceived was made, and with every statement Mr. O'Bray coincided "intirely." And when a great clamour was raised at last, by the different parties respectively and collectively claiming the especial concord of Baron Silligo's cousin, Mr. O'Bray settled the matter thus—

"I have no hesitation in the world in saying that I perfectly agree with every one of you intirely."

Of course the joy at such a general concordat was genuine and hearty, judging by the loud laughter which followed the positive sayings. There was nothing remarkable or memorable connected with that voyage except that remarkable and memorable individual. The weather was very fine, the breeze was very pleasant, the water particularly placid, and the fun peculiarly enjoyable under the circumstances. The passengers discovered a rich mine of amusement, and they were determined to work it and make the most of it, whilst it lay within their reach. So that, *nolens volens*, I had to be participator in the questionable "feast" and "flow" which was thus promiscuously furnished.

In the course of the three days' voyage, Mr. O'Bray very naively informed his fun-loving fellow-passengers that his father and mother "presented an intirely curious, strange, and eccentric couple." They disliked their children, especially the boy genus. Whilst his parents, for certain reasons, were roaming over the Continent, he, Jaundice,

was neglected, and left to the care of the cheapest nursery governess procurable. When he was about seventeen years of age, his whole education consisted of a few Irish comic songs, which he was induced to sing, and which elicited the most laughable applause. His father then sent him to a school at Brussels, where he did not learn much. When he left that school, he was considered to have made an end of his education, and he would never again have touched a book, for he did not like books, were it not that he met with that Miss Worsley, who took such a violent fancy to him, and to the Church, and thus sent him to College. But his distaste for books followed him to the University. Whether he got his degree or not he could not tell; he had been plucked three times. He was determined now to quit that horrid school altogether, and try to get ordination independent of a degree. He had already made three attempts at getting ordination, but hitherto "failed intirely." "Better luck next time." "Faint heart never got on—hee! hee! hee!" He would try England; his father lived in the neighbourhood of Bath, and the governor must look out, or else he would disgrace him before the whole of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

During the voyage Mr. O'Bray contrived to quarrel at least three times with almost every one on board, and as often showed his forgiving spirit by humbly begging pardon. Having an objection to be second in any quarrel, I escaped a difference

and reconciliation with him, and landed at Bristol unscathed either by his praise or dispraise. But before I left that city I was doomed to meet him again, at a dentist's, where I had occasion to call, and became unintentionally witness to his lost tooth transaction. In consequence of the heavy eyebrows, I escaped his observation. The bargain was a hard-fought one. Mr. Holloway, the dentist, said he could supply the missing tooth either for three pounds, or two guineas, or thirty shillings. Mr. O'Bray protested that he could only afford the cheapest, and that was too dear for him. Could not Mr. Holloway do it for fifteen shillings and the out-cast tooth, which he produced? Mr. Holloway nearly choked, but he succeeded in smothering the rising risibility.

"No, Sir, I cannot do it for less than thirty shillings; your tooth is perfectly-useless to me, it is too much decayed, and too yellow. Look here," he pointed to a bowl, "there are teeth in this bowl much more sound, and very white, and yet they are of no use to me. I really cannot supply you with a tooth for less than thirty shillings."

"Well, I will give you eighteen shillings."

"No, I cannot possibly do it for that."

Mr. O'Bray advanced at first at the rate of a shilling, and then at the rate of sixpence. After bargaining about three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Holloway, from sheer tediousness, acceded to twenty-six shillings and sixpence for the insertion

of the tooth. The uncommon physiognomy volunteered the information, "upon me word and honour," that the tooth was lost in a *melée* with a highwayman, whom he, Jaundice O'Bray, "demolished intirely:" but the spalpeen knocked his, of the quaint round face, tooth out, and he added—

"Upon me word and honour, I could not find it at all, at all in me heart to ask the blackguard to pay me for the tooth, when I saw him half dead at me feet, hee ! hee ! hee !"

"As for that, Sir," remarked Mr. Holloway, "the fellow saved you a couple of shillings ; for the tooth must have been extracted sooner or later ; it is too far gone."

When Baron Silligo's cousin left, Mr. Holloway remarked to me—"A singular character that, Sir ! One seldom meets with such a natural at large." I forget in what manner I intimated my consent and assent.

On my return to the bosom of my family, as one of its inmates for the last time, I had to recount my experience for the last few weeks, and was listened to with that interest which affectionate relatives bestow on the movements of one of their nearest and dearest. After that I devoted a month to hard reading for my coming examination for the Holy Orders of a Deacon. After that I set out, accompanied by my dear mother, for Deebury.

CHAPTER II.

AN EPISCOPAL ORDINATION.

EVERY one knows the style of place an old Cathedral-city is. Deebury therefore requires no description from my pen. The Bishop of Deebury, at that time, was the Right Reverend Dr. Swallow, a learned, good, amiable, and pious man. His Examining Chaplain was the Venerable Archdeacon Goodrich,—well worthy of the name ; rich in faith and in every good work—rich in good and sound learning. If I may use the expression, he was every inch a Christian gentleman. The whole onus of the examination, whether for Priests' or Deacons' Orders, was wisely left to Archdeacon Goodrich.

The ordeal took place in the spacious hall of the palace. The candidates for the respective Orders of Priests and Deacons were respectively seated at two different long tables. At that time there were about twenty-five candidates for each of the sacred offices. There was a good sprinkling of Irish at both tables. The then amiable Bishop of Deebury

had a weakness for Erin's sons, having been induced to take the exception as the rule. He lived to regret the amiable frailty.*

The examination began on Tuesday, and lasted four days. The first day was devoted to the writing out of a sketch on the leading features of the Old and New Testaments—historically, exegetically, philologically, and practically. These heads were printed at the top of a large sheet of foolscap, and copies were handed to each candidate at our table. There was a large supply of paper on the table, in case any gentleman's lucubrations should extend over more than one sheet, which occurred in several instances, with me amongst others. That essay, in fact, decided, in a measure, the fate of the candidate. If it happened to be very good, the candidate was sure to be accepted—whatever his deficiencies in the following days might prove; if very bad, the candidate was told, with the Bishop's compliments, that it would be desirable to postpone his ordination for so many months; and the time to be given to diligent reading and industrious study. If it partook of mediocrity, then the candidate's fate depended upon the subsequent examination.

The next two days were employed in writing answers to printed questions on Ecclesiastical His-

* It is to be feared that the last sentence is the offspring of prejudice.—EDITOR.

tory, the Reformation, English Episcopacy, Pearson on the Creed, Burnet on the Thirty-nine Articles, Secker on the Catechism, Magee on the Atonement; as well as in translating several passages from the Greek and Latin Fathers. The fourth day was occupied with the writing of a short sermon on a given text. Saturday, the day preceding the ordination, was a day of rest to the jaded mind and body of the embryo Priest and Deacon.

During the second and third days, the candidates were summoned, one by one, to the Bishop's study, and were examined by his Lordship in the Greek New Testament. I may here note, at once, that the Bishop's examination consisted of the sixteenth and three following verses of the fourth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke. The passage was evidently selected more for the purpose of giving a few practical hints touching the work of the ministry, than for the sake of ascertaining the amount of Greek learning each candidate possessed.

I must, however, dwell a little on the events of the first day. It was then that I began to reap the rich harvest of my acquaintance with Messrs. Macworthy and Monteleone. I found myself writing a very respectable paper, treating each head of the theme with considerable facility and readiness. I freely discussed the supposed and real antiquity of each Book, the supposed and real writers of the various parts of the Pentateuch, the

Prophets, the Psalms, et cetera. The difference between infallibility and inspiration ; the unanimity on the fundamental and distinguishing principles of the Christian religion. I finished with some remarks on the unsatisfactory translations of certain passages in the Old and New Testaments, which gave me an opportunity of making my Hebrew and Greek learning subservient to the illustration of the deep meanings of the sacred writers, which no translation can possibly afford. I proposed several new readings in the Pentateuch and the Gospels, in the Prophecies and Epistles. I must admit that that part of my essay made me uneasy, not knowing how the Bishop and Archdeacon would look upon my emendations. My apprehension proved groundless. I found both those Divines very good Hebrew scholars, and of course did not believe in the verbal inspiration of the English Bible. My paper found favour in both their eyes.

I must not omit to mention a little episode which occurred on the first day in the examination hall, and caused considerable interruption and annoying amusement, if such an entertainment is possible. After the candidates were seated for about an hour, plying their pens, a voice startled me—for I had heard it before—whilst it loudly said to some one—

“Shooooore, tell me what do ye mane by ‘exegetically and philologically.’ I have never heard such

words. Shooooore, either the examiner or the printer must have made a mistake intirely."

Of course, every one looked up in unmistakable amazement, and felt dumbfounded. To my utter discomfiture, there I beheld the uncommon physiognomy of Mr. Jaundice O'Bray, with his eyes apparently hermetically closed. Finding that his first invocation had not the desired effect, Mr. O'Bray repeated his inquiry in a louder tone—

"Shooooore, can't ye tell me what do ye mane by 'exegetically and philologically.' What jaw-breakers intirely such gibberish is! I cannot even pronounce the words."

To do him justice, he told the truth; he could not, and did not pronounce the words as they were printed. But it would baffle a more ingenious phonographer than I am, to give an idea, in English characters, of Mr. O'Bray's pronunciation of them.

"Be quiet, sir," several voices whispered; "the Archdeacon may be within hearing, and may not approve of this interruption."

"Shooooore, ye might tell me; I shall show ye me new tooth, if ye will."

"What!" said the gentleman sitting close to O'Bray.

"Me new tooth, here it is;" and suiting the action to the word, Jaundice opened his mouth and produced Mr. Holloway's tooth. Touching which, he furnished the following veracious account.

“Shooooore, I was out at a steeple-chase, in company of some of the greeatest noblemen in the United Kingdom ; me cousin, Baron Silligo, was amongst them. Whilst the other chaps were trying three, four, five-bar gates, I did *six* and *seven*, but attempting an *eight*-bar gate, me baste being already tired, missed the last bar intirely. The consequence was, I fell off me hunter, and lost *this* tooth, and I had to give ten guineas for a new one, and *this* is it”

Certainly, the shooting-jacket in which Mr. O’Bray came into the examination hall might have given the idea that the toothholder was a sort of sporting character, were it not for the discrepancy about the number of bars which he encountered in the gates he leaped.

The aspect of the listening ones was most grotesque ; their visages looked wry and funny at the same time. I need not outrage the squeamishness of some of my readers, by telling them why the gentlemen, who sat in the immediate neighbourhood of the uncommon physiognomy, contorted their faces when Mr. O’Bray opened his mouth, and pulled a yellow tooth out of it, and held it offensively before unoffending eyes and noses. Nor need I tell my readers that it was impossible not to laugh at the steeple-chase tale as it was unfolded by Mr. Jaundice O’Bray. The exhibition, however, secured an answer to the important question.

“Pray, put back your tooth,” said his right and

left hand neighbours at once, "and shut your mouth, instead of your eyes, and I will tell you what is meant by 'exegetically and philologically.'"

This was not the only question which those gentlemen had to answer; they were constantly disturbed and annoyed by O'Bray; they were obliged, nevertheless, in self-defence, to answer the most childish and rudimental queries propounded by the uncommon physiognomy. Whether Mr. O'Bray understood, or not, the answers he had received, is very problematical indeed.

I saw the Archdeacon take Mr. Jaundice O'Bray's paper, and I remarked that it was copiously stained, all over, with large ink blotches. I saw the Archdeacon return in the course of twenty minutes, and ask the uncommon physiognomy its name; to which he of the closed eyes vociferated—

"Shooooore, I have written it."

"Yes, but it is so stained with ink as to be perfectly illegible."

"Then it is Jaundice Silligo O'Bray."

"What?"

"Jaundice Silligo O'Bray. Baron Silligo is me cousin, and me family name is O'Bray. Do ye know it now?"

"What do you mean, Mr. O'Bray, by putting at the end of your paper, 'In very great haste?'"

"Oh, shooooore it is fashionable to do so in society; I have mixed a good deal amongst the higher classes."

The Archdeacon had not to say, or would not say, another word; but I heard him mutter to himself, as he passed by me, "Very odd names; very graphic, nevertheless."

I ought to have stated *before*, but never mind, *now* will do as well, that when Mr. Jaundice O'Bray first interrupted the attention of the candidates, on looking up, I espied at the same time the face of my esteemed college friend—my most formidable competitor in the Kennicott Scholarship, of whose rivalry I was most apprehensive—Mr. Frederick Verity. He, also, at the same time detected my eye, and the pleasurable recognition was mutual. As soon as luncheon was announced—we lunched about one o'clock with the Bishop, which gave us an hour's relaxation from our arduous work—we, Verity and myself, had an opportunity of a hearty shake of the hand, and a little chat about past, present, and future.

The day's work, at the examination hall, ended about four o'clock in the afternoon, at which time we, candidates, separated for our respective apartments, a little exercise, and dinner. All the candidates were expected again at the Palace, about eight o'clock, to tea and coffee with the Bishop. This was the daily arrangement till the last day of the examination, when all the accepted candidates dined with his Lordship.

On those evenings the subjects of the day's

examination formed the topics of conversation, which proved in fact a sort of *vivâ voce* examination. The Bishop and his coadjutor touched with masterly hands, lightly, yet penetratingly, the manifold subjects of each day's exercise. I saw, on the first evening, that the different papers of that day had been carefully read. Four of the scribes—two candidate Priests and two candidate Deacons—of which number I had the honour to be one, were particularly addressed on the various subjects of our papers. The Bishop doubted whether the public had been yet ripe for some of the bold, yet feasible, statements advanced in some of the papers. The good Bishop observed—

“It is to be lamented that a competent knowledge of the sacred tongue of the Old Testament, as well as of the New, is a rare possession amongst the clergy; and as a matter of course the common run of clergymen have nothing new to bring before their people. The result is an incessant narrowing of the mind, and the natural offspring of such minds is the hideous triad, ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance. I apprehend great confusion in the Church, simply because that learning which exercised the minds of our great Reformers, namely, the critical value of the original text, does not at present interest the generality of Christian ministers. Trifles take the place of sound learning; the Church is breaking up into sections; each section is claiming exclusive possession of orthodoxy; each section substitutes its imaginary

orthodoxy for Christianity, and the component members of each section think that they serve that holy religion most when they anathematize their fellow-Christians. I look ——”

The Bishop was unexpectedly interrupted here, by a loud voice exclaiming—

“I perfectly agree with ye, perfectly; shoooore, that was my opinion intirely, always. I perfectly agree with ye.”

Great was the consternation at the mere fact of the interruption, but the consternation was enhanced, when it was observed that it emanated from the uncommon physiognomy, whose eyes were closed, and whose body was arrayed in a shooting-jacket. The good Bishop, without noticing the ill-timed interruption, resumed the thread of his remarks, as if nothing had occurred to break it.

“I look with a favourable eye upon any candidate who comes before me equipped with a knowledge of Biblical Hebrew and Greek. I congratulate you, Mr. Armitage, Mr. Verity, and Mr. Holdsworth. Your papers—I must say this publicly—are the best, and the most scholar-like in the whole collection.”

I observed that soon after the Bishop had finished his remarks, he called the Archdeacon aside, and both of them seemed, by the expression of their faces, to indulge in an amusing *tête-à-tête* conversation, whilst their eyes twinkled towards the region where Mr. Jaundice O’Bray sat.

Mr. Armitage was one of the candidates for

Priests' Orders who was thus distinguished for particular commendation. Mr. Verity was my college friend and fellow-candidate for Deacons' Orders. I own that a thought shot across my mind, that we three were most likely to be booked for preferment by the good Bishop. But the sequel has convinced me that Bishops also—even the best and most learned—are only human ; and as weak, frail, and feeble as temporal peers, whose maxim it is that patronage and benefits begin to be vouchsafed at home. Oh, ye neglected and hard working curates, be not hardened to so sound a truth. Bear the fact in mind, and you will expect nothing, and not experience the mortification of disappointment.

I said there were two candidates for Priests' Orders who enlisted the Bishop's regard, and yet I only named one as commended for his learning, even Mr. Armitage. The fact is, and must be told too, that the second candidate had no learning to be commended for. He was, indeed, a fine, aristocratic-looking young man, very tall, of good manners, and of a self-satisfied air, as regards the prospects before him. The good Bishop's studious attention considerably justified that air. That gentleman's name was Mr. Lovel Grovelminster. His genealogy and pedigree were much canvassed. There was only one opinion touching his maternal parent, and that was—using an American phrase, "Know nothing." No one in the neighbourhood of Deebury had ever heard that Mr. Grovelminster

had a mother. There was also only one opinion touching his paternal parent, and that was, that Mr. Grovelminster was a scion of nobility. Difference of opinion, however, arose as to what nobleman's blood ran in the veins of the fine, aristocratic looking young candidate for Priest's Orders. As the opinions advanced were at variance with each other, there were of course many, by far the greatest majority, simple conjectures. I neither can nor dare take upon myself to decide in so delicate and perplexing a difference. For reasons, whose cogency will appear hereafter, I here simply state the fact.

I may as well chronicle here, once for all, that besides Mr. Jaundice O'Bray, there were several of the candidates, both from amongst the Priests and Deacons, British and Hibernian, who distinguished themselves the wrong way, in the course of the series of *soirées* at the Deebury Palace, by inopportune interruptions, irrelevant observations, *mal-apropos* remarks, and a variety of discordant statements. The evenings, however, upon the whole, were well and profitably spent. I must not linger in dwelling upon every particular that occurred. One circumstance more I deem it necessary to mention. On leaving the palace after the first *soirée*, scarcely had we reached the last step leading to the gate, when one of our party—the Deacons'—impatiently cried out,

“Psha! the Bishop is always harping on the

same string ; as if any one could not preach a good sermon without being at the trouble of racking his brains about it, by studying the Bible. Just as if there were not a sufficient quantity printed, which one can get as cheap as dirt, as good as the Bishop and Archdeacon put together, with all their Hebrew learning, could possibly concoct. As for his talking of the importance of a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, it is all cant, stuff, and nonsense. I should like to know how much our eminent evangelicals know either of Hebrew and Greek ; and for all that they are much more run after than the Bishop himself, or even the Archdeacon. My opinion is, that all you want is to belong to the evangelicals, and you are sure to make a taking clergyman. I hate a Hebrew scholar, and even a Greek scholar. Neither of them takes anything for granted ; but they must needs sift, examine, analyse, twist and turn every subject. And when they have once made up their minds on any subject, they become as obstinate as mules, and laugh you in the face, when you quote an old received opinion. I hate them ; they are bores. All a man wants, to prove himself an acceptable preacher, is to profess himself an adherent of the evangelicals."

"I perfectly agree with ye ; I always thought so ; Hebrew and Greek is flam and gammon intirely. Shooooore, it is the evangelical who carries the day. Hooray for the evangelicals !"

Mr. Jaundice O'Bray was the seconder of the preceding amendment.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Stultiman, but I must recal to your mind that last year, when you and I sat together, on the first day at the deacons' table, you were great on the necessity of holding and professing the tenets held and professed by High Churchmen. I then made free to ask you what were the tenets held and professed by High Churchmen. You then cut me short by saying that though you could not explain those tenets, you knew, nevertheless, that they were the only orthodox tenets. May I now presume to ask your definition of evangelicals?"

"Mr. Armitage, I will thank you not to bully me. I was not speaking to you; I was addressing myself to this gentleman here," pointing to the uncommon physiognomy. "Good night to you, Mr. Armitage."

"Good night, Mr. Stultiman; I hope no offence."

"I am not in the habit of being offended at persons beneath my notice."

Messrs. Stultiman and O'Bray linked themselves arm in arm, and walked off at a smart pace. My friend Verity, who was close by me, soliloquized, *Par nobile fratrum!*

On the morning of the second day of the examination, which was Wednesday, we returned

to the Palace, as instructed, at ten o'clock. The majority of the candidates looked, with some curiosity, for the faces of the two friends who agreed so well on the preceding evening; but they were doomed to have their curiosity ungratified for some time. We took our places *minus* the noble brothers. Soon after we were seated, Archdeacon Goodrich came into the hall, having a sheet of note-paper in his hand, approached our table, and read out—

“ Mr. Jaundice O’Bray !”

“ Mr. Jaundice O’Bray !”

Just then the missing candidates came into the hall, rather hurriedly, and forced their way, rather unceremoniously, between two gentlemen, when the Archdeacon again called out—

“ Mr. Jaundice O’Bray !”

“ Shooooore, here I am intirely, before any of the others !”

“ Mr. Jaundice O’Bray, I am desired by the Bishop of Deebury to present his compliments to you” [the uncommon physiognomy brightened up uncommonly] “and to recommend you to postpone your ordination for a couple of years. His Lordship also thinks, and I concur with him, that you should devote the two years to diligent and industrious study.”

The temporary illumination, which the “Bishop’s compliments” produced upon the uncommon physiognomy, was utterly quenched by the extinguisher

put upon it in the latter part of the Archdeacon's message. Poor Jaundice O'Bray pleaded hard for a reversal of the Bishop's implied determination. He advanced the most original arguments. Amongst others, he produced his tooth, "which," he said, "was knocked out by a chap who was jealous of me because I read so hard, and which made me very ill for some time, and brought on c-nst-p-ti-n, &c. &c."

The benevolent face of the Examiner assumed a comic aspect when it was obliged to confront the uncommon physiognomy, and to listen to the incoherent and eccentric words as they issued from it. However, all the pathos and the logic which Mr. O'Bray could assay proved of no avail. The Archdeacon was inflexible, and intimated to the cousin of Baron Silligo that the sooner he left the hall the better. Upon which the uncommon physiognomy became very red, and the owner thereof rising, indignantly exclaimed—

"Shoore, an' who wants to be here? Faith, not I. I never wanted to be ordained by ye. I only came to try ye."

After the delivery of the revelation of his coming up to Deebury, Mr. O'Bray stalked out of the hall.

The Examiner then read out of his paper—

"Mr. Dutton!"

"Yes, sir."

"I regret to have to tell you that the Bishop is of opinion with me, that you should devote six

months more to the preparatory work for the sacred office of a Deacon. You stand in need of a better and more intimate acquaintance than you at present possess, with the tenor of Holy Scripture. To make the work more attractive to yourself, I would add a word of recommendation, to the effect that a course of regular study of the Hebrew language will enhance your interest in the sacred volume. I have no doubt, Mr. Dutton, that you will take the advice in the spirit it is tendered."

"I take it so, sir, and am very much obliged to you."

Poor Mr. Dutton got up, pale and haggard, to leave the hall. The Archdeacon held out his hand, and Dutton took it modestly and nervously; but the Examiner clasped firmly the trembling hand, shook it cordially, and spoke thus kindly to the agitated and disappointed man—

"Pray, Mr. Dutton, do not leave Deebury without favouring me with a call. It will give me much pleasure to have a little private conversation with you."

"Thank you, Sir, I shall be happy to wait upon you any time you may be pleased to name, Mr. Archdeacon."

"Suppose, then, we say between four and five o'clock this afternoon, Mr. Dutton."

"Thank you, Sir."

Then Mr. Dutton left, and took with him the sympathy of every feeling heart.

The Archdeacon read out of his paper again,
 "Mr. Stultiman."

"Yes," proceeded from a very red face, looking and speaking insolence.

"I am very sorry that I should have to convey to you the same message for the third time. Neither the Bishop nor myself think that you have made the best use of the six months allowed you for such improvements as would entitle you to Deacon's Orders. It is not a grateful task to have to repeat this, time after time."

Mr. Stultiman sulkily and surlily spluttered and spirted out—

"I don't know what the Bishop wants!"

"Probably you have forgotten his Lordship's rule; I therefore tell it you again. The first thing the Bishop requires is a comprehensive and sound knowledge of the volume of Revelation. The proficiency or deficiency in which, to a great measure, decides the examination."

"But I can't now begin the study of so dead and barbarous a language as Hebrew."

"The Bishop, Mr. Stultiman, though he highly prizes a knowledge of the most sacred and most sublime of ancient tongues, does not enforce its study upon any one, nor does he recommend it even to any one whose abilities are moderate, and whose appreciation of the value of things is inaccurate. I am sorry that you should have compelled me to say so much."

"At all events, you might have told me all this in private, and not have wounded my pride so publicly," passionately and rudely exclaimed Mr. Stultiman.

"You are right. I am very much obliged to you for the hint. Such humiliating intimations shall henceforth be given by the Bishop himself, in his Lordship's study."

Mr. Stultiman, without any further ado, without word to, or look at, any one, got up and left the hall. Soon after the Archdeacon also retired, but returned in the course of five minutes, and summoned two candidates for Priests' Orders to accompany him to the Bishop's study. The two gentlemen did not return to the examination hall. The Examiner did, with a pile of printed questions on the subjects already named, and the gentlemen at both tables applied themselves to their work in right earnest. They saw that the rule, however many exceptions there might be, with the Bishop of Deebury was, that candidates must come properly prepared for their sacred calling; and as a rule, those who came otherwise were rejected.

On our going in to luncheon, the Archdeacon called Mr. Verity and myself aside—I confess to a pang of apprehension having darted through my heart, but that was only momentary—and thus addressed us :—

"You are both going to the neighbourhood of Riversdale. You may have an opportunity of be-

friending Mr. Dutton. May I ask you both to make good use of that opportunity. He lives at Riversdale. I am afraid that he is not in comfortable circumstances. The unavoidable necessity of deferring his ordination for six months will add probably to his discomfort. I recommended him the study of Hebrew, but not without my misgivings that my recommendation would prove perplexing to him. However, with you in my eye, I ventured to make it, in the hope that you might be willing to strengthen my recommendation by your helping him in his studies. I know that he is too poor to pay for instruction, or even to buy books. I will gladly supply him with the latter, and I trust that you will give him the former—that is, a lesson—now and then in Hebrew.”

“I shall be most happy,” eagerly exclaimed Frederick Verity, “to give Mr. Dutton all the help in my humble means.”

“And I shall feel truly thankful for the opportunity of serving Mr. Dutton,” was my less energetically expressed rejoinder.

“Then I may tell Mr. Dutton that he may call upon you both, and that he will find in you two Christian friends.”

“Oh, yes, certainly ;” “Oh, yes, by all means,” was the double reply.

When the Archdeacon left us to ourselves, a bright idea beamed upon Verity, and that was, that we should both dine together, for that day

and the next, and invite Mr. Dutton to dine with us. I was charmed with my friend's glorious suggestion. We concocted a few lines at once, and forthwith despatched a note to Mr. Dutton, asking him to give us the pleasure of his company to dinner at six o'clock that afternoon.

Mr. Dutton accepted the invitation, and came brimful of gratitude, which overflowed his eyes. He gave us an account of the good Archdeacon's kindness towards him, by taking the trouble to look out for friends for him in so distressing a time of need.

"When he mentioned your names," Mr. Dutton said, "I could not help showing him your kind note. Somehow or other when he cast his eyes over its contents, he became suddenly agitated, and left me, in the library, for an adjoining room; I heard him go up and down that room, and make frequent use of his pocket-handkerchief. When he returned he looked as if he had been sneezing a good deal, his eyes were very moist, but very cheerful and very kind. He then said to me, 'I hope you intend to accept the invitation of those gentlemen. Hebrew books are expensive; you will find in this envelope a trifle to enable you to purchase such books as you may require.' The *trifle*—as the Archdeacon calls it—is this, a fifty pound Bank of England note. The good man said, 'You had better not say anything about it.' Just as if the blind, the lame, the halt that were

benefited by the most Beneficent One could obey the injunctions, 'Go and tell it no man. They went their way, and published it so much the more.' God bless the Archdeacon. God bless you."

Verity and I retired from the sitting-room for a little time, and left the grateful heart to sob itself into quietness. We all contrived to be very cheerful at dinner. My mother of course presided, for I insisted that the entertainment should take place at my rooms, and her happy face could dispel a legion of miseries.

When Verity and I arrived at the palace *soirée* that evening, the Archdeacon came up right to us, and held out a hand to each of us, whilst saying—

"Gentlemen, you have more than realized my sanguine expectation."—He then turned away abruptly, and left my friend and myself looking unaccountably sheepish at each other.

Nothing of any importance happened till the morning of the last day of the examination, when two candidates, from the Deacons' table, were summoned to the presence of the Bishop, and did not return to the examination hall. A strong link of friendship was formed between Messrs. Armitage, Dutton, Verity, and myself. We often met during our stay at Deebury—the Archdeacon recommended Dutton to remain at that city over the Sunday—and we eventually became great allies. We took an interest in each other's

work, sympathized in each other's trials, and rejoiced in each other's prosperity.

The Ordination Sunday arrived, and the sacred ordinance took place in the venerable Cathedral. The Bishop selected Verity to read the Gospel appointed for the ordination service, taken from the twelfth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke, the thirty-fifth and three following verses.

The solemn exhortation of our Saviour, as well as the whole service, made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind. I endeavoured to meditate, the whole of that day, upon the responsible duties which henceforth devolved upon me. I prayed most earnestly that grace, wisdom, and strength might be granted unto me, so that I might be enabled to act in accordance with the obligations which I had that day taken upon myself.

CHAPTER III

MY RECTOR.

HAVING obtained my "Letters of Orders," and Licence to serve the curacy of the Parish of Christchurch, Riversdale, I lost no time in repairing to the sphere of my labours. My beloved mother accompanied me, and stopped with me about a fortnight, setting my little rooms in order. She, with maternal partiality, maintained that she but imitated Hannah of old, in bringing her Samuel herself to lend him to the Lord, to minister in His Church. I cannot conscientiously lay claim to the worthiness of being successor to that seer of Israel, but I can most conscientiously affirm that my dear mother most worthily represented the favourite spouse of Elkanah.

But to my personal recollections of my clerical life. My lot had fallen, in the first instance, in a very important field. The parish was very large, it contained upwards of twelve thousand souls; the great majority were of the poorest, and perhaps the most vicious, in the whole of the diocese. I cannot

help recording my conviction that it is a great misfortune for a young clergyman to have his first curacy in a small parish, which frequently happens to be a "sole charge." The first start is everything in every profession ; but it is more especially so in the holy profession of the Christian minister. A small parish leaves a great deal of time on hand, and, unless the young clergyman is of a studious turn of mind, he is at a loss what to do with his leisure hours. The consequence is that he is casting about in his mind how to dispose of his surplus time. Being young, and perhaps a little light-hearted, he accepts the attentions and invitations which are tendered to a young man in his position ; he is imperceptibly drawn further and further into the gay circle of the parish and its vicinity, till he becomes the very centre of it. The results, in some cases, are most prejudicial. The young and inexperienced shepherd leaves his few sheep untended and uncared for, and he himself dwindles away into "an hireling." I cannot be sufficiently thankful that my curacy was a large one, which claimed all my time during the day. As I required but little sleep—I never slept more than four hours since I was eight years of age—I was able to read and write a great deal, early in the morning, and late at night.

The first week, however, was almost altogether frittered away in temporal thoughts and occupations ; I tried to settle down, with some degree of

comfort in my new home. Those thoughts and occupations were now and then relieved by visitors. The first callers were Dr. and Mrs. Radcliffe, who favoured us with their complimentary visit on the Tuesday; the lady waited upon my mother, and the Rector called upon his Curate. On the next day, Wednesday, our callers were more numerous. First came Mr. Macworthy, Rector of the neighbouring parish of Westfield, about whom the reader knows something already.

Whilst Mr. Macworthy was with me, indulging in some quaint and humorous remarks, he stopped short, all of a sudden, and presently exclaimed—

“It is Monteleone’s footstep; we shall have a taste of Glaston Park again.”

A ring, a loud knock, and then the servant brought in a card, with the imprint—

Rev. Benedict Monteleone.

Great and mutual was the pleasure of our meeting. I was obliged to “give a full, particular account of the examination, without equivocation or mental reservation of any kind,” as Macworthy said. Whilst recounting to my friends my rencontre with my old College rival, Frederick Verity, the disappointment of poor Mr. Dutton, and Archdeacon Goodrich’s recommendation of the unfortunate candidate to Verity’s and my friendship, another knock and ring warned us of another arrival, and the subjects of my narrative were soon ushered in.

Introductions and ceremonies over, I left my visitors for a little while, and went to ask my mother, in her sitting-room, whether we might not manage to keep my friends to dinner. After a little consideration, she gave her opinion that we might venture on so bold a step.

On my return to my friends, I found them engaged in the usual fiddle-faddle talk which strangers to one another contrive. I announced to them my mother's and my own wish that they should all stop to our frugal dinner. Macworthy said that he did not come with the intention of leaving before dinner. Monteleone said he did not come with a view to stay to dinner ; but he would gladly give up his original intention. Messrs. Verity and Dutton seemed unwilling at first to grant us the favour of their company, from sheer reserve, to that repast ; but they were overruled, and followed the example of Macworthy and Monteleone.

We were a happy circle. Monteleone spoke of his Rector, of his parish, of his congregation, in rapturous terms. Verity laughed, and said that Mr. Alslop, his own Rector, was determined to give him a holiday at the outset, in order to work him harder by-and-bye. Macworthy indulged in sly prophecies about the Rector of St. Korah, and his new curate. My object was to interest Macworthy and Monteleone in poor Dutton, and, I am thankful to say, I succeeded to my heart's content.

That very afternoon the Curate of St. Peter's,

Riversdale, took the rejected candidate, at the last Deebury ordination, under his wing. Monteleone made Dutton accompany him to his house, and gave him the first lesson in Hebrew, for which purpose master and pupil left earlier than my other friends parted with me

When they were gone, Macworthy said to me—

“ You could not have put Dutton into better hands than into those of Monteleone, and I should not wonder if Dutton’s temporary disappointment proves a very great advantage to him. I know Monteleone well ; I am acquainted with his wonderful powers of instruction : his attainments are too well known to be named. His sympathizing heart will devote itself to the relieving of the achings of Dutton’s heart, in a manner, and with a zeal, that few would either understand or appreciate. His leisure hours will be spent to serve the *protégé* he has taken under his special care. I venture to prophesy that at the next ordination Dutton will outshine the whole galaxy of juvenile theology which shall illumine the Palace of Deebury. Monteleone will now be in his element, he will scheme all sorts of plans to make Dutton superior to the ordinary tribe of candidates for Holy Orders. It was a grand thing for Dutton that he was plucked—grand, man !—I tell you it was grand, man ! I wish I had been plucked, and had then met with a Monteleone to make me plucky. Hee ! hee ! hee ! The wretched pun, gentlemen, was perpetrated unintentionally.”

On the following day, Thursday, my mother and I called upon Dr. and Mrs. Radcliffe. Whilst the ladies were having their converse in the drawing-room, my Rector and his Curate exchanged their thoughts in the Doctor's study. After a few desultory remarks from either to other, my Rector said to me—

"I shall expect you to preach both sermons on Sunday next."

"Shall you be absent?"

"No ; I shall read prayers for you, both morning and evening."

"Oh, Dr. Radcliffe, pray let me hear you first ; let me have next Sunday to notice your style and mode of treating a text, so that I may have some idea how and what to prepare for your congregation."

The Doctor smiled good naturedly, and said—

"I do not wish you either to imitate or to adopt my style and mode ; I am not vain enough to think that my style and mode are the best. I wish to hear you, and observe your style and mode. Perchance, I may have it in my power to give you a hint or two how to improve both, in case there should be room for improvement."

"Pray, Dr. Radcliffe, do not insist !"

"I am inflexible in this matter ; I do insist, and therefore make up your mind to set to work as soon as you reach your lodgings. Mrs. Radcliffe has arranged to keep Mrs. Holdsworth at

the Rectory during your mother's stay at Riversdale." The Doctor shook me warmly by the hand, and continued, "You need not be so concerned about it; I am sure you will do very well."

"I should feel less concerned if you were not to be one of my hearers."

"I am afraid, Mr. Curate, that you sadly overrate your Rector's ungenerosity. I am not so terrible as your dread imagination pictures me. Besides, I told you part of the reason for my wish. So no more about it. We must not prove ourselves rude to the ladies—let us back to the drawing-room."

"Algernon, dear,"—exclaimed the mistress of the drawing-room,—*"Mrs. Holdsworth has consented to become our guest for the remaining few days of her stay at Riversdale. And as her object in coming here was to see as much of her son as possible, I assured her that you as well as myself will be very glad to see him here every day, as often as he shall choose to come. Am I not right, love?"*

"Not altogether, Tilly. I am delighted to hear that Mrs. Holdsworth fell in with our cherished plan to make the Rectory her home during her sojourn in Riversdale; and you were quite right in using your influence, darling, to make her consent to accept our humble invitation. But I absolutely decline seeing her son here, in this house, before next Sunday evening. Look not so stern, dear Mrs. Holdsworth, but listen to reason. You are

too sensible a woman to interfere with your son's interest, and can no doubt manage to control your maternal affection, when it is necessary so to do. My Curate is too sensible a fellow not to be able to temper filial love and honour with sacred duties. Your son, Mrs. Holdsworth, has to prepare two sermons for next Sunday ; to-day is Thursday : he must have the interval to himself *in toto*. There, no appeal from that ultimatum."

"But, of course," rejoined my mother, "I can go to see George ; no one can prevent me doing that."

"There is no 'of course' in the matter, dear madam. You shall not go to see your son, before he pays his respects to you here, on Sunday evening next. I can and shall prevent your thwarting my plans. You have to do Riversdale ; that is, you have to see all the lions in this place, the Museums, the Libraries, the Docks, the Zoological Gardens, et cetera, et cetera. Mrs. Radcliffe will claim all your time for the next two days. Good-bye, Holdsworth, God bless you, go home, send your mother's boxes, and set to work."

"No, Georgie dear," exclaimed my mother, and I felt a monster of a goose in consequence, "you shan't go yet ; I must see you by myself for a few minutes."

The Doctor opened the door of the dining-room for my mother and myself, saying, "Now, Sir, you had better bid good-bye to Mrs. Radcliffe, for you

do not return that way. Your face shall not be seen here before Sunday evening next."

Though no one could have construed my Rector's conduct into anything but genuine kindness, my dear, dear mother—always so reasonable, so sensible—took it into her head that my Rector was likely to prove a tyrant to me; and as soon as we were by ourselves, she gave vent to a pent-up feeling of emotion which startled me not a little—

"O, Georgie darling!" she sobbed out bitterly, "I do not like that cruel man, your Rector; he has no more feeling than a Herod, or a Nero—"

"Hush, dear mother; he is a most kind and considerate man."

"I will not hush, he is nothing of the kind; my poor child, you were always too soft, and allowed anyone to ride roughshod over you."

"I assure you, dear mother, that I never felt so soft in my life as I do now." I saw that gainsaying my mother was ill-timed then; I made up my mind to let her say her say to the uttermost syllable, when a reaction might reasonably be expected. I was sent away, in the course of twenty minutes after I entered the dining-room, with various blessings, injunctions, and counsels. Whilst wending my steps homewards, I began to think of texts and themes. My heart was heavy, and my mind confused. I was floundering in a muddy reverie, when I was interrupted by a loud voice, evi-

dently proceeding from the organs of speech belonging to an Hibernian, which voice addressed me in the following strikingly original words:—

“Faith, Mr. Holdsworth, an’ a penny for yer thoughts; shure ye look a power of thought.”

I turned, and looked my acquaintance full in the face, but I had no more than a floating recollection of his red hair and freckled countenance. I did not remember his name. I could not, therefore, respond to his familiar address in equal terms, and was obliged to compress the whole of my rejoinder in the compass of the following two monosyllables:—

“Do I?”

“Throth, an’ ye do. But shure ye look as if ye did not exactly know me; shure ‘we have been friends together,’ as the song says.” The speaker shook my seized hand energetically.

“I am obliged to admit that I cannot, at the present moment, recall to mind the time or place where we met.”

“Shure, don’t ye know Pether Drumkin, of Raketon, who showed ye so much attention when ye came to visit us.”

“Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Drumkin; how are you? how is Mr. O’Toole? Mr. Kilbrogan? Mr. Sallaghy? Mr. Haddock? Mr. Mockler?”

“They are all a set of dirthy blackguards. Shure I have written to ye all about them cratures. I was too glad to get away from such a set. I

have been here a month. I find that England is the counthry where the rale thing, talent, is understood. Ye should see St. Ursulla, when I praich, thronged, thronged to the steps of the Church. Scarcely room for the reporthers. I counted no less than nineteen beautiful young ladies taking notes. But troth, ye are deep in thought again. Shure, I repait me offer, a penny for yer thoughts."

"I am afraid that my thoughts are not sufficiently concentrated to be worth anything. I have been trying to think what to do for next Sunday. Dr. Radcliffe insists upon my preaching both sermons on that day."

"Shure, an' is that all that makes ye so mighty unaisy? Hee! hee! hee! Shure, an' I don't know nothing more aisey. I like to help a lame dog over a stile. Come along with me, I don't mind dining with ye to-day, and we shall talk over the subjects, and to-morrow I'll lend ye a volume of sermons by Cooper, and ye are welcome to copy out of him as many as are to yer liking. There, old fellow, is a friend in need for ye!"

"Thank you, Mr. Drumkin, but I am afraid that I am under the necessity of declining both your proffered favours. I am not in a position to entertain you at dinner to-day, and must therefore do the best I can without the pleasure of your society. As for preaching another man's sermons, as my own, I could not do it. In the first place, it is contrary to my notions of strict honesty; and in

the second place, I do not think that you are the only fortunate possessor of Cooper's sermons. Fancy preaching another man's sermons before the congregation of Christchurch, and Dr. Radcliffe one of the same! Besides, Mr. Drumkin, I have a good many volumes of sermons in my own library, small as it is; but I will never plume myself in the feathers of other birds."

"Hee! hee! hee! ye are a regular innicent one! Is it me that ye are talking of enthertaining at dinner? Shure, an' can't I enthertain meself; anything'll do for me—a rasher and potato, as it will give ye pleasure, and aise your mind a little about them sermons. As for yer notions of strict honesty, as ye call 'em, shure there aren't three clergymen in the town of Riversdale who praich their own sermons. Me Incumbent, who is the most magnificent praicher in this place, is now praiching, Sabbath afther Sabbath, Fuller's sermons, though he prethends that they are his own; for he has a good memory, and learns them off by heart. One of the congregation showed me the book. Ye will not interrupt me; I shall finish first all I have to say. As for the congregation of Christchurch, it is all fudge! As Tom Moore said in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, I was taught in the nathive counthry to look upon the most élite congregation as upon a flock of cabbage-stocks. What do ye think is the sacret of our peculiar gift of the gab, but them two raisons intirely! Learning things off

by heart ; learning to look upon your congregation as a pack of cabbage-stocks. Hee ! hee ! hee ! We do them things betther in the nathive counthry !”

“ Good-bye, Mr. Drumkin. I have no time to point out a couple of incongruities in your remarks ; but I am very much obliged to you for the divulging of your great secret. I am afraid that your countrymen will not be grateful to you for the betrayal of so important a mystery. They may rest assured that I shall not infringe on their patent. Good-bye ?”

“ Will I not go home to dine with ye ?”

“ I am sorry to say, not to-day, Mr. Drumkin. Good-bye.”

“ Will I not send ye one of Mr. Cooper’s volumes ?”

“ No, thank you, you need not, it would be perfectly useless to me. Good-bye.”

“ Good-bye. Faith an’ ye will think betther of it by-and-bye—take the word of an ould stager.”

I made my way to my lodgings without any further interruption, despatched my mother’s boxes, and plunged at once into a brown study, casting about once more for texts and themes. Having decided upon the latter, and fixed upon the former, I set to work to commit my meditation to paper.

CHAPTER IV.

MY MAIDEN SERMONS, AND THE CRITICISM
ON THE SAME.

I FINISHED my first sermon on Friday afternoon. Just as I concluded reading it over, to enable my own ears to criticize my own performance, I heard a knock at my door. I bade the outstander "Come in!" and the landlady entered with a large parcel and a note, saying,

"Please Sir, these came from Dr. Radcliffe."

I opened the note at once, hoping a reprieve, at least, of one sermon; but I was doomed to disappointment in my expectation. The note, however, was an exceedingly kind one, and went far towards cheering me up in my arduous work; it put me in good spirits for the remainder of the day, and the whole of the following one. I treasured my first Rector's note, and here is a copy of it:—

"Christchurch Rectory, Dec. 183—

"DEAR HOLDSWORTH,—I am bold enough to expect that you will be so good as to gratify a whim

of mine, and thereby afford me much pleasure. The boon I ask is, that you may permit me to present you with a set of robes, which accompanies this note. I made a guess at the measure of the stature of your outer man, and gave orders to the tailor accordingly.

"As a corollary, I ask another favour, namely, that you try on the gown and cassock, or *vice versa*, and let me know whether they fit, as I wish to see you with them on, in the pulpit, both morning and evening on Sunday next; so that if any alteration be required, let it be done as soon as possible. Let me have a line to the same effect.

"I am happy to tell you that Mrs. Holdsworth is in excellent spirits to-day. I am afraid that I incurred her displeasure yesterday afternoon, by appearing to make light of her tender, susceptible maternal feelings, but I have no doubt that she and I will part excellent friends.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ALGERNON RADCLIFFE."

I opened the parcel, and was delighted to find that the robes—made of the very best material—fitted me exactly. The Rector knew the size of his Curate to a nicety. I wrote to the Doctor, thanking him most sincerely for his splendid gift, but more especially for the goodwill of the giver, so delicately expressed in his note.

I set to work with more heart, and with better

will, to prepare my second sermon, which I thought was characterized by happier elucidations and illustrations than my first ; partaking of the complexion of my own feelings. I finished about midday on Saturday. Having read over both sermons twice, and having rounded and polished a few sentences in each, I set out for a walk in the parish to see some sick and poor people who, I accidentally heard, required some counsel and help. The visits did me much good ; I felt that I was now indeed a minister of Him who was anointed to preach the gospel to the poor ; who was sent to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord. I retired to rest that night with a heart brimful of gratitude.

I got up the following morning with a palpitating heart, and felt considerable nervousness, which I could not shake off, even when I came to Church. The Rector, however, by his fatherly and affectionate manner, had unostentatiously dissipated a great deal of my feverish agitation. The beautiful and solemn prayers of our venerable Church had done much to tranquillize my mind and my soul. I mounted the pulpit with more nerve than I apprehended I should. I felt that I stood in the stead of the GREAT BISHOP, and occupied the position of an Ambassador from the

greatest King. These considerations made me forget the high intellectual character of the congregation, and even the presence of the Rector himself. I was thus enabled to deliver my sermon without much diffidence. When I descended from the pulpit, and entered the vestry, I found the Doctor's countenance pleasantly irradiated. He took me by the hand, and said :—

“ I congratulate you on your own style and mode of preaching ; though, I hope you will accord me the liberty this evening, after your second sermon, to offer you a few suggestions and hints which may prove useful to you. I would not, for the world, that you should adopt anyone's style or mode. Copyists are always detected, counterfeits are not current long, and are treated as impostors and charlatans should be. I will not ask you to-day to luncheon ; I am determined, you see, but join me at the school, about two o'clock.”

I could not but feel gratified at the approval of my kind, good, and pious Rector. I looked forward with the most pleasing anticipation to the evening, when I expected the few suggestions and hints which were promised me. I proceeded to my lodgings with an elastic step, took some refreshment, read over my sermon for the evening, and repaired to the school. I found Dr. Radcliffe standing on the threshold waiting for me. We entered the school together ; he opened the proceedings of the afternoon with prayers, and then

the teachers began their respective instructions. We walked from class to class, just taking a glance at each; the Rector looked all pleasure, and his goodwill seemed reflected in the faces of the juvenile portion of his congregation.

After the children had been taught by their respective teachers for about three-quarters of an hour, the Doctor mounted the rostrum, which was the signal for the children to form themselves into ranks; this was done with great dispatch and order. In the course of five minutes, perfect stillness pervaded the whole school. Dr. Radcliffe then called, at random, two of the youngest boys, and as many of the youngest girls—he knew all the children's names, and he called them by their christian and surnames—to come forward. The four children then repeated, one after the other, the Collect for the day. The Rector then began to question them touching the purport of the prayer they had just repeated, in such peculiarly childish language as to make the youngest comprehend him perfectly; the answers were therefore given with readiness and clearness. The little ones were then dismissed, and two couples were called out, in the same manner as before, from higher classes. They had to repeat the Epistle, upon which the school was again questioned, in just as suitable a style as before. The second four were then sent back again to their ranks, and a third quartet was called out, who repeated the Gospel, in which the

school was once more catechized. No child knew beforehand which of them would be summoned to face the Doctor especially, and have to rehearse their different portions; so that all had to learn each portion, and I can testify that they did so, not in the light of tasks, but as pleasing occupations. The Rector wound up the afternoon school with a brief analysis of the first and second Lessons for the evening service. This was done in a marvellously simple manner; the youngest child could not possibly have failed to understand the instructions contained in those chapters. The catechetical lecture, though it lasted about fifty minutes, scarcely seemed, to the children, teachers, and myself, to have occupied more than a quarter of an hour. Dr. Radcliffe observed to me, on leaving the school,—

“You see, children are not expected to understand our sermons, which we prepare for educated minds. We must give the lambs different food from that we give to the flock; and by tending properly the young, we train them to be useful members of our Church, when they come to years of maturity and discretion.”

“This is my first lesson in proper Sunday school teaching,” I rejoined.

“And I have no doubt but that you are an apt pupil. To convince you of my good opinion of your quickness, I shall leave the catechetical lecture to you on Sunday next.”

"I most sincerely hope that you will do no such thing—at least not so soon," was my importunate reply.

"Your hope will not be realized. I seldom alter my mind after its conception is embodied in words; and this is not to be the rare exception. The sooner you plunge into active service the better it will be for you and for my people."

I could not, and would not, say any more, but began to recollect and keep in memory my Rector's style and manner, hoping to make them subservient to my necessities on the following Sunday. As the evening service was not to begin before half-past six o'clock, I had upwards of two hours to myself, part of which I had made up my mind to devote to another reading over of my evening sermon. I candidly told my Rector of my intention, and ventured to remind him of the trite adage about "an old head on young shoulders." He assented, saying,—

"Perhaps you are right; but depend not altogether upon yourself. Bear in mind in whose name you teach and preach. You know my meaning."

A warm pressure of his hand, and a penetrating, kind look from his benignant eyes, spoke more to the purpose, as far as I was concerned, than all the "gifts of the gab" which the most loquacious Mr. Drumkin could talk of, and with infinitely greater effect. I left my lodgings that evening for the Church with a light heart and composed mind. I

got through my evening sermon with comfort, and felt that my pulpit diffidence and nervousness had had their day; and that henceforth confidence and energy would accompany me to the solemn place where the preacher takes his stand. Dr. Radcliffe saw all that as soon as I entered the vestry, and he playfully said, therefore,

“Now, sir, how came you to simulate so much cowardly apprehension, when I told you that you would have to preach twice to-day?”

“No, sir, I did not simulate, but your kindness, encouragement, and counsel were enough to exorcise the demon of cowardice from the feeblest, youngest Cleric that ever lived. I took your advice; I did not depend altogether upon myself; I remembered in whose name I was going to preach and to teach, and acted accordingly.”

“I thought as much. Take my arm, and come along. Your mother will be in the seventh heaven when she sees you. This is beyond all doubt the happiest day in her matured and discreet life. You shall have a room to yourselves for half an hour. Mrs. Radcliffe is very anxious to become more intimately acquainted with you; but before we gratify the Rector’s better half, and the Curate’s mamma, the Rector and the Curate must have a little conversation between themselves, in which neither wife nor mother must intermeddle. It is a beautiful moonlight night; I have to see a few sick people; if you have no objection to accom-

pany me, we shall do our part of the business whilst on our way to the poor sufferers."

I took his arm with the most filial feelings, mingled with respect and confidence. He began by prayerful converse, that our united efforts and ministry might prove of eternal benefit in the parish of Christchurch; and I perceived how feelingly his Christian heart yearned for the welfare of his people. After a slight cough, and somewhat desperate shrug of his shoulders, my Rector plunged at once into the torrent of ideas to which his mind, evidently, in the course of the day gave rise. He began—

"I know you will pardon me if I venture to offer you some suggestions touching the preparation for a sermon. You know a great deal by intuition, still two minds are better than one; and an old head, though not so quick as a young one, knows a great deal more by experience than a young one by intuition. I like your independent style very much. I am glad that you did not condescend to copy your sermons. I was half afraid you would, having mixed a good deal lately with Irishmen. I will not say a word about your earnestness. I am sure it was genuine, and therefore effective. I know the difference between acted or theatrical earnestness, and heartfelt or soul-stirring earnestness. I am convinced that you felt what you said, and said what you felt. There was not, however, sufficient method in the treatment of your subjects; the parts were not suffi-

ciently defined and distinct. There was some lack of the exegetical element. You will excuse my pointing out the deficiency to you. The text and context were not sufficiently explained and illustrated. You indulged a little too much in exhortation, and somewhat too little in instruction. I am convinced that a thorough and lucid exposition of a text does more to impress a sermon on the mind of a congregation than fervent and zealous exhortation. I do not mean to say that exhortation is unimportant, or that it might be dispensed with. Nothing of the kind. Exhortation is a necessary and important element in a sermon, but it should never be the whole sermon, or even half, or quarter of the sermon. A few practical remarks, evolved from your subject, addressed to your congregation just at the conclusion of your discourse, will abide more permanently in the minds, and may be in the hearts, of your hearers than a long continuous string of warnings, admonitions, and cautions. I am disposed to think that it is this prevailing peculiarity in the great majority of pulpit discourses which gives to many sermons an insipid, stale taste ; the result is, that the appetite for that food which we are appointed to administer is greatly impaired. Here we are at poor Linaker's door ; will you come in with me ?”

“Certainly ; I should like very much to be present whilst you speak to the poor sufferer ; I saw the poor fellow yesterday.”

"Did you, indeed?—How do you do, my aged friend?"

Words could not possibly describe the mingled feelings which stirred in my heart whilst listening to my Rector's gentle and soothing words addressed to the bedridden man. So different from the way which I pursued with the same invalid yesterday. I could not help thinking at the time of our Saviour and His disciples at Bethabara, when tidings came of the sickness of Lazarus, and when the Redeemer subsequently announced that Lazarus was dead. Who can forget the touching suggestion of Thomas, on the occasion, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Thomas, who must have witnessed many acts of benevolence and mercy performed in behalf of sufferers, as well as the concomitant effects upon the recipients—I say Thomas, who was one of the witnesses, was naturally anxious to be a recipient of the words and acts of His adorable Master. I could not help feeling an inward desire of soul, when I saw the illumined face of the sick man before me, that, should it please God to lay me on a bed of sickness, such a minister of Christ as my Rector is, might be the angel sent to comfort and cheer me, to tell me of Him who is the resurrection, the way, the truth, and the life.

We visited together three more sick-beds, and I will only say that I trust the practical lesson I had thus obtained in visiting the sick, had not been

thrown away upon me. Coming out of the last cottage, my Rector remarked that it was chiefly in such places, as we had then visited, that the Christian minister experiences in his own conscience that he is the servant of that Master who came to seek and to save that which was lost. The Doctor then resumed the subject of his former remarks, thus :—

“ You take my interference in such good part, that I think it my duty to tell you that I am of opinion that the few and small faults which I made so free to criticize, owed their existence to the little time which you had for preparing your sermons. I tell you frankly that I had a double motive in not telling you earlier that you would have to preach both sermons. First, I was anxious to know whether you would fly for succour to Ainger, Bradley, Blunt, Cooper, Day, East, Fell, Gell, Harte, Ick, Jelf, Kant, Lee, McDuff, or some other sermonographer, whose initials may be found in the remaining letters of the Alphabet, as well as in many an Irish-Browne-study. Secondly, I wished to know what you could do in an emergency. I tell you, candidly, the result has proved a gratifying one to me either way. You did not fly for help to published sermons ; and you proved yourself equal to an emergency, in a manner in which few of your age and experience could have equalled you.

“ Touching the expedient of flying for help to

published sermons. Never do it; the practice has a very baneful effect upon the mind and heart of the preacher himself; it injures both. The mind becomes in process of time a mean, dependent, impoverished, mendicant thing, without private property or resources; incapable of an original idea; unequal to any emergency. But the practice also affects the heart, it hardens it: I venture to go even further than that—it obscures the soul, it sears the conscience. How can it be otherwise? The preacher, whilst inculcating honesty, is grossly dishonest himself. What effect can the sermon have on its preacher when he ascends the pulpit—that most solemn place—with a lie in his right hand? What regard can such a man have for truth or justice, religion or piety? Do you know, I am weak enough to be afraid of such men. The trifler with holy things is a character to be much dreaded. I speak from painful personal experience. You will learn this same lesson in the same terrible school. My observations will prepare you for the harsh ordeal. You will be horrified to find the preacher pious and sanctified in his precepts, and the reverse in his practice. The sermons he preaches are not the result of his own study and meditation, and the consequence is that he does not feel heartily what he recommends to others so vociferously.”

“Then you would not recommend me to read sermons at all?”

"Oh, yes ; I strongly recommend you to read good sermons, such as Chalmers's, Whately's, Barrow's, Arnold's, and such like. Not only read them, 'but mark, learn, and inwardly digest them.' They will plant new thoughts in your mind, and when you brood over them, in your parochial walks, they will gender in you new ideas, which you will be able to call your own ; notwithstanding that they will have been begotten unto you by the union of your mind with that of Arnold, Barrow, Chalmers, Whately, &c. But I strongly recommend you not to pass off any sermon, with whose production you had no concern, as your own."

"Certainly not. No, never, never ! especially after the terrible verdict which I have just heard pronounced against culprits guilty of such dishonesty. But do you suppose that it is improper to quote now and then a pertinent idea or illustration from a printed volume of sermons ?"

"No ; I do not suppose any such thing. A pertinent idea or illustration may be quoted sometimes with very good effect ; but it should be acknowledged to whom it belonged. I should not think it improper for a man whose intellectual powers move slowly, in a case of emergency, to ascend the pulpit even with a printed volume in his hand, and announce to his congregation that, owing to certain circumstances, he was not prepared with a sermon of his own, and he would

therefore read one of which he approved, and which he thought suitable ; published by so and so.

“ As far as concerns yourself, as I have already observed, I must own, considering the circumstances connected with your first work of the kind, and the little time you had to prepare for that work, that you are likely to be, after a little practice, equal to any emergency at the shortest notice. Yet, I would not recommend you to postpone, especially at the commencement of your ministerial work, the choosing of a subject and text till the end of the week. I will just tell you what I am in the habit of doing myself. I have no scruple to recommend you to adopt my method in this respect. On Monday morning I read over all the four lessons for the following Sunday. They form the food for my thoughts during my parochial rambles. In the course of the day those chapters become in a manner digested in my mind, and I feel that I have a comprehensive view of the instruction each chapter comprises. I retire to rest with the chapters in my thoughts. On Tuesday I fix upon a subject and text from one of those chapters ; I again meditate upon my subject and text whilst going from house to house, visiting the poor and the sick, when I mentally turn over and over the selected verse many a time. I at last reduce it to a syllogism, and think first on the subject, and then on the predicate. I have frequently found, whilst conversing with a sick or poor person

in the parish, that my next Sunday's subject, or subjects, as the case might happen to be, had profited much by the intercourse. I find that after a good deal of thinking on the theme and text, I become very familiar with all their particulars, and I need but make a few notes—namely, on the heads of my discourse, or discourses—and am enabled to deliver my well worked-out sermon, or sermons, extempore, as it is called. Of course my theological, scientific, classical, historical, and any other reading, become imperceptibly tributaries to my forthcoming discourses, and such readings frequently prove most valuable auxiliaries in the necessary illustration of a difficult theme. I always strive to use the simplest words, so that I may be intelligible to the most illiterate. Our language is happily capable of making the sublimest truths comprehended by the feeblest capacity, owing to the variety of its sources. I have a great objection to anecdotes and childish tales in the pulpit. In short I endeavour to preach sermons distinguished as much for common sense as for scriptural truth ; both come from the Giver of all good. I have done for the present, and only add in the words of our great Bishop—for they are written for our learning ;—‘ We must work the works of Him that sent us, while it is day : the night cometh, when no man can work.’ ”

I had just begun to tell the Rector how deeply I felt his great kindness, when he cut me short by a

valley of loud knocks at his door. We had just reached the Rectory. My dear impatient mother opened the door, and the Doctor said to her,—

“Dear Mrs. Holdsworth, pray pardon my apparently unfeeling conduct, in keeping you so long from your son. I assure you we had some important matters to talk over, and now my study is at your service, you shall not be interrupted or interfered with for half an hour. Half an hour, and no more. I cannot wait any longer for supper, I am famished.”

My mother and myself took possession of the apartment, and my affectionate parent showed first by deeds, not words, how delighted she was to have me again within her embrace. For nearly ten minutes she merely pressed me to her bosom, sobbed upon my breast, and could say nothing. At last, however, she whispered, “My love, what two beautiful sermons you have preached to-day! I felt so nervous, when I saw you enter the church, I thought I should have fainted. I felt so sick at heart. But after you began to preach, and came out so beautifully and fluently, I thought I should have died from the joy which I felt, but could not express. Oh, that God should have been so good to me as to grant me the blessing of this day. My love, I am so thankful that you are with that dear, dear good and pious man, Dr. Radcliffe. My love, I am sure that you will be happy with him. Do you know, darling, he told me this

morning, after that magnificent sermon of yours, that he did not think many of your standing would have been able to preach such a sermon as you have done, with so little preparation ; he said, bless the dear good man, that he expected you would some day make a stir in the Church. But what a splendid sermon you preached this evening. I was not a bit nervous about my darling to night. But every sentence you uttered added to my happiness. I am too happy——” [Here another outburst of pent-up emotion took place, which lasted some minutes.] “Mrs. Radcliffe spoke so nicely, so beautifully, so feelingly about your style, that I was ready to kiss her in the street, but I was too happy to speak. I am so thankful that you are placed with these dear good people ; I am sure you will be very happy with them. They are so good, and so unaffected. Mrs. Radcliffe, love, is so motherly. Do you know, darling, that all the good things which we found at your lodgings were provided and sent by that dear good woman ? She had understood from her husband, dear man, that you were an early riser, she therefore sent you that tiny coffee machine, and that bottle of spirits of wine. I wonder why your landlady did not tell it us. Do you know, my love, that Mrs. Radcliffe ~~thinks~~ that it is not good to begin your studies so early without something warm and nice. I am sure she is right. Promise me therefore, darling, that the first thing you will do, after

getting up, will be to make yourself a cup of coffee, and drink it up whilst it is hot, before you begin to read or write. Mrs. Radcliffe is sure, my precious, and so am I, that sitting up long in the mornings before breakfast is not good for your health. Now, darling, you will do as your dear mother wishes you. Yes, you will ; God bless you, my own love. What a magnificent set of robes you had on, my love ! I never saw it before. You naughty child, why did you not show it to me before ? Naughty boy ! ”

“ Don’t you know, dear mother, where the robes came from ? ”

“ No ; from where ? ”

“ Why, a present from Dr. Radcliffe, whilst you were in the house. ”

“ Dear, dear ! how thankful I am that you are with such good people —— ”

I heard a knock at the door, and I readily cried out, “ Come in ! ”

“ My dear Mrs. Holdsworth, my husband tells me the half-hour —— ”

“ My dear Mrs. Radcliffe,” sobbed out my mother, she had been sobbing and talking all the time—“ you must give us five minutes more ; only five minutes. ”

The door closed gently, and I said—

“ Dear mother, it is time that we return to the good people of the house. ” The only answer I received was a clipping embrace, and a shower of

tears, but it was the last shower that night, the clearing up shower. She let me wipe away her tears, I do not care telling you, with my lips ; smile, or laugh outright, reader, if you like. We entered calmly into the dining-room, but we soon saw that we had sympathisers in our tearful and joyful gladness. Tears had been, evidently, but just wiped away from the benign faces of our host and hostess ; the former pressed my hand in eloquent silence, and so did the latter to my dear mother. But after the Doctor had said grace, our restraint disappeared. Whilst he began to carve, he also commenced an interesting narrative about a former Sunday scholar of Christchurch School, which proved so interesting as to make us forget ourselves, and contemplate the object of the Doctor's story, so graphic was the narrator.

I also learnt to know that evening the Rector's wife as she really was. I found Mrs. Radcliffe a woman of very superior accomplishments, and of an excellent spirit. I began to love her there and then, next to my mother. There was such an absence of pride, such unmistakable genuineness, such an air of deep piety, and such cheerfulness of disposition about her, as at once to draw my affectionate regard towards her. I say once for all that those feelings never changed ; on the contrary, they grew in intensity the more I saw of her, and the more I knew of her.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

MONTELEONE AND HIS PUPIL.

BEFORE I left the Rectory that evening, it was arranged that my mother should remain there for another week; and that I should see her at any time I would and could. The invitations were given in all genuine sincerity, so that neither my mother nor myself felt the slightest compunction in accepting them. When I got up to take my departure for the night, my mother solicited another *tête-à-tête* with me for a quarter of an hour, in the same study which witnessed so much maternal tenderness an hour before that. I wished Mrs. Radcliffe "good night" at once; and the same to the Doctor, as soon as he ushered my mother and myself into his sanctum. What took place between my dear parent and myself, when left to ourselves, the reader can easily imagine, and need not be told.

I returned to my lodgings with a determination

to act on the hints and suggestions of my worthy Rector. I made a long note, of all his remarks, in my diary that very night; and on reading it over, I could not help being impressed with the force of all his observations.

I got up the following morning with the resolution, moved in my heart and seconded in my soul, to begin forthwith regular, systematic, practical parochial work. As a rider to that resolution, I appended, in my own mind, as a rule to myself, to devote four hours each day—to divide the time according to circumstances—to visiting from house to house.

In order to make myself tolerably well acquainted with the vast multitude of the immortal souls in the Parish of Christchurch, I began by going daily, Sunday of course excepted, from street to street, from lane to lane, from avenue to avenue, from house to house, with book and pencil in hand, knocking at every door, on the opening of which, I began thus—

“Can I see the master of the house?”

“Will you be so good as to tell me your christian and surname?”

“Have you any children?”

“How many?”

“How old is the eldest? the youngest?”

“Do they attend any school?”

“What school?”

“Do you attend any place of worship?”

“What place of worship?” and several other interrogations after this kind. All of which—queries, replies, notes thereunto—I deliberately entered into the book, with the pencil which I held in my hand. The rejoinders were varied, some very rude, some courteous, some repulsive—for the Parish comprehended all the *isms* which this united kingdom possesses—but having made up my mind for the worst, I was not discouraged even by the most outrageous reception. In spite of much insult and insolence from many of the parishioners, I obtained a proper supervision of the large Parish which I served as Curate.

Previous, however, to putting my plan into execution I submitted it to my Rector, who cordially approved of it; but he added an amendment that he should be permitted to accompany me at the outset, not to the same houses, but to the same streets, that whilst I was taking the census on one side of the street, he might be paying some parochial visits on the other side thereof, so that he might always be within hail in case I required advice or help of any kind. The amendment, to my mind, was the perfecting of my plan.

That week, however, I made but small progress in my researches; several things conspired to thwart the carrying out of the plan I had mapped out for myself. My duty towards my mother made it incumbent upon me to see her often, as she pleaded that it was the last week, for a long time to come,

that she might have the pleasure of talking with me. I had also to return several calls—namely, those of Messrs. Macworthy, Monteleone, Verity, and Dutton. These calls I managed to time between twelve and two o'clock, but they encroached now and then upon the third hour. I called upon the three last on the Wednesday of that week, and I cannot resist the temptation of recording a few particulars in connexion with my visits of that day.

I begin with Monteleone, because I returned his visit first, for three cogent reasons. First, his domicile was nearest to mine. Secondly, I wanted him to fix a day to accompany me to Westfield, inasmuch as he was most intimate with the Rector of that parish. Thirdly, I was desirous to obtain some information, at the earliest possible opportunity, of the progress of a certain half protégé of mine, for I was partner in the responsibility of Dutton's advancement. I was fortunate in finding the Curate of St. Peter's at home; he seemed, and I know he was, pleased to see me. He introduced me to the lady of the house, who was sitting by his side, as his "dear mother, Mrs. Monteleone." The figure and face of the lady struck me as the most beautiful features of humanity that I had ever seen. I made up my mind that she was an incarnation of all the feminine graces and charms which poets have imagined, and romancers have fabled. She took part in the commonplace conversation for a little while—with what melody, with

what enchantment did not that lady's voice invest the few sentences she uttered!—and then retired to an adjoining room. When Mrs. Monteleone left, and after I had recovered from the surprise of the angelic apparition, I prosecuted my inquiries respecting my semi-*protégé*. Monteleone gave me a most gratifying and humiliating account of Dutton's progress—gratifying as regards my *protégé*; humiliating as regards myself, and multitudes like myself. In answer to my question, “Well, what progress is poor Dutton making in his arduous studies?” He simply observed,—

“Oh, pretty tolerable; he begins to read fairly, and has got a sufficient stock of words to enable him to attempt to translate a variety of sentences from Greek, Latin, and English into Hebrew.”

“What! already! Of course you are trying how much I can swallow.”

“Sir,” was the preface to his indignant rejoinder, “I am not in the habit of indulging in such absurd experiments as you are pleased to ascribe to me.”

“I beg your pardon, Mr. Monteleone, but he has only been known to you just one week; it took me as many months, as it seems to have taken him only as many days, before I could attempt to translate a variety of sentences from Greek, Latin, and English into Hebrew.”

“Most probable, Mr. Holdsworth,” was the sulky answer; “I am not responsible for the circum-

stance. How do you and your Rector get on together?"

"I am very much pleased indeed with Dr. Radcliffe, and cannot be sufficiently thankful for being permitted to commence my ministerial career under the auspicious guidance of such a man as my Rector is."

"I thought you would be pleased with him. Would that all the Shepherds of the flock of God were like Dr. Radcliffe and Archdeacon Theodore Godfrey. Do you know that I look upon my Rector as a Theodore to me—God's gift to me."

We compared notes about our plans of working in our respective parishes, and we were rather entertained at finding that our respective *modi operandi* were almost based on the same principle. After some conversation on that head, I wished my friend to fix a day for a walk, or drive, to Westfield. He fixed the Monday following, and said, "Dutton will have to accompany us; he cannot afford to lose a lesson, and he must have it whether I sit in the house, or whether I walk by the way."

"With all my heart; I shall only be too glad to be a listener. Now, direct me to Dutton."

"Twenty-nine, Springfield Place, Castle Street. If you are going to see him this morning, let me beg of you not to stay long with him; he has a good deal of work to do before two o'clock this afternoon. I expect him here precisely at two. The poor fellow

is excitable, and is too grateful by far. Cut him short if he breaks forth in that strain. Good-bye."

"Good-bye ; perhaps we may meet again before Monday."

"Of course we shall, to-morrow evening, at Christchurch Rectory. Dr. Radcliffe called here yesterday, and asked Dutton and me to meet you and a few friends at dinner on Thursday at six o'clock."

"Indeed ! that is quite new to me."

"Well, then, your Rector wished to give you a disagreeable surprise."

"You know better than that. Good-bye. I am very glad that we are to meet again so soon."

"So am I. Good-bye. Do not detain Dutton long."

I supposed that, because I dined every day at the Rectory that week, the Doctor did not think it necessary to give me an especial invitation for Thursday. But I wondered how Dutton came to be asked. I learnt afterwards that my mother told Dutton's tale to Mrs. Radcliffe, and the latter repeated it to her husband, and hence this concatenation of circumstances. I found Dutton surrounded by a polyglot pile of books. The Hebrew Old Testament, the Greek New, the Septuagint, the Vulgate, "Pearson on the Creed," "Burnet on the Articles," "Prideaux' Connexion," &c., &c. He evidently read hard, and apparently had not many half hours to spare. However, he seemed perfectly frantic with joy at seeing me. His first greeting

was in the following rapturous and incoherent sentences—

“Oh, Mr. Holdsworth ! I am so delighted to see you ! I wished so much to thank you for your kindly introducing me to that wonderfully kind man, Mr. Monteleone ! Oh, marvellously has the apparent trial, of my being rejected for Holy Orders at the Christmas Ordination, turned out to my advantage ! I feel sometimes perfectly miserable at not finding words to express my heart’s feelings towards my benefactor ; and when I perchance succeed in selecting and arranging a few words—which could but feebly represent my sentiments—and attempt to utter them before my kind preceptor, he looks displeased, and confounds me by opening the door, and pushing me out, with an unceremonious ‘Good night, you great simpleton ; I shall expect you to-morrow by two o’clock, you great goose.’ Is he not a singular eccentric ?”

“How are you getting on with your Hebrew ?”

“I fancy remarkably well. I never learnt Greek or Latin so rapidly. You will scarcely believe me when I tell you that I am able to render a considerable number of secular phrases into the sacred tongue. I am though, whether you believe it or not.”

“Whose grammar do you use ?”

“Benedict Monteleone’s.”

“I did not know that he was the author of a grammar.”

"No more is he."

"What do you mean, then? you seem rather in an excited and rambling mood."

"Well, let me tell you, then, all my adventures and all my experience since that auspicious day—this day week, part of which I spent with you, when I met Mr. Monteleone. Coming out of your house, he very coolly put his hand under my arm, and asked me abruptly—

"‘Do you know your letters yet?’

"‘What letters?’ was my counter-question.

"‘Your Hebrew letters?’

"‘I have had no time, since my return from Deebury, to do anything more than arrange my domicile. You see I did not expect to have to come here again, and my disappointment at Deebury has sadly disarranged my plans, and it took me some time before I could set myself here in order again. I daresay it will be a few days before either Mr. Holdsworth or Mr. Verity will be able to give me my first lesson in Hebrew. I must wait patiently for them.’"

"Are you perfectly ready now?"

"Yes, as far as I am concerned, I am ready to begin at once."

"Then you come home with me, and we shall endeavour to grapple at once with the giant Hebrew alphabet; I think we shall master him before we separate this evening."

"I could only acquiesce in the proposal; I

accompanied the kind man to his home. He introduced me to his mother, with whom he is living. O, such a woman! such a woman! such a woman! I assure you that I have never seen her equal anywhere. So beautiful! so good! so gentle! so, so, so—angelic!—‘Mother, dear,’ said he, after a few moments, ‘I have got a pupil, and I am determined to make a scholar of him.’—‘And you will do as you have determined, my dearest love.’—‘Kiss me, mother, before you go.’ The two faces at the time presented the most *touching* picture which I have ever yet seen. No, no, I did not intend it as a pun. You should see her, you should hear her, you should watch her play the harp or the piano. She is lovely! she is divine. Well, to begin at the beginning. Mrs. Monteleone retired to another room, and her son immediately after placed a chair for me close to the table, whilst he himself remained in a standing attitude, and addressed me thus,—

“‘Now, sir, you sit still here, and listen attentively to the first lesson which I am going to give you on the study of one of the most important languages to a minister of the Gospel. It will be partly *vivâ voce*, and partly in writing.’

“He then began to propound the history of the Hebrew alphabet, the number of letters, the changes which the different letters had undergone, their present shape, their respective names, and all the *et cæteras* appertaining to the alphabet. It

was one of the most charming lectures I have ever listened to—that is, before I knew Mr. Monteleone. I have now the pleasure of a lecture *sui generis* every day. I must tell you that he never stood or sat still one moment whilst he gave me that part of the first lesson, but paced up and down the room, and lectured as he unconsciously performed his eccentric ambulation. When he had finished his *vivâ voce* lecture, he began to catechize me on it; and he did not give over till I was able to give a correct answer to every question he put to me touching the Hebrew alphabet. I had to repeat after him the names of the letters till I learnt them perfectly, and I believe he would have kept me the whole night to it, if I had happened to be so stupid as not to be able to learn their import sooner. He then took a foolscap sheet of paper, ruled it, and said to me,

“Now, sir, I am going to give you your first lesson in Hebrew writing. Mind me! See how I make a pen for the purpose of writing. Now then! here is a quill, take it, and make such a pen of it as I have done.’

“After several attempts, I succeeded in manufacturing a pen according to my Preceptor’s rules.

“Now then, watch me whilst I shape and form each letter of the alphabet; mind me, how I hold my pen; note how I make the various strokes; mark how I join them together. I write only one letter at the beginning of each line, and you will

have to fill up the whole of each line with transcripts of the same respective characters, so that you may be able to manage writing with facility. Now then, sir, I have finished, and you begin. Write one copy of each letter first, that I may see that you are up to the different strokes.'

"I did so, and of course made many a blunder, but the worthy man gently pointed out my mistakes, and at last pronounced me up to the mark of his rules in writing, saying at the same time,

" 'Now, sir, I am going to leave you for a little while. I have to see a few sick people in the parish. I expect that you will have finished by the time I return. And then we shall have a cup of tea, and have another *vivâ voce* spell over to-day's lesson.'

"When he left me, I could not help pausing for a minute or two, and mentally wondering at the manner of man I was privileged to know that day. I however soon resumed my work, and by the time Mr. Monteleone returned I had nearly finished the task he set me. When I concluded the last letter, he took up the paper and looked over it, and then gave me a terrible slap on the back, shouting, 'Well done, old fellow, you will do famously.' It was such a slap, and such a shout as almost sent me into the middle of next week with pleasure, and so it did 'entirely,' as the Irish say. Here I am in the middle of that week, as happy as a king."

"I do not think,"—I could not help interrupting the grateful enthusiast—"that any king in modern days would experience much happiness in the study of Hebrew."

"If Mr. Monteleone were his master, no matter in what days the king lived, the royal pupil could not help feeling happiness in learning the sacred tongue. I wish you could hear one of his ambulatory *vivá voce* lessons. He intersperses his observations with the most charming and instructive anecdotes, with the most fascinating illustrations. If you heard one of these lessons you could not help feeling sorry when it was over; and you could not help feeling pleasure in the endeavour to recollect every word the Preceptor enunciated. He calls his lessons 'Spells;' I did not like the slang word at first; I like it very much now, and think the term most expressive of his lessons. They are calculated to make any person 'spell-bound' who listens to them."

Friend Dutton was rather partial to small puns of the kind.

"Well, to proceed, for I must tell you all; it is the first time that I have had an opportunity to give full vent to all that smoulders here in my breast. Mr. Monteleone, after that slap and that shout, went out for a short time, and returned with his mother, who had such a sweet smile on that sweet face of hers. She hoped that I did not find her son a harsh and unfeeling master, that he managed

to make his lessons not only instructive but also agreeable. The son rushed to his mother, sealed her lips with his own, to begin with, and then shouted out to me in a voice of thunder, 'Silence, sir.' He then ordered tea, over which Mrs. Monteleone presided. During the discussion of that beverage he broached several subjects on Biblical and Ecclesiastical History ; on the Septuagint and the Vulgate, and perfectly bewildered me with his extensive knowledge ; and terrified me, almost into fits, at my own profound ignorance. However, he suggested that, if I had no objection, —just as if I would object to anything that he proposed—we should read together for an hour or so every evening, when practicable, the sacred volume ; part of the time the Hebrew Old Testament, and part of the time the Greek New Testament ; and that as his mother was a very good Hebrew and Greek scholar, she should be present. Of course, I had no objection. The idea ! how could I ? The tea things having been removed, he at once laid upon the table copies of the Scriptures in the original languages. I observed that it would be impossible for me to read the Hebrew Bible that very evening.

" 'Yes, it is not only possible, but probable, yea certain'—was the determined answer. 'We shall not be able to manage a whole chapter at the outset, but we shall compass a whole Psalm. Now then, half an hour to the Hebrew Psalter, by my

watch.' He laid his chronometer on the table. 'Now then, for a Psalm of three verses in extent. Here is the hundred and thirty-first Psalm.' 'Mother, dear,' he addressed himself to his parent, 'just you read the Psalm, that Mr. Dutton may have some idea of the melodious strains of the sweet singers of Israel. Nothing like first impressions for falling in love, some Amorite philosophers say.' Mrs. Monteleone read the laconic Psalm. I was almost choked with suppressed pleasure. I am convinced that there is no language so melodious as is the Hebrew. Mr. Monteleone then began.

"In the course of five minutes he explained to me the theory of the vowel points so lucidly that I felt myself perfect master of those diacritic points. 'Now, sir,' said he to me, 'you look here, follow my pencil-case'—he pointed with that instrument—'and listen very attentively to me, whilst I slowly and deliberately read the first verse three times over; mark well my accentuation and pronunciation.' I did so. 'Now, sir, you read the same verse yourself.' I began, 'It will not do, old fellow,' was the encouraging remark. He jumped up from his chair, and said, 'Now, sir, you look at your book, and pronounce each syllable and word after me.' I did so three times. He was now pacing up and down his little sitting-room, for he knows every word of the Hebrew Bible off, by heart. 'Now read it yourself.' I did so, and succeeded. 'Read the verse over, three

times.' I did so. 'Capital!' was the laconic preceptorial observation. The same process was repeated with the second and the third verse. 'Now, sir, read the **WHOLE** Psalm by yourself.' I did so, slowly, but correctly. This induced another tremendous slap upon my back, backed with the observation, 'Now, sir, what do you say now, old fellow; can we manage a whole Psalm at the first start? But we must translate it.'

"I had now to follow Mr. Monteleone word by word in the translation, and was then left to do the translation by myself. At the expiration of the half-hour I could read, and translate literally the whole of the hundred and thirty-first Psalm. Of course, I had to parse and scan it also. My singular Preceptor wound up the half-hour with a most interesting critical commentary on the Psalm. I closed the Hebrew Bible with the proud consciousness that I was master of a whole chapter in it.

"'Now, for the Greek New Testament,' was the word of command. That was easy, I thought; I know all about it. How great was my mistake! The light which that man threw upon the pages of that sacred volume made my dark ignorance of it most palpable. We read part of the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, and a new portion of scripture that part became to me. He solemnly closed the book, and said, 'Kneel down, let us ask God's blessing upon our poor endeavours

to understand His Holy Word.' He offered up a soul-stirring prayer, every word seemed to come out stamped by the Spirit, who was promised to teach us all things.

"When we got up from our knees, he said to me, 'Now, Dutton, here are a few books, which you will find useful in your studies; take them home with you at once. If I might suggest a plan, which may probably tend to your speedy progress, I should be very glad to do so with your permission.'

"My permission, sir! I exclaimed, my permission! I have only one wish, and that is to put myself entirely under your direction as long as I may have the privilege of enjoying it."

"What I would suggest then, since you have no objection to any arrangement I may propose, is that you should spend seven hours with me every day, that is from two to nine o'clock in the afternoon. I generally visit in the parish, from house to house, from two o'clock till half-past four; you might accompany me during that time; we might learn something from each other on the road. In fact, some of your lessons might be said, talked over, criticized, and corrected during that parochial peregrination of mine. Then I propose that we dine together, it will make our dinner—I mean that of my dear mother and myself—more acceptable, if we have some one to talk with during the frugal fare; the conversation may aid the

digestion of both the mental and physical food of the day. From six till eight we shall attend to our various readings. From eight till nine, we shall prattle and prate over our tea-cups, then ask Heaven to look in mercy upon us, and part for the night. You attend to your reading and writing in the mornings. I myself visit in the parish from ten to twelve each morning, but I consider that you require the whole morning for yourself. In fact, I intend that your morning studies shall form the staple of our conversation during our walk in the afternoon. I shall want you to write out all I told you to-day about the Hebrew Alphabet, its history, the changes its characters have undergone, &c. Then all I explained to you about the vowel points, as well as the particulars connected with the *Article*, *Conjunctions*, and *Prepositions*. I do not like to see children worried, much less men, by being set to learn a language from a grammar. It is tedious work, and disheartens the wobegone novice. Grammars were framed from their respective languages, and not languages from their respective grammars. My theory, therefore, is that a language and its grammar should be taught accordingly. Tutors, who pretend to teach otherwise, are generally putting the cart before the horse, and progress accordingly. Of course, the rules which I have laid down for our meetings and readings will be amenable to exceptions. Unforeseen circumstances may interfere now and then.

with our day's proceedings ; but, as a general rule, the above is the plan of our spending our afternoons, until your Ordination.'

"I began to thank him, when he exclaimed, almost savagely, 'Hold your tongue, sir!' and he opened the door, and almost kicked me out of the house into the street, saying, 'Be off, you droll fellow, and remember to be here to-morrow afternoon, at two o'clock precisely. Good night, God bless you.'

"Oh, Mr. Holdsworth, when shall I ever be able to repay your and his kindness. What a lot I have learnt since last Wednesday ! I seem a marvel to myself. I wish you could hear him teach, it is such an immense treat to learn from him. You should hear him teach a class of little boys in the day or Sunday school. I declare that I feel jealous of the little urchins when he smiles upon them, and endeavours to insinuate his lessons into their little hearts and minds with so much gentleness and tenderness. It is only a week that I have been under his instruction, and I feel quite a new man. Thank God that I was plucked at the Christmas Ordination. Were it not so, I should have remained a conceited ignoramus all my life-time. Oh, how I wish Mr. Monteleone would let me thank him. But as I told you, the moment I begin to frame a sentence or two of thanks, the benignity of his countenance changes into sternness, when he takes me very unceremoniously by the

shoulders, and turns me out into the street, with the homely phrase, 'Good night, you great simpleton! I shall expect you to-morrow afternoon by two o'clock, you great goose!' Is he not a singular eccentric?"

"I wish we were all bitten by his eccentricity," was my brief reply.

"I do not believe, Mr. Holdsworth, that he has many equals in the Church."

"No more do I, Dutton. But show me some of your Hebrew translations."

"Here is an attempt to translate literally, from Greek into Hebrew, the Parable of the Sower. It is to form part of our conversation this afternoon. This is my report of last night's lecture on the distinguishing characteristics of the Hebrew syntax. This is a list of the blunders which the SEVENTY have made in their version of Deuteronomy. Here you have a catalogue of the bulls which the Vulgate has reared. These are the notes on Pearson, Burnet, Secker, Butler, Prideaux, which will be discussed during our walk this afternoon. All these will be succeeded by a fresh lecture, whilst *en chemin*, on some department of Hebrew grammar."

I looked over the several papers, and my wicked heart felt almost vexed at my having introduced Dutton to Monteleone. But a still, small voice whispering "Shame! shame!" into my heart, mind, and soul, restored me to my better senses,

and made me feel gratified that I had been the means of securing so good a preceptor for Dutton, notwithstanding the humiliation which Dutton's great progress entailed upon my self-esteem. I then simply remarked—"This reminds me that I must be off; it is nearly half-past one o'clock, and Mr. Monteleone expects you at two—he is very punctual, and fidgety when he is kept waiting. Good-bye, for the present."

"True, good-bye!"

CHAPTER II.

RECTORS, AS WELL AS DOCTORS, DIFFER.

I LEFT the fortunate fellow with a view to proceed to Verity's lodgings, but I met my late rival on the road. We were glad to see each other, for we have ever entertained but the best feeling for one another, even when we strove for the same laurels, and mastery.

"How often do you see your Rector, Holdsworth?" he said abruptly to me.

"Every day; he is the best and kindest man I know." I then poured out, from the fulness of my heart, a rapid stream of the incidents which had befallen me since I came as Curate to the parish of Christchurch; and wound up with Dr. Radcliffe's invitation to Monteleone and Dutton. I then as rapidly narrated Dutton's progress under the care of his gratuitous tutor.

"I wish I had been sent back for six months," Verity, gloomily and despondingly, observed.

"My dear fellow, so should I have wished, if I knew that a favourable result were certain; I might not have had the privilege of obtaining in-

struction from such a magic tutor as Monteleone is. I should have had to return to Devonshire, and brood over my disgrace there. I might also have lost my curacy, and thus the guidance of such a Rector as Dr. Radcliffe is. I consider him my Monteleone, my magic teacher in the work of the ministry. Last, not least, as the saying is, I might have lost six months of usefulness in the field of that Master who complains of the fewness of labourers for the great harvest. So that, upon consideration, I am thankful that I have not been sent back. I am sure that, upon consideration on your part, you will also be glad that you have not been sent back."

"I have considered my present position over and over again, and I must say that I am forcibly impressed with the conviction that it would have been to my present advantage, and future usefulness in the Church, if I had been sent back, even if I did not meet with a Monteleone to take an interest in my improvement. What in your case would certainly have been a loss, in mine might have proved a great gain. I might have escaped the Curacy of St. Korah, and eventually obtained a Rector who had time to direct a young and inexperienced Curate in the great work of that great field which the great Master bought with a price almost unspeakable; and that great Master cannot look with pleasure upon servants who neglect the particular charge they have undertaken to cultivate.

I might have been so fortunate as to meet with such a Rector as yours, another Dr. Radcliffe. I am sick at heart!"

"But, my dear fellow, you must be unwell; your Rector, Mr. Alslop, is considered a very active and zealous man."

"Well, you gave me an account of your little experience in Christchurch parish, since you came to it; you told me the manner in which your Rector and yourself spent last Sunday at church, at school, in the sick-rooms, during your walks hither and thither. Now let me tell you my experience in the parish of St. Korah since I came to it.

"Soon after my arrival here, having set my few books and other articles in order, I called at the Rectory with the intention of asking my Rector to introduce me into the Parish, and to point out to me its boundaries——"

"Have you any objection, Verity, to walk with me towards my parish, as I expect my Rector in Percy-street, in the course of twenty minutes. You might tell me all you wish to on our way thither."

"I should rather like it, I want to see how your plan works. Well, when the servant opened the door, and I asked whether I could see Mr. Alslop, I was informed, in reply, that the Rector of St. Korah was at Kantakarton, about one hundred and eighty miles from home, attending meetings in

behalf of the evangelization of the island of Gozo, and that he would not be back before the afternoon of Friday next. I thought to myself that that absence, and so far from his parish, must be a particular exception, on the part of my Rector, under very peculiar circumstances; for surely, no clergyman, I thought, would be induced to leave his parish totally unprovided for exigencies, unless he had no alternative.

“ However, I called again at the Rectory on Saturday morning. I was then admitted into a little room, where I had to wait a considerable time for the audience. The Rector made his appearance at last; he held out two fingers to me, said that he had not much time to spare that morning, as he had to attend a committee meeting, for the purpose of devising the best means for sending the ‘blessed Gospel’ to a newly discovered, but most interesting tribe, on one of the promontories on the coast of South America, and that he therefore had but a few minutes at command for me, but he would not let me leave him without a few words of prayer.

“ ‘Kneel down, dear brother,’ he said to me. I did so. It goes to my heart to tell you that I knelt down, not in a spirit of prayer, but rather in a spirit of disgust. My Rector thanked the Almighty for the special favour which the High and Holy One had bestowed upon Mr. Alslop, so as to make him ‘like a city set upon a hill, like a candle in a

candlestick, the salt of the earth.' I quote his own words. He then prayed for his fellow labourer; he informed the All-Knowing One that I was young and inexperienced, that I was likely to fall a prey to the arch-deceiver, who walks about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and that I had but just come from Oxford. Yes, he mentioned Oxford on his knees, else the Omniscient might have thought that either St. Bees or Lampeter was my Alma Mater—Mr. Alslop was educated at the former institution. He then commended me to the peculiar care of Him 'who knows how to turn darkness into light, ignorance into learning, foolishness into wisdom, weakness into strength, error into truth, blindness into openness of eyes'—I give you my Rector's own words—and finishing with a petition for the newly discovered tribe, came to an abrupt conclusion. I got up from my knees sadly disconcerted, and felt, if not looked, very foolish. The feeling, however, did not last long; it changed into something less innocent. Mr. Alslop astonished me by asking what I thought of his prayer. I could not help exclaiming—

" 'Sir! I beg your pardon, I do not exactly comprehend the question.' "

" 'I mean, what impression has the style and tone of my prayer made upon you? ' "

" 'I must confess that both the style and the tone are utterly unfamiliar to me.' I know not

what construction my Rector put upon my reply, but I almost fear that he construed it differently from what I intended. He smiled, oh, how sweetly! and said,—

“‘Yes, dear Frederick, you will be agreeably surprised—whilst Curate of St. Korah, and of the Reverend Dunkeling Alslop—at seeing and hearing such blessed things as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, at Oxford. I am afraid that you have not had many opportunities of seeing the light, or hearing the truth. Good-bye, good-bye, God bless you.’”

“‘When shall I be able to see you again?’

“‘I shall see you, of course, in church to-morrow.’

“‘But I mean whether on Monday or Tuesday next. I am desirous to be introduced into the parish.’”

“‘I am afraid that I shall not be able to visit pastorally for nearly a month.’ He referred to a memorandum book, from which he read out several entries of committees and public meetings, touching the condition of the lost ten tribes of Israel, the American Indians, the Negroes of Soudan, the Berbers at the toes of the foot of Atlas, and many other such like, which entail a good deal of travelling from place to place, for the purpose of exhibiting in divers pulpits, and on various platforms. There was also a respectable sprinkling of memoranda touching soirées, at which he was expected in the course of this month.

Mrs. Assingdon's party ; Mrs. Braymuckle's party ; Mrs. O'Flirty's party ; and several others. What more could I urge, or say, after that ? I ventured however to inquire whether I was to preach once on the coming Sunday—I was prepared with a sermon—when Mr. Alslop turned upon me with such a look of eloquent compassion as I never had lighted upon me before. That look I said was an eloquent one, and so it was ; it spoke as plainly as words could possibly express, 'Bless your innocence ! What a great simpleton you must be ! Poor conceited clerical puppy ! You preach !' But he added, *vivâ voce*,—

“ ‘No, thank you ; I do not like to disappoint my people, and to defraud them of the food which their souls long after. They come prepared for strong meat, and it would be cruel to cast before them a sop only fit for a babe or suckling. When I go from home, I always get such men as O'Braggingan, or Bangall, or Drumkin—a famous preacher recently arrived from the sister isle. My Curates only preach on the morning of the last Sunday in the month ; when, in consequence of the baptisms which take place then, the congregation is very small. Good-bye, I really must go. I shall see you to-morrow in the vestry ; I will try to get you an invitation to Mrs. Assingdon's party on Monday evening next. Good-bye, dear brother.’ ”

“I arrived at the church the following morning about five minutes before the service commenced,

and was followed immediately by my Rector. He was pleased to salute me most benignly. To repeat simply the words, 'How do you do, dear brother,' without the accompaniment of the melody which the modulation of his voice enchantingly lent to it, would be merely nothing. I despair of giving you an idea of the latter. Be this as it may, let me proceed with the thread of my narrative in my own way. My Rector, after grasping my hand with fraternal clasp, set to work to adjust his robes in such a manner, and with such care, as to render the outward adorning of his outward man faultless. Whilst he was thus employed, I told him in few words, that I had been to the Sunday School, ere I came to church, and felt taken aback at the unsystematic method in which the school was conducted, and expressed deferentially my differing very materially from Mr. McCracken, both as to the matter and manner to be employed in the Sunday education of little children. But my Rector cut me short by observing, 'I would recommend you, my dear young brother, not to let the school harass you. I have the greatest possible confidence in the superintendent and the teachers; I therefore seldom interfere with either of them. Mr. McCracken is a sound Protestant—is thoroughly acquainted with the Popish controversy. I consider that in these last and perilous days such men are the most valuable instructors of the people and their children. Let us pray!' Mr. Alslop then knelt down, and so did I, when my Rector briefly told the

Almighty that we were about to enter the House of Prayer, that we should read His Holy Word ; he described the character of that Word, said that he was about to expound a most mysterious passage in that Word, that he was about to bear a faithful testimony, and utter a protest against the scarlet harlot of Rome, and he therefore asked Heaven to make the hearts of his hearers receive with meekness and reverence his exposition, testimony, and protest. Of course it did not matter whether the exposition was right or wrong.

“ We then entered the church with the most pompous humility conceivable. My Incumbent went to the northern side of the Communion Table, and I to the desk. I need not enter into a description of the service, you know all that. I made several blunders, a fault common to all novices, as Horace would have expressed it, which the circumstance of my inexperience might have accounted for. However, each time I stumbled, almost the whole congregation looked at me with comical surprise, which made me colour deeply, and stumble more frequently and violently. I could not help observing that a species of impatience oppressed the whole assembly, which was very large, during the Liturgical service ; but as soon as my Rector began to ascend towards the pulpit, the mist and gloom of weariness seemed to roll away, step by step, from each countenance ; and when he reached the very top, and cast a

hasty but affable glance at the congregation—as much as to say, ‘Here we are again, dear, darling, sweet people, face to face’—every face was literally brightened up. When he knelt down for his private prayer, every eye seemed chained to the pulpit, watching for the reappearance of the brilliant luminary from behind the fleeting welkin which hid his face for a little while from his beloved people. The temporary concealment of the face of the minister, short as it was, produced some slight tinge of darkness on many a fair face. However, that did not last long. I wish I could give you some shadow of an idea even of the effect produced upon the congregation by the simple giving out of the text. There was a jerk of delight and complacency in each frame, a beam of delight on each face, a ray of pleasure darted from each eye. The text was given out, as usual, twice thus:—‘The Fifty-first Chapter of the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah, and the Thirty-third verse.’ ‘The daughter of Babylon is like a threshing-floor, it is time to thresh her: yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come.’

“It was such a peculiar sermon! Its equal I have never read, nor even heard, except from the same preacher, on the evening of the same day. There was no attempt at arrangement of any kind, and the preacher kept his hearers a whole hour; you may imagine, therefore—no, I do not think that you can possibly imagine—what sort of a

thing it was. Let me try and give you an outline.

"Mr. Alslop dwelt for a little while on Jeremiah's character, and the keenness of his observation; Judah's Prophet had a correct knowledge, whether from experience or not did not matter, of the frailties of the female sex, which knowledge made him designate the blood-red abandoned woman, the Church of Rome, by the term of Daughter of Babylon. He dwelt on the infirmities of the weaker vessel rather disagreeably to 'ears polite.' He dilated on the aptitude of the figure 'threshing-floor,' which suited Rome to a nicety, for she, Rome, had nothing but chaff in her; *chaff* as a substantive, light, worthless, innutritious; *chaff* as a verb, she chaffs, and mocks, and laughs to scorn all Protestant denominations, the people of God. He was great and sagely philological on the phrase, 'it is time to thresh her.' He expatiated on the striking affinity between the words 'thresh,' 'thrash,' and 'trash.' Jeremiah, he maintained, suggested by a single expression three different meanings, namely—to 'thresh' Rome, that is to eject her out of her threshold; to 'thrash' Rome, that is, to beat her right and left, up and down; and to 'trash' Rome, that is to make the whole world acquainted with the rubbish and dregs of her doctrines.

"I do not think that you would have laughed were you in my place. I was simply stunned,

and must have looked the picture of stupidity ; for I felt my mouth as if it had been attacked by lock-jaw ; my eyes as if glazed ; my hands acting the parts of hearing-trumpets to both my ears, in which attitude I must have sat for half-an-hour at least. It is true, however, that I have caught myself laughing scores of times over that, and the evening sermon, since then."

"Go on with your narrative, Verity ; I have done laughing for the present.

"I know not whether the sequel of the morning sermon will not arouse your lulled risibility. Well then, after the 'trash' idea, the preacher began to prophesy on the prophetic element of the text, "Yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come." That event he announced to take place positively in the year One thousand eight hundred and forty. He summoned his hearers to take a bird's-eye view of the signs of the times ; he did not mean, he emphatically told us, the *Times* newspaper—that vile infidel journal he abhorred as much as nature does a vacuum—but he meant the times and the seasons which the Father appointed for the cycles of His different dispensations. 'The signs of the times' were evidently intended to form an impressive and energetic peroration. He brought to bear upon them not only a peculiar style of eloquence, which would have astonished a Brougham, a Barrow, or a Lyndhurst, but he also employed the whole force

of his lungs, he gave full play to his hands ; and the floor of the pulpit, I am sure, bears many a stamp from his feet impressed at that feat of oratory. He pointed out the discovery of the long lost ten tribes, whose conversion to the true faith would be the severest blow to the great impostor, the Pope ; he directed attention to the great work going on amongst the American Indians, and eloquently remarked that every swarthy son of Ham who was introduced into the Protestant Church was adding another black spot on the face of the Church of Rome. He gloried in every negro who became clothed in the white garments of the reformed religion, for his conversion makes the gross darkness and depravity of that disgusting harlot—that wretched daughter of Babylon, or more correctly Rome—more visible.

“And what had they not, as a congregation, witnessed at St. Korah on last Sabbath ? Why, a child of Abraham, no doubt a lineal descendant of the royal family of David, who had been already married to a Gentile woman, like Moses to Zipporah, now a respectable tobacconist, has made there, in the presence of the congregation, an open confession of his faith. He maintained that every such convert would add another cloud to the ascending smoke of the burning fiery furnace prepared for the voluptuous and licentious Fornicatress and her vile paramours.

“But the most pregnant sign of the times—the

congregation was again cautioned that the preacher did not mean the *Times* newspaper—was the recent discovery of the very intelligent tribe, called Berbers, found on the toes of the foot of the mighty Atlas mountain. Rome impudently took up her position in the boot-shaped Italy. Mr. Alslop was now able to understand a passage in the Prophet Daniel, which may perhaps have been but partially understood by the great Hebrew Seer himself, namely, that in the second chapter, the thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth verses. Let the people attend to the reading of that passage :—‘ A stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and brake them to pieces. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors ; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them : and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth.’ Who could be so blind as not to see, in the feet of the image, the leg-shaped Italy ? the country in which Rome is situated—always in the attitude of kicking ? And who cannot see in the stone that became a great mountain, the Atlas mountain ?—which mountain, by means of the Berbers situated on his toes, when they become Protestants, will break the Roman black-leg to pieces. ‘ Have I not reason on my side ’—was the final appeal—to predict the

speedy destruction of Rome, as my text says, with which dictum I perfectly agree, and is MY *ipse dixit* as regards Rome, the modern and prophetic Babylon—‘yet a little while and the time of her harvest shall come.’”

“Here is Dr. Radcliffe, and we are in Percy-street.”

“Present me at once to your Rector.”

“I will.”

CHAPTER III.

THE PULPIT ASTRONOMER.

“ I AM very glad at the unexpected pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Verity. I have just been waiting for my friend Holdsworth, to obtain from him your address, in order to give this a happy despatch—not in the Japan sense of the word—but I may be sure of its safe delivery when I put it into your hands myself. Here, read it, and say ‘YES.’ I hope you will pardon the shortness of the notice. The fact is, I have received an unexpected communication from an old fellow-student and College rival, Lord Montacute, announcing his desire to spend a few days with me. I thought that you would all like to meet him—not because of his ‘Lordship,’ I think more favourably of your common sense—because of his scholarship. His name figures amongst authors of note and Oriental critics. You know probably that he wrote a couple of works, which possess a certain amount of merit. He is fond of the society of Hebrew scholars. I have therefore asked my friends Archdeacon God-

frey, and his Curate, and also Mr. Dutton, without whom Monteleone will go nowhere; I have now taken the liberty to ask you, and last of all—and I hope that he will not be offended beyond forgiveness for the lateness—I tender the invitation to my young friend Holdsworth.”

“Thank you, Dr. Radcliffe, I shall be very happy to accept your kind invitation. I promise you to be an attentive listener to the learned conversation which such scholars as yourself, Lord Montacute, my friend Holdsworth, Archdeacon Godfrey, and his learned Curate will no doubt set in motion. I must not even pretend to know much about Hebrew, since here is the man who tabooed me as his inferior.”

“Nay, nay, Verity; that is not fair. By running yourself down, you run me down also. Dr. Radcliffe, I assure you that I had a hard fight for it; I never expected to have carried off the scholarship from so formidable an antagonist. I candidly acknowledge that I have always thought that I had got the laurels more by some freak of fortune than by desert. I told you so, Verity, at the time. But I must say that I shall certainly be amongst the listeners, not amongst the speakers to-morrow evening. I shall only open my mouth along with my ears to devour every word, or crumb of a word, which may fall down at that feast of reason and flow of spirit. I know Monteleone better than to venture to speak on biblical literature where he is

present. He must be a bold man, indeed, who would venture to give an opinion on the subject of literature, sacred or secular, where that countryman of Josephus is at hand."

"Why hold up Josephus' compatriotism with reference to Monteleone?" asked my Rector.

"Because Monteleone seems to resemble Josephus in the vastness of his acquirements. If St. Jerome knew my friend, he would have exclaimed in the same strain respecting our contemporary, as he did regarding the great Jewish General and Historian. Must I quote St. Jerome's words? Here then :—' It seems to me a miraculous thing, how one that was a Hebrew, who had been from his infancy instructed in sacred learning, should be able to produce such a number of testimonies out of profane authors, as if he had read over all the Grecian libraries.' "

"There is a great deal in what you say," observed my Rector. "I shall be very glad to resume the interesting subject with you by-and-bye, but at present to work."

"Dr. Radcliffe," Verity resolutely exclaimed, "will you kindly permit me to be either with yourself, or with Holdsworth, during your work this afternoon? I am very desirous to learn how to work a parish."

"By all means."

"Then I shall spend the first portion of time in accompanying your Curate, and the second in accompanying your Curate's Rector."

"Be it so then."

We worked Percy-street thoroughly that afternoon. When we had done, Verity hurriedly said, "Good-bye" to my Rector, and entreatingly to me, "Do come home to dine with me; I shall esteem it a great favour, and you will confer a memorable obligation upon me."

"Not so," interposed the Doctor. "I promised Mrs. Holdsworth to bring her son home with me, to dine with us, and I shall be very happy indeed, if you will give us the pleasure of your company also. Holdsworth, you see, will be monopolized by his mother. I shall have no one to speak to but Mrs. Radcliffe. We cannot always have a new subject to speak about at our dinner-table; silence, now and then, on our part will be inevitable; but that silence may probably prove a restraint upon the mother's anxious questions, and the son's candid answers. You will, therefore, do us all a great favour, by giving us your countenance at our dinner table to-day, as well as to-morrow."

"I shall be most happy to accept this invitation also," said Verity.

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Verity, it is very kind of you to humour my selfishness. It is a very good hour, and upwards, to our usual dinner time. I should be glad if you would accompany me at once to my house; but you may wish to have a chat to yourselves for half-an-hour or so. Do just what is most convenient and

pleasant to yourselves, only be at Christchurch Rectory at half-past five o'clock, precisely—remember, precisely."

Verity preferred to have half-an-hour's chat with his friend Holdsworth. In fact, he was burning with impatience to tell me how much pleased he was with my Rector. As soon as we were by ourselves, therefore, he exclaimed, rhapsodically,—

"Oh, Holdsworth, what a fortunate fellow you are! You are quite right, it would have been a very great loss to you, if you had been sent back from our Deacon's ordination for six months; it might have entailed upon you another, and a greater loss, missing the invaluable Rector whom you have been so fortunate in getting. You must, however, agree with me that it would have been an advantageous gain to me, if I had been sent back, and thus happily lost my Rector. You were always the most fortunate of us two—you got all the prizes and medals at the University—though I thought I deserved them as well as you did—you got Kennicott's Scholarship—though I fancied that I was as well up to the mark as you were; I will not be interrupted; hold your tongue, sir!—and now here you have got such a prize! It will surely enrich you for life! How thankful I should have been for such a Rector as yours! Do you know that I began to be disgusted with the profession of the ministry! Dr. Radcliffe, however, dissipated the disagreeable feeling. The lesson I

have got this afternoon will be of immense service to me ; I have got a notion of the work, and I think that I shall be able to manage it by myself. I must have another look at your visiting book, and I will go and begin to do so likewise, on the very next day, to-morrow, I mean." Such were the rapid sentences which my friend pronounced, not in the most consecutive and connected manner. However, I felt gratified, and therefore simply said, " I am glad that you like my Rector ; he is a God-send to me."

" Like him ! I cannot help loving him ! " was the gratefully savage rejoinder. " How soothingly and tenderly has he spoken to the poor and afflicted ! How patiently and forbearingly has he listened to the insolent remarks of some of the would-be-wise ! How quietly, though masterly, has he allayed, and yet wounded not in the process, some turbulent spirits ! How gently has he conciliated unreasonable opponents ! What a deal I have learnt in the space of the last two hours ! You see, I admit that my time with you, Holdsworth, has not been thrown away."

" Thank you for your benevolent consideration. I am not going to claim any share in the teaching of the young idea. I am pleased however to think that our meeting to-day may tend to reconcile you to your sad fate of not having been plucked at the Bishop's examination. We have a good half-an-hour to spare for a walk, suppose we have one. I

wish to hear the remainder of your experience on Sunday last, indeed, up to this present time. I am anxious to learn something of the minds of that category of men, in order to know how to classify them when I meet them. But do you think, Verity, that the congregation of St. Korah like such strong meat as Mr. Alslop feeds them with? Can they swallow it? Can they inwardly digest it? *Allons!*"

"*Allons!* I cannot say anything about their digesting it, but they seem to like it and to swallow it too. As soon as my Rector and myself had got into the vestry, after the morning service, it began to be filled with men and women, who came to congratulate the Angel of St. Korah on the beautiful, delightful, instructive, true Protestant discourse he had given them, and to hope that it would soon be printed. 'It would do a great deal,' observed Dowager Jackson, 'towards rousing lukewarm Protestants, and convincing the most stubborn Papists. What a pity that such sermons were not preached in all the churches at Riversdale.' This was only one of the staple ingredients in the incense which was administered to Mr. Alslop after that morning discourse. All longed for the shake of the hand of such a man. Mr. Alslop could not disrobe for more than a quarter of an hour, in consequence of the influx of congratulators—consisting chiefly of the weaker vessel species, and softer sex genus—if I may be permitted to re-

classify—which invaded the sanctity of the vestry. My Rector did not seem put out by it, he rather liked it ; however, there was a last, at last, after whose departure Mr. Alslop began to disrobe, remarking that his congregation embraced the most enlightened people in Riversdale. They were by no means alive to the truth when he first came amongst them ; but, he had reason to think, that the eye of their understanding became inoculated by his assiduous teaching.

“ We left the church together. At the door Mr. McCracken met us, who held out his hand to Mr. Alslop, which the Rector clasped cordially, and said, ‘Shoor, I could not lave the church without thanking ye for yer powerful discourse of this morning. Shoor, it reminded me of the mighty fine praichers in the nathive counthry. I could have sat there, in that blessed church for hours, and have listened to the splendid docthrines you gave us this morning.’

“ My Rector’s face beamed with a complacency, whilst inhaling the sweet odour of the incense which the worthy scripture reader presented to his nostrils. Their hands were linked during the little speech. When the brief oration was over, they mutually and energetically shook each other, at least for half-a-minute, blessing each other in the most solemn manner. Mr. McCracken, however, had the last word, namely—

“ ‘Shoor, you will give us such another to-night!’ ”

“‘That I will, dear McCracken.’”

“When we were by ourselves, my Rector became anxious to know my opinion on the subject; and began to angle for it: but I am afraid that if he had toiled even the whole night with all sorts of tackles—he could not have fished up anything.

“‘That man, McCracken,’ he began, ‘understands the truth thoroughly—he is a thorough-going Protestant—he appreciates sound exposition of the blessed book. The Irish Protestants seem born divines. Did you ever take the same view I took of the text I preached from this morning?’

“‘No, such a view never entered my head.’”

“‘Perhaps you have never studied diligently and prayerfully the Holy Volume?’

“‘I have studied it a good deal, with some degree of attention as to its intelligible meaning.’

“‘What did you think of my treatment of this morning’s text?’

“‘I thought it strikingly original.’

“‘Would you have taken the same view of it, if you had to preach from it?’

“‘Such a view would never have occurred to me.’

“‘Would you take that view now, had you to preach from the same text?’

“‘I do not think I should.’”

“‘Do you know anything of Hebrew? I feel more and more convinced that a knowledge of the sacred tongue is the surest and the safest help to the understanding of the Book of books.’

"‘I had been a competitor for the Kennicott Hebrew Scholarship, but was beaten by a friend.’

"‘Then you know something about Hebrew?’

"‘Yes, something, and that is all.’

"‘Could you follow me in my critical remarks?’

"‘I cannot say that I could. It struck me that your taking the version of the Greek translators, of the thirtieth verse of the sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel, was a premature step. Those translators mistook a radical letter for a prefix, and hence translated the Hebrew word LIBBATHAICH רִיבַתְּךָ *thy daughter*, instead of *thy heart*.’

"‘I beg your pardon, sir, I have not got my information from the Septuagint, I never saw the book. I examined the verse with Hashbaz Eisenschwartz, the Jew I baptized last Sunday, and it was his version independently of the Greek translation.’

"‘Then I can only say that Mr. Hashbaz Eisenschwartz happened to make the same mistake of which the Greek translators were guilty. It also struck me that that passage was part of a description of the daughter of Jerusalem, and not of the daughter of Babylon. The burden of the prophecy begins, BEN ADAM HOUDA ETH Y’ROOSHALAYIM ~~ETH~~ TOUABHOUTHEHA.’

"‘What is that you are saying?’

"‘I have been quoting the mandate to Ezekiel, in the words which were originally addressed to him.’

“‘I cannot catch your Oxford pronunciation of the Hebrew. Give me the English of what you have been trying to say.’

“‘Son of man, cause Jerusalem to know her abominations.’

“‘I will examine the subject when I come home. You seem to know a good deal of Hebrew. ‘The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.’”

“‘I am afraid to say a word about my knowing Hebrew in this place. First, my successful rival, Holdsworth, is here—Holdsworth, you must not stop me. Secondly, and principally, Mr. Monteleone is here.’

“‘As for Monteleone, I do not like the fellow, he is too much conceited for my fancy. I do not think he knows much of Hebrew. I never met with a Jew yet who knew anything about it.’”

“‘You have the advantage of me; you must have known a good many more Jews than I have. The few I had the honour of knowing, at home and abroad, were extraordinary Hebrew scholars—nay, extraordinary scholars in many other departments of learning.’

“‘Perhaps in your estimation. I must say that I do not like Monteleone. I do not think that he is a sincere Christian; he is quite to a man for whom I have no respect at all. Archdeacon Godfrey, his Rector, is a man—whatever scholarship he may possess—who has not one particle of the

learning of the Spirit ; he takes no interest in our great Protestant associations and meetings. Monteleone is just like the Archdeacon in this respect. He does not care even for the spiritual welfare of his brethren after the flesh. I asked him to speak at my annual meeting in behalf of ' The Friends of Israel Association ; ' and he abruptly and rudely refused. ' No respectable Christian Jew can possibly identify himself with that association,' he added. ' Its existence is an insult to the Church. I do not think much of their converts, whom their agents parade in their speeches on platforms.' He actually had the impertinence to tell me that I baptized Hashbaz Eisenschwartz too precipitately—that because the poor fellow was very ignorant, brought up as a blacksmith in the Duchy of Posen, and that because, after coming to this country, he ran away with the daughter of a little beershop keeper, in a village in Cheshire, then set up a cigar shop, failed, sent back his wife to the beershop, and then ran away himself from his creditors, therefore Monteleone thought that a longer time of probation should have been prescribed for Eisenschwartz, ere he was baptized, than I allowed him. It was enough for me that Eisenschwartz was again in business ; he does well as a Tobacconist. A Jew is a Jew all the world over, whether he goes by the name of Monteleone or Eisenschwartz. I do not know your friend Holdsworth, but his being Curate to Dr. Radcliffe is enough for me. The

Doctor seems to bury his talents in the ground. You never see him on any platform, or at any meeting for a great and good cause. His miserable excuse is that his parish, his people, and his schools give him enough to do, without leaving him spare time for work which is not expected from him. Your friend has not gone to be trained for the ministry to the best of schools. By-the-bye, Mr. Verity, you made several blunders in your reading* this morning. I will either read myself this evening, or get my friend Fagan to read for you, that you may have an opportunity to form an idea how to do it next time. Good-bye for the present.'

"We were close to the Rectory of St. Korah when the abrupt farewell was vouchsafed unto me. I knew that the last cut was for my impertinence, for not praising my Rector's sermon. I richly deserved the correction; I took it, therefore, quietly.

"Mr. Fagan did read prayers that evening, and I most sincerely hope ~~that~~ I shall never be betrayed to read like him. It ~~was~~ really painful to listen to him; he shouted and modulated his voice in a peculiarly grotesque manner. When reading the lessons, he put the emphasis invariably on the wrong word or syllable. Were he not reading the Bible and the Liturgy, ~~and that~~ in a church too, I should certainly have thought that Mr. Fagan mimicked some conceited, bad, and ignorant actor, holding up the performer to contempt, exhibiting

the poor mountebank's inefficiency. However, the congregation seemed satisfied, for their faces appeared smooth and almost smiling with a sort of pleasure; perhaps because they felt that they were prayed for more energetically than in the morning—though God knows that my heart and soul were in my petitions—or, more likely, because of the fun which the unexpected treat afforded them. I have reason for the supposed alternative; I have heard several persons, of both sexes, remark that it was as good as a play to hear Mr. Fagan read and pray. This remark, indeed, opened my eyes as to the cause of the great fulness of St. Korah.

“The sermon was a sort of sequel to the morning one. Rome was the burden of the discourse then; the Pope formed the theme in the evening. The text was equally well chosen, and equally appropriately applicable. It was from the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, the twelfth verse:—‘How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!’

After a sort of retrospective view of his morning sermon, Mr. Alslop proceeded to state that the restoration of the Jews to their land hinged on the downfall of Antichrist. Having proved to a demonstration, in the morning, that the ‘daughter of Babylon’ meant Rome, there was no need for proving that the ‘King of Babylon,’ in the fourth verse of the chapter before him, meant the Pope of

Rome. That the Pope was Antichrist was too self-evident to require any argument ; but it was necessary to point out that the devil himself dwelt bodily in the Pope, or Antichrist ; in short, that the prince pontiff is the prince of darkness incarnate. He would begin with the fact that Lucifer was only another name for Beelzebub. He was, however, here in the text, compared to a star ; and he had no hesitation in saying that it was the comet-star that represents the fiend. Whatever the worldly-wise fools may say to the contrary—those men, he meant, who call themselves astronomers, who pretended that it was in accordance with the established principles of nature that comets were to appear at certain periods in the firmament of heaven—he maintained that whenever a comet appeared over our heads it was for the purpose of weakening the nations. So that his Satanic majesty Lucifer is permitted for a time to shine and smite the nations ; just as it is the case with the Pope, or Antichrist. My Rector needed only refer to the ninth chapter of Isaiah, and the fifteenth verse, where the expression occurs, ‘The prophet that teacheth lies, he is the tail.’ What star but a comet has a tail ? What prophet but the Pope teacheth lies ? The conclusion cannot be put off, that the King of Babylon is the Pope of Rome ; that Lucifer, the devil, or comet, represented the Antichrist, the tail-prophet that teacheth lies.

"The second point to which my Rector called the attention of his congregation was, that the expression rendered in the English version 'son of the morning,' means in the original 'son of blackness.' This new translation was pointed out to him by the most eminent Hebrew scholar he knew, 'a Hebrew of the Hebrews.' He, Mr. Alslop, had no doubt that that was the correct signification of the original. How aptly did the expression describe the prince of darkness, even the Pope of Rome, spoken of by Isaiah, both as 'King of Babylon' and 'son of blackness.' Here my Rector appealed to the congregation in the following pathetic words: 'Now, my beloved ones, you will be able to understand the first mysterious verse of the ninth chapter of the Apocalypse, 'And the fifth angel sounded, and I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit.' Observe, to the star was given the key of the bottomless pit! Who else can that star be but the Lucifer, the son of darkness, of our text! Is it not self-evident that the King of Babylon is the Pope of Rome, and that the Pope of Rome is the Antichrist?——'

"You must excuse me, Verity, but I really cannot help laughing—sad though the subject be—at this mode of preaching the Gospel and expounding Scripture. The effect is so irresistibly, though painfully, ridiculous."

"I knew that flesh and blood could not help

laughing at such teaching. Lucifer must have blazed with fiendish mirth. This discourse, like the morning one, lasted for upwards of an hour. I utterly despair to be able to give you any idea of the versatile actions and attitudes which embellished the preacher, in the various windings up of his different arguments. Mr. Alslop belongs to a certain class of extempore preachers, and treats, like his class generally, Lindley Murray and William Cobbett with sovereign contempt.

"It was melancholy, and yet amusing, to hear the compliments which were lavished upon the preacher, and to perceive the affable resignation with which he received those votive offerings of praise. Fagan was the first who, immediately on returning to the vestry, seized my Rector's hand and said, 'Thank ye, dear brother, for the rich thrait ye have given me; me soul literally deloighted in the moighty faist; it was a faist of fat things upon the lees, in which your discourse abundantly abounded.' Matrons and damsels followed after; old men and young men came last, and outside stood Mr. McCracken, all casting their quota of adulation at the feet of the great man, who acknowledged his relish of the offerings by a most celestial smile.

"I was rather desirous to run away as fast as possible, feeling afraid lest I should be subjected to another catechetical examination touching the evening sermon. I said, therefore, rather ner-

vously, 'I wish you good night;' but my Rector arrested my plan, saying, 'I wish to ask you whether Eisenschwartz had any reason for proposing to translate 'son of blackness,' instead of 'son of the morning?'

" 'I must refer to my Hebrew Bible.'

" 'Don't you remember the original word without referring to your Hebrew Bible?'

" 'Oh, yes; BEN-SHAACHAR is the word.'

" 'I took a Hebrew Bible to Eisenschwartz, and told him to read the verse for me, and he said he could not make out the verse at all; there were only three words in it that he could make sense of, and they were BEN-SHUCHAR and GUYIM. I have written down the pronunciation in English characters, for I intended to have quoted them in the pulpit, but I mislaid the piece of paper, or rather dropped it inadvertently in the vestry. Here it is. The first two words, Eisenschwartz translated 'black son;' I suggested 'son of blackness' and he acquiesced; and the last he translated 'Gentiles,' which comes to the same thing as 'nations' in our version. But I see that, notwithstanding your wrong pronunciation, you know which is the word in question. Can't you tell me at once whether Eisenschwartz has any reason for his translation?'

" 'If I must tell you at once, I am disposed to say that the only way to account for Eisenschwartz's translation is the penurious state of his Hebrew

vocabulary, and his imperfect pronunciation of the few words he knows.'

" 'I do not understand you,' said my Rector.

" 'I am afraid that I shall fail in the attempt of making myself understood. I recollect, however, just now, a circumstance which may probably illustrate my meaning. I happened to be in York last year, when, in the course of a walk round about the Minster, my attention was arrested by a very loud voice. I soon perceived that it came from a meeting-house. I felt curious to hear the style of sermons which some of our dissenting friends preach. I therefore entered the place of worship, and took a seat close to the door. The preacher was evidently a 'local' one; he did not display a redundancy of brain, whatever the calibre of his lungs was. I did not sit long there before a heavy cart began to move sluggishly towards the meeting; the creaking, which was very loud and harsh, became too loud for speech being audible; the preacher was obliged to stop for a little while, facetiously remarking, 'One at a time.' When the cart passed beyond hearing, the preacher resumed his work by solemnly asking the congregation, 'Do yeer know what yer wants?—do yeer? I'll tell yeer then; yeer wants what that waggin, which has so wickedly interrupted us—the devil was in it—yeer wants what that waggin wants—gress.' Now it was the penurious state of that man's English vocabulary—not knowing that *grace* and *grease* were two dif-

ferent words, and his imperfect pronunciation, which caused that preacher to improvise his irreverent pulpit *jeu-d'esprit*, if I may dignify the irrelevant interpolation by such a definition. However, I shall examine the passage thoroughly when I come home. Good night.' "

" 'Stop, I have a note of invitation for you from Mrs. Assingdon. She expects you to-morrow evening.'

" 'Must I go?'

" 'Certainly. She will be very much affronted; and I should not like her to be slighted by any of my subordinates. Good night !'

" Well, Sir; have I reason to be proud of my Rector? "

" No, indeed you have not, dear fellow; he is not worthy of you. Then it was Eisenschwartz, the tobacconist, whom he quoted in the pulpit as 'an eminent Hebrew scholar!' What awful charlatans these men are! Did you go to Mrs. Assingdon's party? "

" Yes; but I am too tired to tell you now all that took place there. I may be able to do so when we leave Dr. Radcliffe's to-night."

CHAPTER IV.

MERIT AND PROMOTION.

WE arrived at Christchurch Rectory just five minutes before the Rector's dinner hour, and received the reward of our virtue in compliments for punctuality. My mother took immediate possession of me, asked me a variety of questions in one breath, and ere she received an answer to any one of them, she told me what she had been doing that day ; that she had visited with Mrs. Radcliffe several very poor, bedridden old women, in a very filthy and unhealthy part of the parish. She whispered in my ear a few snatches of the conversations she had with Dr. Radcliffe, and his "help meet for him." She came to the conclusion, for the fiftieth time, at least, that they were the most delightful Christians she had ever met with. She could not tell me all the good they did.

Dinner, however, was announced, and she might not then tell me any more on that head, even if she would and could. The Rector said that he would not deprive, by ill-timed politeness, Mrs. Holdsworth

of the pleasure of leaning on her son's arm ; and, as he was a host himself, he would march first. My mother and I followed him, Mrs. Radcliffe and Verity followed us. As Dr. Radcliffe planned, so it was successfully carried out. The circumstance of Verity being one of the party conduced to the realization of my mother's wish of having me undividedly to herself. I was able, however, now and then, to catch a few stray words of the conversation which had been raging between my Rector and my friend. Dr. Radcliffe being a Cambridge man, and also knowing Oxford well, was able to indulge, playfully, in a few contrasts, which, on his showing, put Oxford at a disadvantage. Verity being the son of a late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Oriental Professor of that University, learnt, in his younger days, from his father—who had been dead several years—many not very creditable things about Cambridge. The Oxonian, armed with his father's authority—and he took care to tell his antagonist that his authority was all-powerful—dwelt spiritedly on the comparative characteristics of those two Universities, and made out a great case in favour of Oxford. I felt impatient to go to Verity's assistance, but neither my mother nor my Rector would allow me to do so ; the former whispered, " Never mind, dear ; everybody knows that Oxford is superior to Cambridge, else your dear father would not have sent you there." Whilst the

Doctor lustily silenced me by exclaiming, with mock indignation, "Be quiet, sir ; mind your own business. Your friend stands in no need of support from you : he fights his own battles manfully." "This is as much my battle as his," I retorted, in spite of my mother's whisperings. The Doctor, therefore, in counterfeit dudgeon, replied, that he was not going to engage with two opponents at the same time, and that it was cowardly on my part to fight two to one ; and he would, therefore, retire, under protest, from the contest.

Dr. Radcliffe was also a late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and he thought that he saw in the young Curate of St. Korah the face of a once familiar friend. When he made, therefore, his last statement, and playful protest, he continued—

"Mr. Verity, I cannot tell you how much pleasure you have afforded me. You are the very image of your lamented father, my college friend and successful rival. I thought that I saw something in you which brought former days to my mind, but I could not recollect the when and where until you mentioned old Trinity. Why, your father, myself, and Benedict Monteleone were nicknamed the 'threefold cord.' I am VERY glad to see you, Mr. Verity ! Let me call you familiarly Frederick Verity, as I used to call your father. I was glad to see you before, but I am VERY glad now."

The Doctor then gave us a long and interesting account of the friendly rivalry between the twists of the "threefold cord," and the way old Monteleone took the starch out of all his contemporaries, and taught them—Domini Radcliffe and Verity—to consider themselves rich and noble by virtue of the wealth of their minds, and made the noble undergraduates—the scions of aristocracy—of his time, provided they had brains as well as gold, feel that they were his inferiors. "Our aristocratic contemporaries," continued the Doctor, "strove to be noble in word, thought, and in deed, lest they should be cut by the 'threefold cord.' It was then that Montacute, who is coming here to-morrow, learnt to respect a cultivated mind, and a good heart, as the truest and purest patents of nobility."

Verity's face was in a flame of delight.

"Am I so very much like my father in appearance, Dr. Radcliffe?" proudly asked the Curate of St. Korah.

"The very image, Sir! I see him now before me in your face; I hear him now in your voice."

"What a singular coincidence that I should meet with one of my dear father's most intimate friends, and with the son of another. May I make so free and ask whether your Christian name is Algernon?"

"Yes, it is; what of that?"

"Nothing, only that I have a large packet of letters written by a certain affectionate Algernon

to a certain 'dear Fred,' and I never could, till now, form any opinion as to who the writer might be."

"I shall claim the packet."

"The claim will not be attended to. I always valued the collection, but I consider it now invaluable. Do you think Monteleone will feel interested in the discovery and coincidence?"

"I have no doubt he will; he is like his father in everything—with the exception of the senior's strong antipathy to Bishops. The elder Monteleone utterly despised the whole bench of Prelates, which was, in fact, the reason why he did not take holy orders."

"I thought he was a Jew."

"So he was, and so was St. Paul, and St. James, and St. John, and myriads of others of the same nation, who were yet devout Christians."

"What objection could he possibly have had to Bishops? Is not the institution an Apostolic one?"

"He objected not to the institution *per se*, but he execrated the unapostolical mode by which Bishops were created in this country; he railed 'against their taking the children's bread; against their tearing, like ravening wolves, the flock of God.' I am using his expressions; he was most violent on the subject. By some means or other he made himself master of the history of the English Bishops for the last century and a half; he used

to dwell with great severity on the causes which raised some men to arrogate to themselves such titles as 'Right Reverend, Lord Bishop, Father in God,' by which they polluted, he said, the institution of the episcopate."

"I dare say Mr. Monteleone would not have objected to accept a mitre with five or six thousand a year himself, if they were offered to him. Jews do not generally quarrel with the mode by which *monish* may be accumulated."

"You wrong him, Verity; your father would never have uttered such an unworthy insinuation against his attached friend and benefactor, Monteleone. I have never met with so thoroughly a disinterested man anywhere. He taught your father and me to abandon the idea—as a popular delusion and unjustifiable prejudice—that the peculiar characteristic of Jews is money-getting. Let me give you an idea of the utter disinterestedness of the late Monteleone. When your father, myself, and Lord Montacute were reading hard for the Hebrew Scholarship, it occurred to us that it would be absurd for any of us to attempt to cope with Monteleone, in case he should go in for it. By ourselves we were disposed to leave the issue to chance; we considered ourselves pretty well matched; but Monteleone in the question, it would have been arrant madness to expect the remotest chance. We resolved to ascertain the state of the case from head quarters. We waited

therefore upon Monteleone, and asked him in plain English terms, 'Do you intend to go in for Tyrwhitt's Scholarship?' He could not comprehend at first the purport of the question. When we candidly explained to him the advantages which the Scholarship would confer upon him, he very abruptly, and almost indignantly, said 'No. Would you be mean enough to try and get a Scholarship in France or Germany by reason of your being able to read, write, and speak your mother-tongue? What meanness will you attribute to me next? I do not feel flattered by the supposition!' He walked up and down his sitting-room whilst he was breathing forth his displeasure. We begged his pardon, and Lord Montacute lucklessly added, 'that being the case, we shall prosecute our studies in the Hebrew language, as there is a chance of one of us getting the Scholarship.' I shall never forget Monteleone's contemptuous look at poor Lord Montacute. The young nobleman actually quailed under the scornful glance of the Jew's fierce eye and stern sarcasm.

"'What!' he exclaimed, 'you intend to prosecute your acquisition of the noblest department of knowledge, because there is a prospect of your getting a hundred or so, annually, for three or four years! Is that the object which the scions of English nobility have in view when they give themselves to study! Oh, Sigebert, St. Neot, Alfred, Edward—founders of Britain's seats of

learning—hear ye this? This was said so deliberately, and so impressively, that the satire appeared more withering and cutting in the manner than in the matter of the rebuke. We all felt cowed, and were anxious to get away from the infuriated monster as soon as possible.

“We were just on the point of retiring, when he said, ‘How far have you got in your Hebrew studies?’ We told him; he seized a Hebrew Bible from his book-case, opened it at random. ‘Read here, Verity.’ Your father read a couple of verses, and was catechised on them. ‘That will do,’ said the catechist, and gave his lips and nose a nervous twitch. ‘Radcliffe, read here.’ I read, hesitated, read again, answered, after a fashion, some of the questions put to me. ‘That will do,’ and the lips and nose of Monteleone underwent another contortion. ‘Lord Montacute, read here.’ His Lordship faltered, read with trepidation, answered the questions put to him with diffidence. ‘That will do.’ The lips again contract, and the nose quivers once more. ‘Have you any other competitors besides each other?’ asked the fierce inquisitor. ‘We think not.’ ‘Then you stand a tolerably good chance; you are well nigh equal to one another. If you had any other competitors, I should say that none of you had the shadow of a prospect of success. It would be a sad thing though, if the successful one amongst you should go away with the idea that he is a Hebrew scholar,

because he had got a Scholarship, when he knows but a trifle more than his competitors who know very little. Will you take a proposal, well meant, in good part?

“‘I will,’ ‘I will,’ ‘I will,’ was the simultaneous triple reply.

“‘I propose to give you instruction myself in Hebrew, and hope to make you sufficiently familiar with the language to astonish the Examiner and Professor.’ It is to him, Verity, that your father was indebted for his Scholarship, in the first instance, and eventually for his Oriental Professorship. You are the last person to attribute sordid motives to dear departed Monteleone. It is to him that I owe my acquaintance with the original Scriptures. It is to him that Lord Montacute owes his taste for Persian literature.”

“But do you mean to say that that cultivated bear, Monteleone, hugged you all three to his Oriental breast for nothing? Had you not to feed him with gilt buns, and biscuits, and such like things, for allowing you to climb up his pole so high?”

“I am very sorry indeed, Mr. Verity, to find you indulging in such disrespectful terms towards your father’s greatest benefactor. Yes, I speak advisedly, next to the First Great Cause, ‘the cultivated bear’—as you call a spirit of a higher and purer region than ours, who has left few equals on earth—has been the making of the late lamented

Reverend Doctor Frederick Verity, late Fellow of T.C.C. and Professor of Oriental Literature in the University of Cambridge. And all that, Sir, without money and without price. Any offer of the kind, we were all three certain, would at once have deprived us of the best of tutors, and of 'a friend indeed.'

"He was indeed a miracle of a Jew!"

"He was a Christian Jew of the Apostolic stamp. If you will kindly let me finish, without any further interruption, you will save yourself much regret for yielding to temptations to speak unadvisedly against a man, the mention of whose name should command your heartfelt gratitude." Dr. Radcliffe felt, and showed that he felt, hurt.

"I am very sorry, sir, for having presumed to interrupt you," pleaded Verity, "and I hope that you will kindly pardon my thoughtlessness; remembering that unfinished work makes children and simpletons betray their lack of experience and wisdom. I am really very sorry for my conceited presumption, and beg pardon. Pray favour me—for I am very much interested—with the sequel of the narrative of my father's college career. I was too young when he was taken from me, to be able to appreciate so interesting an episode in his life. I have never heard the circumstance till now."

"I will go on then. For six successive months, we three spent two hours daily with Monteleone. We could not help feeling how small was our stock

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"I will go on then. For six successive months, we three spent two hours daily with Monteleone. We could not help feeling how small was our stock

of learning when we were sitting round our preceptor's table, whilst the owner thereof walked up and down the room, scattering for our acceptance the richest of Orient's pearls—which he had himself gathered from the vast ocean of literature and science—along with the instruction he gave us. He accompanied his lessons with illustrations and elucidations which stamped them ineffaceably upon our memories. We could not help saying as we left him, day by day, 'How much that man knows! how little we do!' The great judgment day of the respective merits of the three competitors began to draw near; and Monteleone drew up a set of examination papers, which he set us to write answers to, after which he gave us a searching and rigorous *viva voce* inquisitorial examination; in order to know in his own mind, as he said, who was entitled to the Scholarship. He pronounced all far superior, in our Hebrew attainments, to the Regius Professor of that department. He then proceeded to pronounce judgment—whilst ambulating his room—in the following terms. 'Verity I consider to be entitled to the Scholarship, and I foretel for him great distinction in Oriental literature in this University, and probably in Europe. Radcliffe is, in my opinion, next best: the difference between him and Verity is slight; it consists in their respective translations from Latin into Hebrew. Frederick Verity, by a sort of intuition, puts the right word in the right place;

whilst Algernon Radcliffe, now and then, puts a right word in a wrong place, like good old Frey, who prayed most earnestly that it might please the Almighty to *pickle* the missionaries about to be sent to the Hottentots, in the sea, instead of to *preserve* them on their voyage. Lord Montacute is inferior to both Verity and Radcliffe in his translations from Hebrew into Latin, and from Latin into Hebrew. Nevertheless, he deserves a third-class Scholarship, if there were such a prize, inasmuch as he knows a great deal more of the sacred tongue than the present Professor. I should not be surprised, however, if to Montacute is given the Scholarship, not because he deserves it, but because his father is a Duke, and he himself is likely to be a Duke some day. There are mean-spirited tufthunters amongst the dons of Universities, as amongst the members of other institutions. All three of you are creditable Hebrew scholars, considering that it is only a few months that I had you in hand. Verity, you excel in correct translation, as well as in felicitous illustrations from other Oriental languages. Radcliffe, you excel in apt biblical quotations. Perseverance will make you a walking Hebrew concordance. Lord Montacute, you have unaccountably treasured up most accurately the elucidations and examples which I thought proper to adduce from the Persian language and literature. I should say that your speciality was Persian—cultivate it. May be a

remote ancestor of yours, either paternal or maternal, came from some Persian barber's shop.'

"We did not feel displeased at the peculiarity of the legal opinion thus vouchsafed, nor at the quaint remarks which accompanied it. We, on the contrary, laughed heartily when the harangue was finished, and we all felt in the best of humours; Monteleone in the very best, for he insisted upon our dining with him on that day at his own rooms, instead of at the hall, which we were proud to do. We had a couple of hours before dinner, and we three met to consult how we could best show our sense of gratitude to our great Hebrew master. It was a difficult subject for consideration, for, though the kindest and most benevolent of mortals, Monteleone was owner of an eccentric temper, and took umbrage, when giving offence was the farthest thought from the party which seemed, in his opinion, to be guilty of it. We at last came to the conclusion to ask him to sit, or stand, for his full-length portrait, with which we wished to present him, as a very small token of our sense of the great obligation under which we were to him. We also made up our minds to present ourselves individually with a copy of the same portrait. We agreed to engage the great London artist for the production of the work. We casts lots who should be the spokesman, Verity or I—Montacute was afraid he might make a blunder in expressing himself properly, and bring down indignation upon his devoted head. His Lordship

persisted that Monteleone treated him with freezing coolness, ever since the hapless remark of his about going on with the study of Hebrew ; he would therefore, on no account, act any more as mouthpiece. I am very glad to say that the lot fell upon your father.

“ After the dinner things were removed, and dessert brought on the table, Monteleone proceeded to propose toasts, according to his notion of our rank and achievement in the coming Scholarship struggle. Verity first, your humble servant second, and Lord Montacute third. The neatest little speeches preceded the respective toasts. His Lordship must have been satisfied that his fears were exaggerated. Monteleone never said what he did not mean. When the last toast was proposed and dispatched, Montacute and myself then fixed our eyes upon Verity. He took the hint, cleared his throat, stood up, looked rather sheepish, and I am sure he felt so also, for Monteleone was in the meridian of good humour and smart satire. He looked ominously mischievous ; his lustrous clear eyes shot out rays of piercing fun ; his little mouth dimpled in its corners. When your father had got upon his legs, those eyes, and those rays, and that little dimpled mouth, were of course levelled at him. Poor Verity trembled, and well he might ; he made an unsteady speech, but succeeded in making the full-length portrait proposition. Oh ! how Monteleone laughed and roared

at the idea of being presented with a full-length portrait of himself! 'Yes,' he screamed, 'and let it be as large as that of the good Dr. Primrose's family, that it may defy the possibility of admission into any room I may be disposed to occupy. I know nothing grander and more dignified in man than to stand and admire himself on canvas.' He laughed heartily, he laughed hysterically; and we could not help laughing heartily and hysterically at his irresistible merriment. He was obliged to wipe his eyes several times, and so were we.

"However, we found that our host was in a humour which encouraged pressing upon him some mark of our grateful feeling, and even Lord Montacute ventured to plead for permission to manifest our sense in some tangible shape, be it ever so small.

" 'Will you permit me to choose the tangible shape,' said Monteleone.

" 'Of course we will.'

"To our disappointment at first, but eventually to our pride, he said :—

" 'What I shall value much more—as a memento of the pleasure which I experienced in giving you the trifling instruction—than a full-length portrait of myself, is a miniature group of you three, as you sat at this table during your Hebrew studies. Let us have the very best artist; I shall be most happy to pay for the painting, if you will kindly sit for it.'

"This proposition, as I have said, produced a chill feeling of disappointment on our hearts, and our countenances no doubt betrayed our feelings, which Monteleone took amiss.

"‘Oh, gentlemen,’ he said, peevishly, ‘if you cannot afford to sacrifice the time for two or three sittings, I will not press the tangible shape I took the liberty of proposing.’

"It was an astonishment and a relief to us when Montacute got up; he addressed our host with an emotion which surprised us; his words were nearly as follows:—

"‘Dear Monteleone, talk not of sacrifice when our pleasing you is the question. I would willingly sit days and weeks, instead of hours, to comply with any wish expressed by you; and I am sure such is the feeling of our friends Verity and Radcliffe. We have great reason to be proud of this crowning of your great kindness towards us, in wishing for a trifle which would bring us to your memory. I feel proud of the honour which you propose to do me, in desiring to have a likeness of me, and proud of being grouped in such cherished society as Verity and Radcliffe. But surely you can bear with our disappointment at the same time. We had hoped we should be privileged to possess each a portrait of you, our most valued friend, as you have proved yourself to be. None of us can be insensible to the last touch which your kindness gave to our heart of hearts. Of

course we shall sit at this table, for a miniature group, for you and for ourselves—I, for one, intend to have a copy of that miniature for the sake of my friends—as long as it may please the artist to keep us there. Permit us, however, to ask the favour of your sitting also for a miniature—since a full-length portrait seems so preposterous in your eyes—of yourself, so that we may each have a copy of it. Pray, dear Monteleone, deny it not—I cannot say all I feel; but I can say that I feel very much ——.’

“Poor Lord Montacute’s voice became very thick; Monteleone jumped up, and began to stride about his room; he wiped his eyes, and indeed so did we three, from a cause different from that of the previous laughter, and then in a voice as thick as that in which Montacute concluded, he began—

“‘Montacute, you have greatly overrated the little assistance it was in my power to render you and our friends. I am more than recompensed for it by the kind expressions you have uttered. I cannot find it in my heart to disappoint you. Be it as you propose.’

“‘Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!’ was the demonstration of the heartfelt pleasure.”

Here my Rector got up, left the dining-room for a short time, and returned with two cases. He first opened one, which exposed a very striking likeness of the Curate of St. Peter’s; seeing which, Verity exclaimed—

"Oh, I have seen the self-same miniature amongst the reliques which my mother, in memory of my father, values so much. I thought Monteleone's face was that of an old acquaintance, and now I have discovered the key to that thought."

Our host then opened the second case, and said, "Here you have the triumvirate, not as governing, but as being governed by the man in the other box. Let me repeat, Frederick Verity, that he whose honoured name you bear—and whom you so wonderfully resemble, as he then looked, at the time of which I am speaking—would have been pained most keenly had he heard a single syllable of disrespect uttered against our disinterested tutor."

"I am really very sorry, and feel sincerely pained at having indulged in terms of disrespect towards such a man as the late Mr. Monteleone was. I recollect this little group perfectly; it is another of my mother's precious treasures which she values very much. Pray forgive my thoughtlessness. I shall henceforward not only honour, respect, and esteem the name of Monteleone, but cherish it as being the name of one of my father's greatest benefactors."

"I am very glad to hear it; you will only do what your father did to the latest hour of his life on earth; and I have no doubt does the same now in heaven, where both, master and pupil, undoubtedly are. But let me advise you

not to talk much about it to young Monteleone ; he has inherited his father's goodness of disposition and talents, but he is also heir to his sire's eccentricities, whims, and tempers, I am afraid, in an exaggerated measure. He does not like to be talked about. As for his father, be very careful how you broach that honoured name in his hearing. I could not help speaking to him once about his departed parent. I observed that he became gloomy, morose, and almost irritated ; he did not seem to heed a word of all I said. Not knowing the state of the case, I expatiated and dilated upon the excellence of the departed one. I filled up the measure of my offence against the strange young man, by saying, 'You could not have known him as well as I did, else you would feel a greater interest in the mention of his name.' He alarmed me by starting to his feet, exclaiming as he did so—

"'Enough, Sir ; you have gone too far already. The sainted name, which you have mouthed so long, is enshrined in that heart and soul, where I trust my Maker, Redeemer, and Sanctifier dwell. I never take any of those hallowed names in vain, and cannot stand to hear any one else do so. Good-bye, sir.' He left me abruptly. I stood for awhile in foolish dismay, and annoyed. On consideration, however, I began to admire the intensity of the filial veneration which pervaded the young man's heart. I sat down and wrote a few lines of apology, hoping that my indiscretion would not

put a barrier to our intercourse. Whilst my messenger was on his way with the note, a letter arrived from my young friend, apologising for his impetuosity, expressing a hope that he might be permitted to cultivate the friendship of one of his sainted father's personal friends ; begging, at the same time, that his departed parent be named, in his hearing, as seldom as possible. So take care. I shall have to put Lord Montacute on his guard too ; for the young fellow is as little a respecter of persons as his father was, and we might have a disagreeable scene between the two."

"What a strange and unaccountable people the Jews are !" remarked Verity.

"Let me give you another piece of advice," continued my Rector ; "mind that you do not utter a syllable of disparagement against his nation in his hearing. You will rue it bitterly ; he is provokingly ready with unpleasant data in our national character. He will bring you face to face with the refuse of our countrymen, of every class and degree, in Church and State, on the Exchange and at the counter, in the navy and the army, in palaces and in unions ; he will drag before your eyes our prisoners at home and in the colonies ; he will bring before you, in bold relief, the officials of Missionary and Church Building Societies with an accuracy frightfully true. He will then insist upon your giving judgment as to where meanness, dishonesty, immorality, theft, murder, in short, the

whole category of the works of the flesh, abound, whether in unbelieving Israel, or amongst baptized Britons. You will feel so humiliated as not to have a spark of patriotism left in you. He will make you acknowledge that the Church was holy, just, and good as long as her Deacons, Priests, and Bishops were Jews; that she became depraved, unrighteous, and bad as soon as she became Gentilized. Be very careful also how you talk of the 'Friends of Israel,' who are interested in the conversion of his countrymen; he positively loathes the phrase 'Friends of Israel,' and abhors the 'Friends of Israel Association.' He takes pains to make himself disliked by 'those platform friends,' as he calls them, 'to be spared the service of an illustration by those pious mountebank mouthpieces,' I am using his own words, 'in the pulpit and on the platform.' I believe that he mortally offended your Incumbent, Mr. Alslop. I have put you on your guard. Mind your p's and q's."

"Thank you, Dr. Radcliffe, for the precaution. I am almost certain that I would, in some way or other, have committed myself without it. Would it be presumptuous in me, if I ventured to ask the sequel, that is, the result of the Scholarship examination?"

"It was exactly as Monteleone augured. Montacute was pronounced the successful competitor, and, of course, the first-rate Hebrew

scholar ; your father second-rate, and your humble servant third-rate. Every one, however—Montacute and Dr. Dorepelf, the examiner, included—admitted that your father was the best Hebrew scholar of the trio. Monteleone made a terrible ado about it ; he vowed, and performed his vow, that he would expose the vulgar, coarse sycophancy of the demoralized University of Cambridge before the whole of Europe. The leading magazines teemed with paragraphs and articles about the injustice and parasitism of the Oriental examiner of the University. Your father became famous, and hence his subsequent and rapid promotions. So you see your father owed him not only an Oriental education of the highest order, but also a reputation of the most exalted character.”

“You make me too sensible of my rash folly in speaking lightly of a man whose memory it is my sacred duty to love and cherish. It is not too late to mend ; my mistakes of to-day may, I trust, be overruled for bettering my judgment in days to come. But how did Lord Montacute behave under the lacerating lash, or rather ‘cat of nine tails,’ which the virtuous indignation of Mr. Monteleone whipped about him ?”

“Monteleone did not say a single disrespectful word against his Lordship. On the contrary, he publicly admitted that if Montacute had other competitors than Verity and Radcliffe he would, indisputably, have been entitled to the Scholar-

ship ; but he certainly was not entitled to be ' the cock of the walk ' when such a brace of *rari aves* as Verity and Radcliffe was pitted against his Lordship. These were Monteleone's own words, which obtained for us, three competitors, the unpoetical *sobriquet* ' Messrs. Cox and Crow.' As for Montacute he behaved nobly. Immediately after it was announced that he was the favoured winner of the Tyrwhitt Scholarship he asked his two rivals to accompany him to Monteleone's rooms ; we knew not the why and the wherefore, but we complied. On being admitted into the presence of our preceptor, we found him pacing up and down his study in a state of evident agitation. He just stopped to shake hands with us, placed chairs for us to sit down, and resumed his walk. Knowing his habits, we did as we were bid. Speaking whilst he walked about, he said—

" Lord Montacute, I congratulate you on your unexpected, though not unsuspected, success in the examination. It is a fine thing to be a Duke's son. It is to your supposed superior birth, and not to your positive superior education, that you ought to be beholden for this stroke of honour. I should rather say—for it is neither your fault nor your father's that you are made the unwitting robber of another man's laurels—it is to the disreputable fawning of Dorepelf that you are indebted for your supposed outriding your friendly rivals in the honourable race. However, you deserve a Scholar-

ship ; I am sure that you are infinitely superior to Dorepelf ! You deserve a Scholarship, and I congratulate you.'

" ' I took the liberty,' replied the noble scholar, ' to call upon you, in order to seek your judicious opinion about it. I am conscious, no one can be more so, that I am not entitled to the Scholarship, and I am ready to do anything that you will be good enough to propose, so that I may set myself right with my two friends here. I do not wish to deck myself out with plumes which do not belong to me. I am willing and ready to do anything to make known publicly that I am but third, in point of real merit, touching the Hebrew Scholarship just awarded. As for the pittance which the Scholarship brings in its train, you know I do not require it. I should be too glad to devote it to any benevolent object you may suggest. As regards mental wealth, you are my greatest benefactor, you are the prolific mine from which I have amassed great intellectual acquisitions. I look upon such possessions as the most covetable riches. I look to you for guidance and direction in this matter.'

" This little oration produced a great effect upon Monteleone ; he could hardly restrain himself ; he almost galloped up and down his room during its delivery. When his Lordship had finished, our preceptor stopped, and said—

" Give me your hand, Montacute ; you are noble

in word and in deed. You deserve to be a Duke. As regards your Scholarship, take no steps whatever. I shall take good care that the truth be known who is who, what is what, and which is which. You are not responsible for the despicably cringing adulation of such a man as Dorepelf. With respect to the disposal of the sum which has thus been lavished upon you, unsolicited by, and distasteful to you, give it not to Dorepelf. I know that he boasted last year that the successful candidate had liberally made him a present of the annual stipend. There is a poor fellow just arrived at Trinity, from St. Paul's School; I know that he is not in the best of circumstances, Jacob Blacklegh by name. His poor father, I am informed, is given to that vice which brings privation to the outward man, and depravity and degradation to the inner man; his wretched father is a sot. This being the case, the newcomer will have to struggle hard through his academic career. If I might suggest an object for your benevolence, I would point out Jacob Blacklegh, as a fit and proper person to be the recipient of your bounty.'

" 'Speaking honestly,' rejoined Montacute, 'the money is not mine; it virtually belongs to Verity, and his consent must be obtained for the transfer.' To which your noble father immediately replied, 'You have my consent from my heart. None of us would have had much reason to think highly of our Oriental learning, were it not for our disin-

terested master. Monteleone, and none but Monteleone, is entitled to a perfect right as to the disposal of the stipend thus obtained.' Jacob Blackleggh was thus made the recipient of Tyrwhitt's bounty, for three years, by your father's, Monteleone's, and Montacute's generosity. Your father and Monteleone did more than simply give the drunkard's son the prize-money; they endeavoured to enrich him mentally and morally. I fear, however, that Jacob Blackleggh, of St. Paul's and Trinity College, inherited his father's spirits, at least a taste for the same. He was looked upon as a hard drinker. Nevertheless, your father and Monteleone have made a clever fellow of him, and Jacob Blackleggh is now Assistant-Master of the great Gruby School."

The Doctor apologized for the tedious narrative which he inflicted upon his guests, but extenuated the offence by the singular coincidence of meeting, in so unlooked for a manner, with another son of another great College friend; and playfully threw part of the blame upon Verity for interrupting him. He also thought that it was meet and right that his Curate and his friend should be kept, at arm's length, out of harm. The few suggestions and hints might tend to keep them so, on the following evening. We, I mean my mother, my friend, and myself, thanked the Doctor, and congratulated ourselves on the rich treat which the narrative afforded us.

The ladies retired to the drawing-room, and the Doctor kept us youngsters for half an hour talking over the poor and the sick in the parish, and proposed a walk to Whitefriar-street, to see two or three who, he thought, required daily attention. Verity and I accompanied him. We were thankful that we went; the visits tended to keep us in the paths which the Saviour of the world walked in, and in which he commanded us to follow Him. The houses of the sick are good schools for the Christian, but the very best for the Christian minister, for in them the great Bishop of the Church taught the sublimest lessons.

On our way back to the Rectory, Dr. Radcliffe said that he wished to make a suggestion to me, and if it met with my approval, he should be glad to carry it forthwith into effect. It had been long on his mind that the parish church had not sufficient accommodation for the poor. "It is my intention to endeavour to build another church in the parish, as a Chapel of Ease to the mother-church; but until that is done, I propose to have an afternoon service; especially for the poorer classes. As we must not neglect the Sunday Schools, I propose to take the third service in turn with you. What say you, Holdsworth, my friend?"

"With all my heart, my dear Sir;" and we were at the Rectory door again.

CHAPTER V.

MY RECTOR'S DINNER-PARTY, AND THE HARMONIOUS COURSE THEREOF.

ON our return to the Rectory, we immediately joined the ladies, which was a signal for their *tête-à-tête* to come to an abrupt period. My mother made room for me by her side—Mrs. Radcliffe betook herself at once to the tea-table—when my mother also took one of my yielding hands into both hers, with a tenderness such as mothers only know and feel. She then whispered once more in my ear—my mother seemed to feel sincere pleasure in whispering frequently in my ear—a thanksgiving to the great Head of the Church for having sent me to learn my first lessons of working in the great Master's field, under the guidance of such a labourer as Dr. Radcliffe. She then said to me—

“ My dearest love, I should so much like to find out the history of your very interesting friend, Mr. Monteleone. I have been asking Mrs. Radcliffe

about it, and she said, 'All I can tell you is, that I think the Monteleone history must be one thrillingly interesting; that if it were written at length, it would be more enchanting and fascinating than the most skilfully plotted romances that a Walter Scott and a Maria Edgeworth ever conceived and published.' She unfortunately knew only scraps of passages in that unwritten life. She told me a few. Oh, they are so exquisitely interesting! I am so curious to know the whole! Could you not, by virtue of your intimacy with him, worm out his antecedents from him, dearest love?"

"Dearest of mothers, and truest of women," I rejoined, "would you wish me to jeopardize my friendship with such a man, by broaching a subject which he considers too sacred to be touched even by such benevolent lips as Dr. Radcliffe's? I never, by any chance, heard Monteleone utter a syllable about himself. I very much doubt whether his great friends, the Bishop of Kilcurragh and the Rector of Westfield, know anything about his antecedents. His mother seems to me the only person with whom he is likely to talk about his family affairs."

"His mother! My darling, you never told me that he had a mother living. Did you ever see her? What sort of person is she?"

"I have only seen her once; and when you are here, precious mother, I only think of you. She

is in deep, deep mourning. Of middle size, and I should say of middle age. She must have been of unrivalled and matchless beauty—present company excepted, beautiful mother.”

“Take that, you gay deceiver and flatterer,” and a delicious touch of a soft little hand fell upon my ear. “Go on, darling, how does she look now?”

“Still very beautiful; her figure is ravishingly graceful. There is an indescribably sweet expression about her eyes and mouth which seem to indicate a marvellous exuberance of intelligence. Her voice is so sad, but so musical; it falls with such soft cadence upon your ear as to stir every heart-string within you; it makes your eyes glisten tearfully, whilst their lids and lashes tremble. There is a deep, deep, very deep fount of love in her heart and soul, whose gushings flow constantly towards her son, her only son. It is touching to watch her intent gaze, now and then, upon her ‘blessed one,’ as she translates the name of her ‘Benedict.’ ”

“My dear,” said my mother, rather sharply, “I am sure I love you as much as any mother can do.”

“My precious mother, I knew not the depth of your mother’s love for your rebellious son, until I perceived Mrs. Monteleone’s for her son; and I am sure that Benedict Monteleone will not understand the exact amount of his mother’s love towards him, until he has an opportunity of observ-

ing the pure, fresh affection which you so tenderly lavish upon your undeserving and worthless son George."

"Don't talk nonsense, love. Do you think Mrs. Monteleone will dine here to-morrow?"

"Not at all likely. She seems a determined widow. Her garb, demeanour, deportment, all about her seems to say very pathetically, 'There is no sorrow like unto my sorrow, entreat me not to leave off hugging and caressing it.'"

As Mrs. Radcliffe was just coming towards us, my mother stopped her, and asked, "Do you know Mrs. Monteleone, dear Mrs. Radcliffe?"

"Yes, pretty well."

"Why, you never told me anything about her."

"The dear creature has an unconquerable objection to be introduced to anyone. In fact, she begged of me as a personal favour not to become a party for the purpose of extending the circle of her acquaintance. I believe that the only persons she delights to converse with are the poor and the needy, the sick and weak in St. Peter's parish. Mrs. Godfrey and myself have the honour, now and then, of a friendly chat with her; but her manners—though charming and exceedingly well-bred—are somewhat forbidding. They seem to say, 'Thus far may you go, and no farther.'"

"Oh, dear Mrs. Radcliffe, could you not introduce me to her? I am dying to know her," was my mother's singular rejoinder.

"I am almost afraid to venture on such a step."

"You might tell her that I am a connexion of her son's friend, the Bishop of Kilcurragh. Do, like a dear creature, make an opportunity, and you will confer a great favour upon me."

Mrs. Radcliffe smiled, and said, "I will try what I can do. I must enlist the support of Dr. Radcliffe."

My dear mother did not rest until she obtained, that very evening, a promise of an introduction to Mrs. Monteleone, whether the widow liked it or not. My resolute parent astonished me, when I kissed her and wished her "Good night," by whispering in my ear, "I am determined to ask Mrs. Monteleone to accompany me, for a month or so, to Devonshire, on a visit; I have set my heart upon finding out the whole history of that interesting family. Good night, darling, don't say a word against it. I have made up my mind on the subject—I can but fail. Good night."

Verity and I left together; he full of the new resolution to work the district of St. Korah after the model of the parish of Christchurch. We could not help, however, alluding to the interesting circumstances which my Rector brought before us in the course of the evening; and we could not help consulting what was best to be done in order to apprise Monteleone of the friendship which subsisted between their departed fathers. We both agreed that it would be better to wait a little, and

see whether an overture, on that score, might not be made by Monteleone himself. The sequel proved that we were right. We also agreed to leave the account of Mrs. Assingdon's party to a future opportunity. We parted to meet again, on the following day, at the corner of Pembroke-street, at four o'clock in the afternoon, to have a walk and a talk previous to the Doctor's formidable dinner.

We met at the appointed place and at the appointed hour ; my friend was in excellent spirits.

"I know now," was his first remark, after the conventional greeting, "that I am a labourer in the vineyard, and not altogether a cumberer of the ground. The poor people seemed so surprised to see me come in, hear me ask their names and the other items of information ! They were so friendly, when they ascertained that my intentions were honourable, that is, parochial and ministerial ; they made me sit down on the best chair, and became communicative and confidential ; and everyone hoped that I would soon call again. The burden of every house was to this effect, 'It is a long time, sir, since we saw the face of a clergyman in the house ; we began to think that such a face was only intended for the rich in the parish of St. Korah.' In one house I met a venerable aged man, full four-score years of age, who said he was born and bred in the parish ; he gloomily but emphatically said, ' Ah, sur, this bees a Bewitched

Church,* a doomed parish, a bewitched church.' Each time that he uttered the ominous sentence, he accompanied it with a melancholy shake of his beautiful grey head. 'I have knowed five ministers of the parish of St. Korah, and every one on 'em made the poor parish a hotbed of summu't what a Christian parish ought not to be. I have been a-thinking many a time on it, I have been a-thinking on it this very morning. I am a-thinking now that whenever men turn God's house into a place of merchandise, they make it a den of thieves. People have no right whatsoever to sell God's house, and people have no right whatsoever to buy God's house. This parish of St. Korah has been bought and sold ever so many times. It bees a bewitched church, a doomed parish! a doomed parish! a doomed parish!' Again the white head mournfully shook three times. I invariably asked 'Does not Mr. McCracken visit you?' The invariable answer to which was, 'Bless you, no, sir, we been't Roman Catholics, we bees Church people. Mr. McCrackun only goes to them as belongs to them Paypishes, with whom he can have the fun of squabblin', and bickerin', and disputin', and arguin'. Once in six months

* Amongst Mr. Verity's posthumous MSS. there is one thus entitled, consisting of three volumes, exceedingly well arranged. The perusal of it, by the permission of the present possessor, our author, induces us to curtail much of the present work under our editorship.—EDITOR.

he cums in and throws down a trac', as one ud 'husks before swine,' and it is a trac against some foolery of the Roman Catholics we never dreamt on, or heerd on.'

"The poor people shook my hand so heartily, and thanked me so sincerely for my call, that I could not help feeling self-condemned for not having called upon them before.

"Now, let me tell you what I intend to do. The idea has originated with Dr. Radcliffe's proposal to you last night, namely, to have an afternoon service on Sundays for the benefit of the poor people. Such a service is most particularly wanted in the parish of St. Korah. I purpose, therefore, to propose to Mr. Alslop to let me have a Sunday afternoon service, all to myself. I could do it very well, for I am not required in the Sunday school. I hope I may be the means of nullifying the old man's ominous presaging, that the parish of St. Korah is a doomed one."

"A very good idea, indeed," was my reply; "but now let us be quick, we have not much time to spare before dinner."

Verity accompanied me to my rooms, where he made his toilet, and we were soon after on our way to the Rectory. On our arrival there, we were greatly surprised to find Mrs. Monteleone one of the guests; she sat by my mother and listened attentively to some stirring tale which my expert parent was narrating. Of course I went up at

once, after shaking hands with the host and hostess, to the place where the two ladies were sitting and communing. My dear managing mother greeted me with such a sly twinkle in her brilliant eye that I could scarcely keep from smiling, notwithstanding my great astonishment. I shook hands with Mrs. Monteleone, but her eyes rested almost immovably upon the face of Verity. 'I spoke to my mother, but looked at the charming widow. The latter, however, presently got up, and moved across the room to the spot where her son stood speaking with his Rector. I took the opportunity, and asked how it was that Mrs. Monteleone was prevailed upon to join the Doctor's dinner party.

"I did it all, my love. I told her that she might have an opportunity of seeing a protégé of her husband's in Lord Montacute. But that which prevailed most with her was the opportunity of being of service to Mr. Dutton. I endeavoured to point out to her that the poor young man deserved our sympathy, and a word from her might secure him a nomination to some curacy which might be in the gift of his Lordship. I got Dr. and Mrs. Radcliffe to give her a pressing invitation, and I followed it up by a species of lady's logic, at which you learned men would doubtless laugh; but my arguments prevailed, and as the saying is, 'Let them laugh that win,' I am the one to laugh at the spuriousness of all your sage presagings. Dr.

and Mrs. Radcliffe were obliged to acknowledge that my powers of persuasion were irresistible."

"I perfectly agree with them, dear mother."

"But, my love, I shall really begin to be very jealous of Mrs. Monteleone! You have not taken your eyes off her since she quitted this place. She is, indeed, all you say, very beautiful, very graceful, very clever, very amiable, and lovable, but I am your dear mother, and she is not."

"I cannot help watching her and her son, as they are both eyeing Verity. I am almost sure that they recognise in him the son of the Rector's fellow student of Trinity, Cambridge. See, Madame and son are separated; the former is examining a drawing on the table, and the latter is making his way towards Verity. The Curate of St. Peter's seems to put a question to him of St. Korah. Verity seems to reply to the query unhesitatingly; they shake hands, their faces brighten, they move to the table where the beautiful widow stands; her son says something to her, she holds out her white little hand to Verity, and the thin cloud which shrouds the lovely face is now illumined, and now again dimmed. Did you ever see, mother dear, such an interesting struggle between the joyous light of happiness and the sorrowful shade of sad bereavement? Mother, dear, your sympathizing heart seems now to throb with pity, and now, again, to bound with gladness; your expressive face, and your sparkling and bedewed eyes, tell me that I

am right, I feel the same, dear mother. It is a beautiful, it is a touching spectacle! Oh! if an artist could but transfer it to canvas! it would make the most speaking picture in the world!"

"It is all my doing, dear George," rejoined my mother, in a suppressed voice of thrilling gladness and sadness, "all my doing, and I am glad of it. I think I shall succeed in taking the lovely being home with me. I am only afraid that her pure and refined mind may feel a little jarred in our part of the country."

"Did you mention your wish to her?"

"I did, just when you came up to us, so that the subject came to a premature drop; but I shall take it up again, after dinner, in the drawing-room."

"Do not overdo it, dear mother."

"Trust me for that, love."

Dr. Radcliffe now came up to us with Lord Montacute, with the intent of introducing his humble Curate to his Lordship.

"My fellow-labourer, Mr. Holdsworth, Lord Montacute; Lord Montacute, Mr. Holdsworth."

His Lordship held out his Herculean hand, and said, very affably, "I am very glad of the pleasure of your acquaintance. I hope you will permit me the opportunity of cultivating it to intimate friendship. I do not intend leaving my friend Radcliffe in a hurry. I often longed to live over again the last two or three years which I spent at Cambridge,

and now my heart's desire is likely to be realized. What a wonderful coincidence ! I suppose you have heard that Monteleone's father, and your friend Verity's, and your Rector and myself were contemporaries, at the same University. Monteleone's father was not only our superior, as being senior wrangler in the year we took our degree, but our great benefactor ; he knit us three together in the most united friendship. Imagine the agreeable surprise of my meeting the son of my great Oriental master, and Verity's son ! The young men are wonderfully correct copies of their sires. I expect a great treat. I trust to live over, at least, a few of those happy days which I enjoyed, upwards of a quarter of a century ago, at Cambridge."

Here we were interrupted by the approach of Dr. Radcliffe and Archdeacon Theodore Godfrey ; my kind Rector being anxious that I should be acquainted with all his friends. The Archdeacon engaged me in conversation, whilst the Doctor and his Lordship moved off to the place where Mrs. Monteleone, her son, and Verity were standing ; the last had not been introduced as yet, personally, to my Rector's noble guest. My mother then joined Mrs. Monteleone, and the widow's son made his way towards the Mistresses Radcliffe and Godfrey, who were busily engaged conversing with Mr. Dutton. The door then opened, and "the Reverend Antrobus Macworthy was announced." A sort of stagnation, in the free course of the hitherto

general conversation, took place whilst the last arrival went from friend to friend to shake hands and exchange greetings. I observed that Monteleone took advantage of the episode, and hurried off Dutton to the place where Lord Montacute stood, and I perceived, soon after, bows and smiles and shaking of hands taking place between the late Monteleone's aristocratic pupil, and the present Monteleone's plebeian one. After a little while the Doctor took Mr. Macworthy by the arm, led him to the place where his noble College friend stood, and after a few words from the host, Lord Montacute and the Rector of Westfield smiled at each other, bowed to each other, and shook hands with each other. The latter perceiving the Curate of St. Peter's, with his protégé, shook hands heartily with them, and was about to begin to indulge in a few observations, when the door opened, and a decent maid-servant modestly warned the four ladies, six clergymen, and two laymen in the simple, yet, to some, very electric words, "Dinner is on the table." It is of very little consequence how the Doctor's friends ranged themselves on their transit from the drawing-room to the dining-room, and I do not therefore notice the particulars connected with that process.

I must notice, however, the disposition of the party whilst at the dinner-table. Mrs. Radcliffe sat, of course, at the head of the table ; supported on her right by Lord Montacute, and on her left by

the Archdeacon. Dr. Radcliffe sat, of course, at the foot of the table, supported on his right by Mrs. Monteleone, and on his left by my mother. Next to Lord Montacute sat Mrs. Godfrey, and had for her vis-à-vis the Rector of Westfield. Next to the wife of the Rector of St. Peter's sat Mr. Dutton facing the humble chronicler. Next to him sat his Preceptor, face to face with the son of his father's pupil, Verity. I was therefore favourably situated for the operation of my eyes and ears, which had much to do that memorable evening.

Soon after the little stir—which is the unavoidable concomitant of a party taking place at a dinner-table—had subsided, and a few commonplaces had been interchanged between individuals in immediate proximity to one another, the hostess asked the Archdeacon something about the choir of St. Peter's; to which the Rector of that parish replied that the singing had very much improved of late in his church, for which his best thanks, as well as that of the congregation, were due to his fellow-labourer, and to Mrs. Monteleone. They had kindly set apart an evening in the week to the training of the young men and young women who constitute the choir. He was also glad to say that the bearing and behaviour of the singers had materially improved in the course of the last two months. “And within the last week,” the Archdeacon added, “we have got the valuable services of Mr. Dutton.”

The last-named gentleman crimsoned at the mention of his name. To dissipate probably any embarrassment which Dutton might have felt, the host began to complain of the careless mode in which the Canticles and Hymns were chanted and sung at Christchurch, as well as of the indecorous conduct of the persons who officiate at the organ. Upon which a general conversation ensued on music and singing; musicians and singers. Mrs. Godfrey was of opinion that music lent a sacred charm to the service of the Almighty. She appealed to Mrs. Monteleone for corroboration of her own opinion. The widow thought with her, provided that the music was good; otherwise she feared that it would destroy, as far as she was concerned, all the hallowed solemnity of the service. Indeed she had experienced the painful feeling, several times, in different churches. For her part she would rather have the service of the Church without any musical accompaniments at all, than have it marred by discordant singing, which grates upon the ear, and harrows up the soul. My Rector was of the same opinion, and often thought of reducing the amount of singing during the solemn services. He objected to singing the brief prayer, in response to the respective commandments. He maintained that the practice was prejudicial to the impression which the reading of the commandments was intended to produce. Archdeacon Godfrey observed that one of his

friend's, Monteleone's, first acts of reform was to do away in St. Peter's choir with the practice of playing at singing, at the expense of the solemnity of the prayer alluded to.

"Did not your musical staff strike?" asked my Rector. "I should like to introduce several reforms, but I am afraid that my singing birds will be taking to their wings and fly away."

"I know not what my company of singers would have done," replied the Archdeacon, "if I had ventured to suggest the different changes which have recently been introduced into our choir; but all they did, when my friend proposed any change, was to bow respectfully and reverentially to his proposition."

"Pray, Mr. Monteleone," said Lord Montacute, "tell us your secret of taming such unruly spirits as those of singers; for of all the functionaries grasping at rights and privileges, Church singers are the most tenacious."

"I have no secret to tell, you; I pointed out to the delectable singers of St. Peter's the peculiarity, and unfitness, of several pieces of music which had surreptitiously got into the hallowed service of the Church; they recognised the fact, were convinced, and acquiesced."

"There is certainly no secret, my Lord, about a thing," observed Montacute's Rector, "when one knows all about it. I will let you a little farther into the mystery than my friend's modesty per-

mitted him to do. The first Sunday morning that Mr. Monteleone came to St. Peter's church, the musical department of it seemed to have struck him as defective; he detected in the singers' voices some notes, which suffered violence by reason of a frivolous state of mind, which produced a jarring effect upon his ear; and, as I have afterwards learnt, upon that of his amiable and respected mother. What does my friend do, immediately after the service, but make his way hastily, ere the congregation was half out of church, to the organ, and ask permission of Mr. Playfair, our organist, to play a voluntary. Of course the organist politely complied. My friend swept his hands across the instrument. The organized choir seemed galvanized; Mr. Playfair was visibly startled; the singers appeared as if they had sustained a sudden shock of electricity; the congregation became arrested in their exit; Mrs. Godfrey and myself began to move simultaneously towards our little orchestra. Mr. Monteleone played one of Mozart's Masses. I was myself lost in a state of grateful pleasure. I could not help enjoying the air of consternation which played on the faces of the choir. Mr. Monteleone performed his part without a single note, and the comment he made when he had done, was, 'I congratulate you, Mr. Playfair, on your fine-toned instrument; it deserves souls divine to play it and to sing to it. I hope you will permit me to try to play on it again?'

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“ ‘Certainly, sir,’ replied the astonished organist.

“ My friend then left the organ-loft, followed by the vacant stares of the men-singers and of the women-singers. ‘What an agreeable surprise you gave me! I was not aware that you were so brilliant a star in the musical sphere,’ was my not unnatural remark. ‘I am no star,’ was the curt reply, ‘but if I had my way, I would try to make that galaxy yonder, in that sphere,’ pointing to the still stupefied orchestra, ‘shine a little more brightly. Instead of their singing lighting up and warming one’s devotion, it has the contrary effect—at least upon me.’

“ ‘Your way!’ said I, ‘it shall be your way! Make it your way!’

“ ‘Very well, thank you.’

“ That self-same evening he sent a message to the musical department of St. Peter’s to say that Mrs. Monteleone wished to try her hands on the organ after service. As the lady had no wish to do so whilst the congregation was still in church, he begged as a favour from Mr. Playfair, and the ladies and gentlemen of the choir, to be so good as to wait a little, until the congregation had dispersed. The congregation did not disperse that evening in a hurry; they evidently expected a repetition of their morning treat. They were obliged, however, after considerable tarrying, to quit the sacred place. Many, somehow, suspected that their riddance was

only waited for, and lingered therefore outside ; and when they found their suspicions well grounded they quietly re-entered the church.

“ When we thought that we were by ourselves, I conducted Mrs. Monteleone to the organ, and my friend followed us with Mrs. Godfrey. ‘ The galaxy,’ as my fellow-labourer terms the choir of St. Peter’s, betrayed symptoms of feeling that a luminary of no small magnitude had appeared in the midst thereof; for its twinkling brightness paled, if it was not totally eclipsed, the moment that Mrs. Monteleone touched the keys of the organ. I will not attempt to describe her playing in her presence; but I may say that I never pitied my poor choir so much in all my life. Never did I see a company of men and women, generally light-hearted and self-possessed, look so thoroughly at a loss and helpless.

“ The lady was good enough to echo her son’s congratulations to Mr. Playfair, in complimenting him on the fine tone of the instrument. She turned, however, to Mr. Monteleone and asked him whether he could favour her with the pretty sweet air ‘ Mount Ephraim,’ which had that evening been played, accompanying the hymn after the third collect.

“ ‘ Yes, beloved mother,’ was the filial and dutiful reply. ‘ I will try to play my very best ; but I must ask the favour of your singing the same hymn to it ; the hymn is as great a favourite with you as with me.’

“ ‘The favour is granted, ‘blessed one.’

“ ‘Then I will first rehearse all the verses :—

“ Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid ev’ry string awake.

“ Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home!
And nearer to our house above
We ev’ry moment come.

“ How blest the man, O God,
Who stays himself on Thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

“ It was so different from the same hymn and tune, as we had heard it about an hour before. We all felt the better for the second edition.

“ ‘Mr. Playfair,’ said my fellow-labourer, ‘ will you let me look at your music-book. I fancy the air is set somewhat differently in your collection. At least, I was struck by some peculiarity in the singing of it, during the service?’

“ ‘Here it is, sir.’

“ The stern critic ran his eye over the piece, and coolly said. ‘ It is all right, as far as the black on white is concerned. Mother dear, pray sing the first verse again, whilst I look at the notes.’ The first verse was sung again, and my friend again said, ‘ Yes, it is all right, as far as the music goes.’ I could not help imagining to myself, somehow or other, that some lines were sung as if the singers

were under the process of stifled laughter. In fact, were it not a sacred hymn, sung to the praise and glory of God, in a consecrated church, I should at once have said that the singers were merry-making.' Do you know, my Lord, that my face burned like fire at seeing the writhing red-hot agony of the conscious culprits. But Mr. Monteleone was merciful. After a little pause, he continued, 'As it is, a little careful attention to the import of each word in the hymn, and the value of each note in the music, will in time remedy this defect in the articulation or enunciation. Mr. Playfair, what do you say to our forming a choral association in connexion with the congregation of St. Peter's?'

"A capital idea!" said several voices. We looked down—there was half the congregation back again. To do them justice, they had been profoundly quiet until then.

"For the purpose of practising," Mr. Monteleone continued, 'once a-week at least. You, of course, will be president and conductor, and I shall blow the bellows, or do anything you will prescribe for me. I am sure my dear mother will be glad to give us her assistance in the undertaking.'

"He finished up with a few relevant remarks touching sacred music. Oh, Radcliffe, you should have seen poor Playfair's face!

"What, sir!" he gasped out; 'I to be conductor, and you blow the bellows! I'll be blowed'

first—I beg you ten thousand pardons, I really do not know what I am saying. No, sir! no, sir! I shall be glad to be your humblest—your humblest—your humblest—anything. Indeed, sir, I did not know how far behind I was until this morning. Arrange, sir—order, sir—do anything you like, sir—I am your humble servant.’

“‘No, no,’ remonstrated my friend. ‘You are organist of St. Peter’s, and organist you shall be, whether in the church or the school’—we have a small organ in the school—‘I have no objection to conduct, at our weekly meetings, the singing of the gentlemen, and my mother, I doubt not, will undertake the conducting of the singing of the ladies, that is, if the ladies and gentlemen should think the arrangement agreeable.’

“‘I shall be delighted,’ said the enthusiastic Playfair, ‘to do anything, sir, you wish me to. I am sure, sir, the singers, sir, both males and females, will be too proud, sir—too thankful, sir—to be instructed, sir, by two such musicians, sir, as your respected mother, sir, and yourself, sir.’

“‘We shall be most happy, sir!’ said the chorus of males, bowing to my friend.

“‘We shall be most happy, ma’am!’ said the chorus of females, curtsying to Mrs. Monteleone.

“‘It will be very delightful!’ was the burden of the grand chorus.

“The laity below could no longer keep quiet, and several said, in rather a loud key, ‘If it were

not Sunday, if this were not a Church, we would sing out, hooray for our Church, and three cheers for the new minister.'

" 'We shall begin,' continued the new minister, addressing the choir, 'on Friday next. On Tuesday I propose to give you a lecture on the Annals of Sacred Music, as chronicled in the Oracles of God. It may conduce to enable us to sing the praises of the Holy One with the understanding, as well as with the heart.'

"They came, they heard, they saw, and were conquered. The school-room was thronged with members of St. Peter's parish on the occasion of the lecture.

"This is the secret, my Lord, of my friend's taming the unruly spirits of the choir of St. Peter's."

Poor Monteleone was in perfect agony during his Rector's garrulity; he talked all the time that the Archdeacon was speaking, in thick, suppressed whispers to Dutton.

As by that time the dinner was well-nigh at an end—I pitied the Rector of St. Peter's; he was so taken up with his narrative that he could but make a scanty meal between his long sentences—the servants began to clear away the last remnants, the conversation became general for a few minutes, after which the cloth was removed, and grace said.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MUSIC OF THE ANCIENT HEBREWS.

WHEN the dessert was fairly served, and the two servants left the dining-room, the host filled the glasses of his fair supporters, passed the decanters, saw that every one had his or her glass filled, and then said—

“Your good health, Lord Montacute, I am delighted to see you ; it reminds me of old days, and I dare say you feel your memory freshed up, too. I trust that you will not leave us in a hurry. I am sure my friends here, ladies and gentlemen, will join me in drinking the good health of my learned friend and visitor.”

All joined in drinking his Lordship's health. The Doctor's learned friend and visitor felt it, of course, his duty to acknowledge his appreciation of the honour done him. He did so in few words ; he said—

“Dr. Radcliffe, or plain Radcliffe, as in former happy days—and let me not hear ‘Lord’ prefixed

to my name by you. Radcliffe, this is one of the happiest days in my life ; and I tell you candidly, that I do not intend to leave your Rectory until you rudely turn me out of doors. You are right, my memory is freshened up in a wonderful manner. I felt this afternoon something of what I used to experience at Cambridge, during our College days. You know when and where. Ladies and gentlemen, I feel really flattered by your genuine kind welcome. Will you allow me, ladies and gentlemen—I have been so much interested in Archdeacon Godfrey's narrative about the choir of his church—will you allow me, therefore, to drink the health——”

Monteleone gave an ominous start. Lord Montacute saw it, changed colour a little, and changed his words ; he hesitated, then rallied, and said for the third time—

“ Will you allow me to drink prosperity to the choir of St. Peter's ? I doubt not that you will be unanimous in the wish.”

Prosperity was unanimously drunk and wished in behalf of that association.

“ But I want to drink in that lecture which that lucky association got,” said Macworthy, whilst looking hard at the Curate of St. Peter's.

“ So do I, with all my heart,” said Lord Montacute.

“ Dear Mrs. Monteleone,” said my mother to her *vis-à-vis*, “ could you not prevail upon your son to

give us over again that beautiful and instructive lecture. I am sure it was such."

There was a little cloud gathering on Monteleone's brow, and now it became breezy, and made the owner of the brow say, rather in a ruffled manner—

"Since my kind Rector has displayed such a lively recollection of the particulars connected with the circumstance, perhaps he will be so good as to favour you with my little extempore essay on the occasion. I must beg, however, to be excused from having to listen to it. So that if you will kindly give me a hint"—he turned to the Archdeacon—"as to the time you intend beginning, I shall take myself off from this hospitable board."

"My dear friend," pleaded the Archdeacon, "do not take it amiss. You have done nothing which every Christian minister would not long to be able to do. As for repeating your most interesting lecture, that is quite out of the question, as far as I am concerned. I do not think it is fair to ask you to do it. There, don't say I do not take your part."

Mrs. Monteleone was looking on her son imploringly whilst the Archdeacon was speaking to him. She evidently apprehended a little constraint would follow the slight displeasure against the Archdeacon. The son caught his mother's anxious look, upon which he immediately said—

"I had occasion to give the substance of the lecture, in the course of a conversation with my

friend, Mr. Dutton. I should rather like to hear it from him, to ascertain whether I made myself intelligible. Now, my dear Dutton, it is your turn to speak, and this will probably be your first harangue, so that you may fairly begin, ‘Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking in private assemblies.’ Proceed, sir; it is not every layman that has so select a party for his audience, consisting of the most accomplished ladies in the land, of nobility, and clergy.”

The little sally cleared the sultry horizon which was beginning to gather over the heads of the party; but the oppressiveness settled massively and densely over the devoted head of Dutton. The poor fellow looked at first so vacant, and so surprised, as to enlist the liveliest pity and compassion of every one present. That was, however, only momentary; for Mrs. Monteleone caught his eye, and gave him such an entrancing look of encouragement as to convert him into an object of envy. I am sure such a look and such a smile as were levelled at him, if turned upon me, would have made me speak volumes. Mrs. Godfrey, my mother, and the hostess looked and smiled also encouragingly. The weight fell off his shoulders, and the scales from his vacant eyes. The just woebegone wight looked confidently into the face of the first-named lady, and said—

“Mrs. Monteleone, will you be so good as to give me the key-note, for you were present when

I was so fortunate as to get that lecture. I think, if you give me the key-note, that I shall be able to run up and down the whole gamut of the musical disquisition. If I had known that such an honour awaited me, I would have brought my manuscript with me, for I have the whole in black and white."

"Capital ! old fellow !" said Monteleone ; which quaint approbation seemed to fill up the measure of his protégé's assurance.

"If you mean by 'the key-note' the circumstance which gave occasion to my child's remarks on Scriptural music," rejoined the widow, "it was a key-note with which few would have opened up so harmonious a discourse. It was part of the thirty-second chapter of the Book of the Prophet Jeremiah, about Hanameel, the son of Shallum ; Baruch, the son of Neriah, the son of Maaseiah ; the field of Anathoth ; the Word of the Lord ; the sealed evidence, or rather the sealed book ; all of which was somehow or other made use of to illustrate the sealed book in the fifth chapter of the Book of the Revelations. The twenty-four elders, 'having every one of them harps,' proved the immediate stepping-stone, or rather master-key, to a most melodious musical lecture."

Monteleone, all the time his mother was speaking, like a great booby baby, was kissing his hand to her across the table.

"Thank you, Mrs. Monteleone ! thank you very much !" said the enraptured Dutton. "Thank

you, I know it all now ; I know it now. I think I can recite the whole now ; if I make a mistake, please, Mrs. Monteleone, set me right.

“ Mr. Monteleone had been giving me an interesting and instructive lesson on the prophetic significance of some of the proper names of the Old Testament terminating in EL and YAH. The group of names in the thirty-second chapter of Jeremiah was adduced in illustration. Jeremiah was rendered the ‘ High God ;’ Hanameel, ‘ God has favoured them ;’ Shallum, ‘ peace ;’ Baruch, ‘ blessed one ;’ Neriah, ‘ the light of God ;’ Maa-seiah, ‘ the protection of God.’ The names suggested a few brief remarks respecting the sacred narrative with which they stand connected. The sealed book was described as the duplicate copy of the title-deed which was to be secured for futurity, in case a dispute should arise in after days with reference to the rightful ownership of the purchased possession. This interesting circumstance illustrated one of the most sublime apocalyptic visions—namely, *the throne, and Him who sat thereon*, who was shadowed forth on earth by the ever-lamenting Prophet—the mysteriously sealed book, the terrible consternation which came upon the beloved disciple when he neither saw nor heard any one taking up the challenge of the proclaiming angel ‘ to take the book and open the seals thereof,’ for it was the title-deed of this world’s redemption—the title-deed of the rightful

owner of the earth and the fulness thereof. The beauties of the companion picture were then pointed out—"the Lion of the tribe of Judah," or the 'Lamb that was slain,' taking the book, and the transcendently rapturous effect upon the four living creatures, and the twenty-four elders, 'having every one of them harps,' falling down before the Lamb, and singing a new song, saying, 'Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.' This disquisition was richly elucidated by the several names mentioned in the thirty-second chapter of Jeremiah, in a manner, in my humble opinion, which only so gifted and so learned——"

"Sir," exclaimed Monteleone, "you were expected to give a sketch of the history of Scriptural music, and not to talk in inflated hyperbole of irrelevant matter!"

Probably, poor Dutton would have felt a little confused at the sudden attack of his preceptor, had it not been for the mother of the latter, who, like a guardian angel, came to the help of the former. She looked brimful of sweet loveliness into her child's face—she was no doubt delighted at her son's Scriptural knowledge, and his brilliant illustrations of the same. She addressed her son, saying,

"My love, 'fair play is a jewel.' You have

challenged Mr. Dutton to reproduce *extempore*, and I may add *ex loco*—excuse the latinity of the inferior sex—an elaborate lecture of yours, at a dinner-table, before a formidable audience; he has in a courageous and manly manner taken up the gauntlet; he has appealed to your mother for the key-note; she, like every other loyal woman, respected the gallant knight, and furnished him with the wished-for boon, and she now argues, with all the force of feminine logic, that he is entitled, because he is, to perform the task in his own way. He has hitherto gone on, opening up the lecture, according to the key-note your mother has furnished him with. There!"

The widow ended with a graceful shake of her graceful head, and with a transporting smile on her sunny face. A general shout of "hear, hear," and clapping of hands on the part of the great majority followed. Monteleone made again an exhibition of himself, by kissing his hand to his mother, whilst she was laying down the law. Probably he had not seen, nor heard her, coming out in that way for years. After the shouting and clapping of hands had ceased, the Curate of St. Peter's, with an assumed look of mock displeasure, and with a counterfeit sigh of pretended grief, rejoined, whilst casting a glance of filial affection towards his mother—

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am resigned."

The widow smiled again encouragingly upon Dutton, and the fortunate fellow boldly resumed, as if nothing had happened.

"Mrs. Monteleone here asked her son whether he could give a probable reason for the feature of the elders 'having every one of them harps?'

"The probable reason for that feature in the vision,' replied Mr. Monteleone, 'is the consciousness of the elders that their voices—though already angelic and seraphic—are inadequate to express their grateful joy. I know of no picture which could more graphically describe the amount of praise of which the Lamb is worthy than the tacit acknowledgment that the voice alone is insufficient for it. Art and nature must combine to afford even the semblance of the praises due to the Redeemer. The Church of God on earth, which has caught some of the melodious strains from the heavenly temple, has, in all ages, endeavoured to imitate the worship of the elders. And 'the Lord in His holy temple,' owns such a worship upon earth, by raising up a succession of men, endowing them with the hallowed gifts of creative genius, fired with the music of heaven; and directs those gifts to be offered up on the altars in His earthly sanctuaries, to the solemnizing of the worship of His most holy name.'

"Mr. Monteleone then suddenly started up from his chair, and began to walk up and down his room, whilst tracing and sketching the annals of

sacred music, as recorded in the Bible. He began with Jubal, the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ, and criticised the original terms from which the translation was made. He pointed out the successive periods when the different musical instruments came into vogue, and the causes to which they owed their origin. Laban's expostulatory speech to Jacob—on account of his clandestine departure, which prevented the former from sending away the latter 'with songs, with tabret, and with harp'—was quoted. Egypt's oppression did not altogether quench the genius of music in the souls of the Hebrews. The songs of Moses and Miriam, with their instrumental accompaniments, were adduced. He then came to describe the harsher and louder musical instruments used by the Israelites ; he gave the reasons for their introduction in a quotation from the Book of Numbers, consisting of the first ten verses of the tenth chapter. Their multifariousness was minutely described.

"The progress of the divine art, and the manufacture of newly-invented instruments, were followed through the days of the Judges. The judicial government of Deborah, Gideon, Jephthah, and others was brought forward. Then the new and grand era of Samuel's judgeship was advanced and analysed. The musical college of the Prophet-Judge was dwelt on. That establishment had a beneficial civilizing effect. New musical instru-

ments were introduced during that period. It was under the instruction of that Prophet that the future sweet Psalmist of Israel was trained and directed. The consoling and cheering effect of music was dwelt upon, and incidents in the troubled lives of Saul and David served as illustrations. The accession of the shepherd-boy to the consolidated kingdom of Israel was the occasion of a marvellous drawing-out of musical ability and talent amongst the Hebrews of that and the subsequent reign.

"A most animated description was then given of the never yet equalled orchestra—organized by the 'man after God's own heart'—consisting of four thousand singers. A comprehensive view of the whole of the twenty-third chapter of the first Book of Chronicles, displayed their minute arrangement. In order to produce perfect harmony, in so immense a choir, there were appointed different degrees of conductors, according to the following arrangement. Two hundred and eighty-eight minor leaders acted as fuglemen to the whole orchestra. Those functionaries received their cue by dozens, from twenty-four superior conductors, and these latter were directed by the three Presidents, Asaph, Heman, and Jeduthun.

"Solomon reduced the choral service to a perfect system. The dress of the choristers was prescribed; the most precious materials were imported into Jerusalem, for the manufacture of musical instru-

ments. The following was one of the quotations bearing upon the statement. 'And the navy also of Hiram, that brought gold from Ophir, brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug-trees and precious stones. And the King made of the almug-trees pillars for the house of the Lord, and for the King's house, harps also, and psalteries for singers : there came no such almug-trees, nor were seen unto this day.' The indescribable effect of the Temple choral service was illustrated by the following quotation from the Second Book of Chronicles, fifth chapter, twelfth and two following verses:—'Also the Levites, which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets. It came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord ; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets, and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying: For He is good ; for His mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord ; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud ; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.' The sacred chronicler was plainly at a loss to find

adequate words to describe the stupendous effect of the Temple choral service.

“There are some presumptuous writers on the subject of ancient Hebrew music who carelessly and recklessly assert that the worshippers in Moriah’s temple, in olden days, had no regard to harmony. What ! discordant and inharmonious shouting, to produce such a rapturous effect as the sacred writer gives, who has just been quoted ! Who has not heard of the effect of the Hallelujah chorus upon its composer ? Compare it with the passage in the fifth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles ! Let the writers on the ancient sacred music of the Hebrews read attentively the twenty-second and twenty-fifth chapters of the First Book of Chronicles, and they will be obliged to own that, as there is no God like unto the God of Jeshurun, so is there no music—distinguished for pathos, melody, and harmony—like the music of the sweet singers of Israel, which accompanied their prayers and praises in their earthly temple !

“Careful students and sound critics cannot avoid seeing that David and Solomon had written records and directions for the musical services of the sanctuary. These were the words of the royal reformer, Josiah, to the Levites, as preserved in the thirty-fifth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles, and the fourth verse :—‘ Prepare yourselves by the houses of your fathers, after your courses, according to the writing of David, King of

Israel, and according to the writing of Solomon his son.'

"The joyful songs with which the ancient Israelites beguiled their long journeys, from the different provinces of their land, to be present at their metropolis, to attend the three grand festivals, were dwelt on. People were at liberty to adopt any theory that pleased their individual fancies or prejudices, but the only tenable theory touching the fifteen SHEERAY HAMAALOTH—'Songs of Degrees' as they are unaccountably rendered—is that they were *Songs of the Ascensions*, or going up to Jerusalem; in allusion to the ordinance prescribed for the feasts of Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles. Isaiah evidently alluded to the musical accompaniments of those journeys, in his twenty-ninth verse of his thirtieth chapter. 'Ye shall have a song,' said that great Prophet, 'as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept: and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the Mighty One of Israel.'

"The decline of the sacred art after the death of Solomon was then tracked. Rehoboam's wickedness proved detrimental to music. The incessant invasions destroyed all sorts of mirth. The art, however, revived for brief, transitory periods, under the reigns of Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, and Josiah.

"I shall utterly fail, in the attempt even, to give

any idea of the manner, and the feeling which accompanied it, in which the reign of Zedekiah was described, and the fatal day when that King and his courtiers, the Priests and Levites, were ignominiously dragged captives to Babylon. Nor can I be more successful in attempting to delineate the heart-rending scene, which I never experienced so painfully as on the night when I heard it described by Mr. Monteleone, which was witnessed on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates, so pathetically given in the Hundred and Thirty-seventh Psalm."

I almost wish that Dutton had omitted any allusion to that part of the theme. It was most painful to witness the deep grief and agony which it entailed upon the widow and her son. They seemed literally unable to bear it; they bowed their heads very low, and their faces were literally paled and saddened with anguish. I was glad that Dutton did not pause, but went on with his task continuously thus:—

"A bird's-eye view was also given of ancient music for secular purposes. Barzillai was adduced. Solomon's men-singers and women-singers were quoted. Such passages as the following from Isaiah and Amos were cited:—'And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine are in their feasts.' 'That chant to the sound of the viol, and invent to themselves instruments of music like

David.' The harvest ballads were also brought under notice, to which Isaiah alluded when he predicted that 'gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field; and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting.'

"Music was not only used as an adjunct to joy but also to sorrow. The death of Josiah was instanced. There is a passage in the Talmud to the effect that, 'Every man is obligated to mourn for his wife, accompanied by two pipers and one woman mourner.' There is an allusion to this custom in the ninth chapter of Jeremiah, the seventeenth and following verse:—'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for cunning women that they may come; and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us, that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids drop down waters.' Our Lord also alluded to the custom when addressing the multitude after the departure of John the Baptist's messengers.

"Here Mr. Monteleone recalled himself, and said—

"'But I have sadly roved from the point I started from.' He then turned to the lady, who kindly furnished me with the key-note to this my discordant recital of a most wonderful musical lecture, and said in a very animated manner—

"'Precious mother, the accompanying the praises

of the Almighty with the very best musical instruments becomes well the sanctuary of God. It is a virtual acknowledgment that the gratitude due from us to our Creator, Redeemer, Sanctifier, cannot be told either in heaven or on earth ; so that the celestials even must needs ' every one of them have harps in their hands.' It is a token of becoming humility. Well may the Book of Psalms close thus :—

“ ‘Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary : praise Him in the firmament of His power. Praise Him for His mighty acts : praise Him according to His excellent greatness. Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet : praise Him with the psaltery and harp. Praise Him with the timbrel and pipe : praise Him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise Him upon the loud cymbals : praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.’

“ The Hebrew bard, Rabbi Mayir, has given us some notion of the utter inutterableness of God’s love to us, when his pious heart indited certain Chaldee lines in the Pentecostal hymn. I am afraid to rehearse the original, lest I become guilty of breaking the sixth commandment. May I presume once more, and solicit the favour of Mrs. Monteleone’s quoting the original. And if the translation should be required, I will supply it gladly.”

Mrs. Monteleone most obligingly gave us—in a voice of thrilling melody and soul-stirring pathos, which even now I feel sweeping over every fibre of my heart—the following lines :—

“ G’vooran Almeen Layh,
 W’laa Sippaik P’ree-shootha !
 G’weel Il-loo R’keeay,
 Ook’nay Col Choor-sha-tha !
 D’yow Il-loo Yamay,
 W’chol May K’nee-shootha !
 Dai-ray Ar-aa Saphray,
 W’rash-may Rashwatha ! ”

Archdeacon Godfrey protested that there was much new and valuable matter in the lecture which Mr. Dutton was privileged to get ; and this sweet-sounding, but to him unmeaning, quotation was part of the new matter. “ So that I must ask Mr. Dutton,” he said, “ to give *me*, at least, the translation of those lines just recited.”

“ Thank you, dear,” said Mrs. Godfrey, whilst looking at her husband.

“ Thank you, dear Archdeacon,” was Mrs. Radcliffe’s observation.

“ Thank you, sir,” was my mother’s laconic remark. It almost seemed that the Rector of St. Peter’s was going to get the credit for the lecture. In good sooth, he was richly entitled to it. Mrs. Monteleone looked at the fortunate Mr. Dutton, and smiled an intimation to proceed. Dutton, in reply to the Archdeacon’s challenge, said—

“ I shall be most happy to comply with your

request, but it is necessary that I premise that those two charming stanzas, a literal translation of which has just been recited in a manner worthy of them, have passed for a long time as two original English stanzas. As the authorship is claimed by none, there have not been wanting fabricators of legends, in order to give paternity to the pretty offspring. The translation of the Chaldee lines—*literatim et verbatim*—is the following:—

“Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the heavens of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretch'd from sky to sky.”

“Mr. Monteleone concluded almost in the following words:—

“‘Darling mother, I have no sympathy with the conceited individual who thinks instrumental music is redundant in the service of the sanctuary, or with those who rave against choral service in our churches. The man after God’s own heart did not think so. His son, the wisest of all men, did not think so. The saints in heaven repudiate such conceit, for it is written, ‘having every one of them harps.’ The goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the glorious company of the Apostles, the noble army of Martyrs, the Holy Church throughout all the world, all bear witness that the thankfulness

due from us to our God is unspeakable. The only way to show our sense of our inability to do justice to that feeling is to add the harmony of musical instruments, to our voices, in token of our shortcoming, to say all by word of mouth.'

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have complied with my most gifted benefactor's——"

"Rubbish," growled the Curate of St. Peter's.

"I have complied with Mr. Monteleone's desire," resumed Mr. Dutton. "I only regret that I have not received earlier intimation of the formidable ordeal which awaited me, and which I had to undergo so unexpectedly. Had I received any notice of it, ever so brief, I would have contrived to have had the manuscript in my pocket, which is a somewhat fuller report of a most instructive lecture."

"You have done very well indeed, Mr. Dutton," was Mrs. Monteleone's encouraging remark. Her son, in spite of himself, looked pleased, and well he might. Dutton convinced him that his instruction was highly valued and appreciated; that all the seed the Preceptor had sown fell on good ground, and would sooner or later produce a harvest of a hundredfold.

Mrs. Monteleone wrote something on a small tablet, which she handed to Dr. Radcliffe; my Rector passed it on to his wife; the latter returned

the same to the owner, and in the course of one minute after, the hostess gave the conventional signal to her fair guests, and the better half of the company adjourned to the drawing-room. I learnt afterwards from my mother that the burden of the tablet-inscription was to the effect that it would be politic to produce a little stir in the party, in order to set the sterner sex right again. The widow proposed, therefore, that the ladies should produce the stir by their withdrawal.

The gentlemen underwent a thorough change of place ; not one remained sitting on the same chair which he occupied before. Monteleone chose his place between Verity and myself ; he whispered to both of us—

“Dutton has more pluck than I gave him credit for. I was delighted with the fellow ; he will not be sent back by the Bishop, nor by his Lordship’s examiner any more. He took me by surprise.”

It did both Verity and myself good to witness the sincere pleasure which pervaded Monteleone’s heart whilst contemplating his protégé’s progress and prospects. We were on the point of remarking that it was a fortunate thing for Dutton to have been sent back for six months, as they would prove the most important in his preparation for the sacred ministry, when Mr. Macworthy protested against our confederacy, and called upon my Rector to separate us. The Doctor said that

he had no objection to our occupying the places which we had chosen, but he would put a veto upon private conversation. Every word which had hitherto been uttered was enunciated *pro bono publico*, and he would decree that the same order be enforced for the remainder of their happy meeting together that evening. To make the conversation unavoidably general, our host returned to the subject of Monteleone's lecture, not in patronizing and approving terms—for he perceived the character of his man—but in a questioning and criticizing manner.

"Mr. Monteleone," the Doctor said, "I think I can prove to you, in black and white, that the author of those beautiful lines was really an English idiot, who lived at Cirencester."

"Your supposed Cirencester idiot, Dr. Radcliffe," rejoined Monteleone, "may have been the translator of the original lines; and in that case much learning must have made him mad. But if he pretended to be the *bonâ fide* author of those lines, then I must say that he was more knave than *naïf*."

Whilst Monteleone was making the above observation, our host produced Grose's *Olio*, and there, sure enough, were the very lines, ascribed to a man who was almost an idiot, who was said then—when the Number was published, March the sixteenth, Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine—to be alive at Cirencester. We all looked at the

paragraph with great interest. Monteleone simply repeated his former remark, and added—

“The translation of the original lines must have been known in this country long before the idiot idea had been conceived, for the ungallant Geoffrey Chaucer has the following stanza in his ‘Balade warnynge men to beware of deceitful women’ :—

‘In soth to saie though all the yerth so wanne
Wer parchment smoth, white, and scribbabell,
And the gret see, that called is th’ Ocean,
Were tourned into ynke blackir than sabell,
Eche sticke a pen, eche man a scrivener able,
Not coud thei writin woman’s treacherie,
Beware, therefore, the blind eteth many a fie.’

“So that it was a gross mistake for Grose to have claimed originality, as far as the English of that little poem is concerned, for his Cirencester idiot.”

“I remember a passage something to the same effect,” observed Lord Montacute, “in the Koran. Do you know it, Mr. Monteleone?”

“Yes, very well. It is in the chapter called ‘The Cave.’ The passage you mean is the following”

I omit the original Arabic, and give simply the translation :—

“If the sea were ink, to write the words of my Lord, verily the sea would fail before the words of my Lord would fail ; although we added another sea unto it as a farther supply.”

"Yes, that is the passage I meant," observed his Lordship.

"And a very poor imitation, and a mean appropriation, of a passage from one of the Hebrew sages. The ethics of the Hebrew fathers abound in such statements. Let me give you a couple:—

"'Were all the seas ink, and every bulrush a reed, and the heavens sheets, and all the sons of men scribes, they would not be sufficient to describe the profoundness of the authority of government.' The following passage is recorded as a saying of the celebrated Rabbi Yochanan ben-Zaccai, the supposed preceptor of Josephus—'Were all the heavens sheets, and all the sons of men scribes, and all the trees of the forests pens, they could not write down all that which I have learnt from my instructors.' But neither of these passages, nor Mohammed's, or rather Abou Beker's meagre imitation, make up the beautiful lines of my Rabbi Mayir, or Grose's Cirencester idiot."

"Monteleone!"—shouted Macworthy—"I want to be enlightened respecting your 'only tenable theory touching the fifteen SHEERAY HAMAALOTH, Songs of Degrees, or Songs of the Ascensions,' as you choose to translate the phrase. I confess that I am entirely in the dark on the subject. Do you mean to say that every one of those compositions was suitable for the occasions you say they were intended for? For instance, where is the suitability of the Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm? 'Ex-

cept the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it: except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep. Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord: and the fruit of the womb is his reward.' And so on. Now, what in the name of all the powers of theology, have 'sleep,' 'the heritage of children,' 'the reward of the fruit of the womb,' to do with going up to Jerusalem on the three grand festivals? This Psalm was always a puzzle to me, and your view only obscures it the more, to my mental optics. If you can explain it, pray do!"

"It is a very difficult Psalm," chimed in Dr. Radcliffe; "'for so he giveth his beloved sleep,' is very unintelligible; it appears to me a sort of anticlimax."

"I feel beholden to Mr. Macworthy for raising the subject," said Lord Montacute: "I never could comprehend the scope of this Psalm. A little discussion may, perchance, suggest some intelligible meaning to its wording."

"I protest against discussion on the subject at all," remarked Archdeacon Godfrey, "until my friend and fellow-labourer gives his view of the Psalm."

"I have no objection to my Rector's protest," responded Monteleone. "I still maintain that all the *Sheeray Hamaaloth* were composed—at dif-

ferent times, and for the different Temples—to be sung on the way, by the Israelites of old, whilst going up to Jerusalem to celebrate the three grand festivals. I admit that the Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm, as it stands in our authorized version, is obscure; but the obscurity is replaced by lucidity, the moment the ellipsis is discerned. Instead of reading ‘for so he giveth his beloved sleep,’—which is meaningless,—I read ‘Truly he will give to his beloved whilst he [i. e., the beloved] is asleep.’ This ellipsis was recognised by every Hebrew scholar of note—present company excepted. Abraham Hacoen, of Zante, Luther, Tremellius, Coverdale, Mendelssohn, Hengstenberg, Zunz; and many other eminent philologists, saw the ellipsis. The purport of the Psalm in question was to soothe and cheer the dejected spirits of those who felt disheartened at having left their homes, their farms, and, may be, families, without guardians. In the first two verses, the Almighty’s watchfulness and care over His beloved are enforced with the sacred truth that no one, ‘by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature.’ The best exposition which I can give of those two verses I have learnt from our Saviour’s ‘Sermon on the Mount.’* The third and following verses, as well as the next Psalm, are exegetical, or illustrative. To whom do you attribute the gift of children? Is it not

* Matt. vi. 25-33.

admitted on all hands to be 'an heritage of the Lord?' No one can secure that blessing by personal anxiety and care: God alone can confer the gift. Well, then, the same God who gives you the heritage of children will also grant you all other blessings which are good for you, provided you act the part of 'His beloved,' and depend upon Him without wavering."

The explanation was admitted to clear up the supposed difficulties which apparently beset that Psalm, and Macworthy was thanked for having broached the subject; but not a word of acknowledgment was tendered to the luminous expositor of it. I saw at once that the only way to draw Monteleone out was not to make anything of him; he had an innate and extraordinary antipathy to receive honour and praise of men.

Soon after the above explanation, we joined the ladies, and Monteleone begged of his mother to sing and play the "Star of Jacob." The words and the music she herself had composed. It was a luxurious treat. The mother and son did not remain long, after that, at Christchurch Rectory; Dutton joined them at their departure. An unrestrained conversation followed then about the widow, her son, and his protégé. Dr. Radcliffe said that he had made up his mind to build a new Church in his parish, and to offer Dutton a nomination, as

second Curate of Christchurch. Verity and I left together; he lamented that his portion had not fallen in as pleasant a place as mine had done, and as Dutton's was likely to fall. He determined, however, to work hard, as the minister of Christ, though he had been Curate of Mr. Alslop, Incumbent of a *bewitched and doomed Parish*.

END OF VOL. I.

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